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THE

# BRITISH THEATRE;

OR,

## A COLLECTION OF PLAYS,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE, COVENT GARDEN, AND HAYMARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS,

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES.

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VOL. XX.

DRAMATIST.
COUNT OF NARBONNE.
INKLE AND YARICO.
BATTLE OF HEXHAM.
SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

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WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
BEDFORD BURY.

# DRAMATIST

VAPID — PROLOGUE, OR EPILOGUE! I'M YOUR MAN — I'LL WRITE YOU BOTH

ACT II. SCENE II.

Painted by Singleton. Published by Longman & C.° March 1808. Engraved by C.H.Smith

THE

# BRITISH THEATRE.

# REMARKS.

ENGLISH poets have generally been educated for the church or the law. Rowe was called to the bar, but never practised in the profession; for his success, as a dramatist, procured him noble patrons, who bestowed upon him, or rather loaded him with places of honour and emolument. Amongst the number of his occupations were, Under Secretary of State, Land Surveyor of the Customs, Secretary to the Lord Chancellor for the Presentations, Clerk of the Council to the Prince of Wales, and Poet Laureate.

In every department he did honour to the choice of his employer; but in the province of the theatre he alone acquired fame.

"Tamerlane" was the second play he produced; and he always spoke of it as his favourite production. This partiality probably arose from the enthusiastic rapture with which it was received by an audience, who beheld—as the poet had designed they should—their own beloved monarch in the person of the virtuous Tamerlane; and their old enemy, the King of France, in the reprobate Bajazet.

"The fashion of the times," says Johnson, "was to accumulate upon Louis the Fourteenth all that

could raise horror and detestation; and whatever good was withheld from him, that it might not be thrown away, was bestowed on King William."

It was the custom, till within a very few years, to perform this tragedy constantly on the 5th of November, in honour of the landing of the Prince of Orange, afterwards King William—but as that political fire, which once gave brightness to its gloomy scenes, no longer blazes, it is now seldom acted, and never with strong marks of approbation.

As Rowe was a good man; a religious man; his chief delight the study of divinity, and ecclesiastical history; with such propensities, and such a capacious mind to improve by them, it is to be deplored that he should hope to compliment a christian king, and strictly pious as William was known to be, by a calumnious representation of his declared enemy:—that title alone should have made the character of his royal adversary sacred.

As the author's most religious and moral intentions are, in this respect, unwarily blemished; so has he, as incautiously, preserved his wicked Bajazet from utter detestation, by endowing him with one endearing quality—he has frankness. This is a virtue so congenial to every Englishman, that, now all the party zeal which once made this tyrant hated has subsided, Bajazet is more favoured by the audience, and every actor would sooner represent him, than the self-approving Tamerlane.

The sorrows of love, in this play, are interesting to read, but childishly insipid in the action. Arpasia

excites admiration, but neither pity nor delight. The Arpasia of Mrs. Siddons has, indeed, the power of inspiring a degree of horrible wonder in the dying scene; when, dropping down dead at the Sultan's feet, she gives, by the manner and disposition of her fall, such assurance of her having suddenly expired, that an auditor of a lively imagination casts up his eyes to Heaven, as if to catch a view of her departed spirit.

Rowe, after sending many a hero and heroine to their graves, by various untimely ends, died himself peaceably in his own bed, in the year 1718, aged forty-five. The following lines, from this tragedy, seem exactly to describe that joyful fortitude which he professed to experience in his dying moments; and which, probably, he anticipated when he wrote them.

" ——— Nor has my soul
" One unrepented guilt upon remembrance,
" To make me dread the justice of hereafter;
" But standing now on the last verge of life,
" Boldly I view the vast abyss, eternity,
" Eager to plunge, and leave my cares behind."

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | DRURY LANE. | COVENT GARDEN. |
|---|---|---|
| TAMERLANE | *Mr. Palmer.* | *Mr. H. Siddons.* |
| MONESES | *Mr. Wroughton.* | *Mr. H. Johnston.* |
| AXALLA | *Mr. C. Kemble.* | *Mr. Brunton.* |
| OMAR | *Mr. Caulfield.* | *Mr. Cory.* |
| STRATOCLES | *Mr. Trueman.* | *Mr. Claremont.* |
| PRINCE OF TANAIS | *Mr. Holland.* | *Mr. Beverly.* |
| MIRVAN | *Mr. Wentworth.* | *Mr. Williams.* |
| ZAMA | *Mr. Cooke.* | *Mr. Curties.* |
| BAJAZET | *Mr. Kemble.* | *Mr. Cooke.* |
| HALY | *Mr. Maddocks.* | |
| DERVISE | *Mr. Packer.* | |
| | | |
| SELIMA | *Mrs. Powell.* | *Mrs. H. Siddons.* |
| ARPASIA | *Mrs. Siddons.* | *Mrs. Litchfield.* |

# TAMERLANE.

## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE 1.

*Before* TAMERLANE'S *Tent.*

*Enter the* PRINCE OF TANAIS, ZAMA, *and* MIRVAN.

*Prince.* Hail to the sun! from whose returning light
The cheerful soldier's arms new lustre take,
To deck the pomp of battle. Oh, my friends!
Was ever such a glorious face of war?
See, from this height, how all Galatia's plains
With nations numberless are covered o'er;
Who, like a deluge, hide the face of earth,
And leave no object in the vast horizon,
But glittering arms, and skies.
*Zam.* Our Asian world
From this important day expects a lord;
This day they hope an end of all their woes,
Of tyranny, of bondage, and oppression,
From our victorious emp'ror, Tamerlane.
*Mir.* Hear you of Bajazet?
*Prince.* Late in the evening,
A slave of near attendance on his person

'Scap'd to our camp. From him we learn'd, the tyrant,
With rage redoubled, for the fight prepares;
Some accidental passion fires his breast,
(Love, as 'tis thought, for a fair Grecian captive)
And adds new horror to his native fury.
But see his fate! The mighty Tamerlane
Comes, like the proxy of inquiring Heav'n,
To judge, and to redress. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*

*Enter* TAMERLANE, GUARDS, *and other* ATTENDANTS.

*Tam.* Yet, yet a little, and destructive slaughter
Shall rage around, and mar this beauteous prospect;
Pass but an hour, which stands betwixt the lives
Of thousands and eternity. What change
Shall hasty death make in yon glitt'ring plain?
Oh, thou fell monster, war! that in a moment
Lay'st waste the noblest part of the creation,
The boast and masterpiece of the great Maker,
That wears in vain th' impression of his image,
Unprivileg'd from thee.
Health to our friends, and to our arms success,
[*To the* PRINCE, ZAMA, *and* MIRVAN.
Such as the cause for which we fight deserves!

*Prince.* Nor can we ask beyond what Heav'n bestows,
Preventing still our wishes. See, great sir,
The universal joy your soldiers wear,
Omen of prosp'rous battle.
Impatient of the tedious night, in arms
Watchful they stood, expecting op'ning day;
And now are hardly by their leaders held
From darting on the foe.

*Tam.* Yes, prince, I mean to give a loose to war.
This morn Axalla, with my Parthian horse,
Arrives to join me. He, who, like a storm,
Swept, with his flying squadrons, all the plain

Between Angoria's walls and yon tall mountains,
That seem to reach the clouds; and now he comes,
Loaden with spoils and conquests, to my aid.
[*Flourish of Trumpets.*
*Zama.* These trumpets speak his presence——

*Enter* AXALLA, *who kneels to* TAMERLANE.

*Tam.* Welcome! thou worthy partner of my laurels,
Thou brother of my choice, a band more sacred
Than nature's brittle tie. By holy friendship!
Glory and fame stood still for thy arrival;
My soul seem'd wanting in its better half,
And languish'd for thy absence.
*Ax.* My emperor! My ever royal master!
To whom my secret soul more lowly bends
Than forms of outward worship can express;
How poorly does your soldier pay this goodness,
Who wears his every hour of life out for you!
Yet 'tis his all, and what he has, he offers;
Nor now disdain t' accept the gift he brings,

*Enter* SELIMA, MONESES, *Prisoners;* GUARDS, MUTES, *&c.*

This earnest of your fortune. See, my lord,
The noblest prize that ever grac'd my arms!
Approach, my fair——
*Tam.* This is indeed to conquer,
And well to be rewarded for thy conquest;
The bloom of op'ning flow'rs, unsully'd beauty,
Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,
And looks like nature in the world's first spring.
But say, Axalla——
*Sel.* Most renown'd in war,
[*Kneeling to* TAMERLANE.
Look with compassion on a captive maid,
Though born of hostile blood; nor let my birth,
Deriv'd from Bajazet, prevent that mercy
Which every subject of your fortune finds.

War is the province of ambitious man,
Who tears the miserable world for empire;
Whilst our weak sex, incapable of wrong,
On either side claims privilege of safety.
*Tam.* [*Raising her.*] Rise, royal maid! the pride of haughty pow'r
Pays homage, not receives it, from the fair.
Thy angry father fiercely calls me forth,
And urges me unwillingly to arms.
Yet, though our frowning battles menace death
And mortal conflict, think not that we hold
Thy innocence and virtue as our foe.
Here, till the fate of Asia is decided,
In safety stay. To-morrow is your own:
Nor grieve for who may conquer, or who lose;
Fortune, on either side, shall wait thy wishes.
*Sel.* Where shall my wonder and my praise begin?
From the successful labours of thy arms;
Or from a theme more soft, and full of peace,
Thy mercy and thy gentleness? Oh, Tamerlane!
What can I pay thee for this noble usage,
But grateful praise? So Heav'n itself is paid.
Give peace, ye pow'rs above, peace to mankind;
Nor let my father wage unequal war
Against the force of such united virtues.
*Tam.* Heav'n hear thy pious wish!
Let thy beauty's safety
Be my Axalla's care; in whose glad eyes,
I read what joy the pleasing service gives him.
Is there amongst thy other pris'ners aught
[*To* AXALLA.
Worthy our knowledge?
*Ax.* This brave man, my lord,
[*Pointing to* MONESES.
With long resistance held the combat doubtful.
His party, press'd with numbers, soon grew faint,
And would have left their charge an easy prey;
Whilst he alone, undaunted at the odds,

Though hopeless to escape, fought well and firmly;
Nor yielded, till o'ermatch'd by many hands,
He seem'd to shame our conquest, whilst he own'd it.
*Tam.* Thou speak'st him as a soldier should a soldier,
Just to the worth he finds. I would not war
[*To* MONESES.
With aught that wears thy virtuous stamp of greatness.
Thy habit speaks thee Christian—Nay, yet more,
My soul seems pleas'd to take acquaintance with thee,
As if allied to thine.
Why art thou, then, a friend to Bajazet?
And why my enemy?
*Mon.* If human wisdom
Could point out every action of our lives,
And say, Let it be thus, in spite of fate
Or partial fortune, then I had not been
The wretch I am.
*Tam.* The brave meet every accident
With equal minds. Think nobler of thy foes,
Than to account thy chance in war an evil.
*Mon.* Far, far from that: I rather hold it grievous
That I was forc'd even but to seem your enemy;
Nor think the baseness of a vanquish'd slave
Moves me to flatter for precarious life,
Or ill-bought freedom, when I swear by Heav'n,
Were I to choose from all mankind a master,
It should be Tamerlane.
*Tam.* A noble freedom
Dwells with the brave, unknown to fawning sycophants,
And claims a privilege of being believ'd.
I take thy praise as earnest of thy friendship.
*Mon.* Still you prevent the homage I should offer.
Oh, royal sir! let my misfortunes plead,
And wipe away the hostile mark I wore.
I was, when not long since my fortune hail'd me,

Bless'd to my wish, I was the Prince Moneses;
Born, and bred up to greatness: witness the blood,
Which through successive heroes' veins, allied
To our Greek emperors, roll'd down to me,
Feeds the bright flame of glory in my heart.
*Tam.* Ev'n that! that princely tie should bind thee to me,
If virtue were not more than all alliance.
*Mon.* I have a sister, oh, severe remembrance!
Our noble house's, nay, her sex's pride;
Nor think my tongue too lavish, if I speak her
Fair as the fame of virtue, and yet chaste
As its cold precepts; wise beyond her sex
And blooming youth; soft as forgiving mercy,
Yet greatly brave, and jealous for her honour:
Such as she was, to say, I barely lov'd her,
Is poor to my soul's meaning. From our infancy,
There grew a mutual tenderness between us,
Till, not long since, her vows were kindly plighted
To a young lord, the equal of her birth.
The happy day was fix'd, and now approaching,
When faithless Bajazet (upon whose honour,
In solemn treaty given, the Greeks depended)
With sudden war broke in upon the country,
Secure of peace, and for defence unready.
*Tam.* Let majesty no more be held divine,
Since kings, who are call'd gods, profane themselves.
*Mon.* Among the wretches, whom that deluge swept
Away to slavery, myself and sister,
Then passing near the frontiers to the court,
(Which waited for her nuptials) were surpris'd,
And made the captives of the tyrant's pow'r.
Soon as we reach'd his court, we found our usage
Beyond what we expected, fair and noble:
'Twas then the storm of your victorious arms
Look'd black, and seem'd to threaten, when he press'd me

(By oft repeating instances) to draw
My sword for him: But when he found my soul
Disdain'd his purpose, he more fiercely told me,
That my Arpasia, my lov'd sister's fate
Depended on my courage shown for him.
I had long learnt to hold myself at nothing;
But for her sake, to ward the blow from her,
I bound my service to the man I hated.
Six days are past, since, by the sultan's order,
I left the pledge of my return behind,
And went to guard this princess to his camp:
The rest the brave Axalla's fortune tells you.

*Tam.* Wisely the tyrant strove to prop his cause
By leaguing with thy virtue; but just Heav'n
Has torn thee from his side, and left him naked
To the avenging bolt, that drives upon him.
Forget the name of captive, and I wish
I could as well restore that fair one's freedom,
Whose loss hangs heavy on thee: yet, ere night,
Perhaps, we may deserve thy friendship nobler;
Th' approaching storm may cast thy shipwreck'd wealth
Back to thy arms: till that be past, since war
(Though in the justest cause) is ever doubtful,
I will not ask thy sword to aid my victory,
Lest it should hurt that hostage of thy valour
Our common foe detains.

*Mon.* Let Bajazet
Bend to his yoke repining slaves by force;
You, sir, have found a nobler way to empire,
Lord of the willing world.

*Tam.* Haste, my Axalla, to dispose with safety
Thy beauteous charge, and on the foe revenge
The pain which absence gives; thy other care,
Honour and arms, now summon thy attendance.
Now do thy office well, my soul! Remember
Thy cause, the cause of Heav'n and injur'd earth.
O thou Supreme! if thy great spirit warms

My glowing breast, and fires my soul to arms,
Grant that my sword, assisted by thy pow'r,
This day may peace and happiness restore,
That war and lawless rage may vex the world no more.
[*Exeunt* TAMERLANE, MONESES, PRINCE OF TANAIS, ZAMA, MIRVAN, *and* ATTENDANTS.
*Ax.* The battle calls, and bids me haste to leave thee;
Oh, Selima!——But, let destruction wait.
Are there not hours enough for blood and slaughter?
This moment shall be love's, and I will waste it
In soft complainings, for thy sighs and coldness,
For thy forgetful coldness; even at Birza,
When in thy father's court my eyes first own'd thee,
Fairer than light, the joy of their beholding,
Even then thou wert not thus.
*Sel.* Young and unskilful in the world's false arts,
I suffer'd love to steal upon my softness,
And warm me with a lambent guiltless flame:
Yes, I have heard thee swear a thousand times,
And call the conscious pow'rs of Heav'n to witness
The tend'rest, truest, everlasting passion.
But oh! 'tis past; and I will charge remembrance
To banish the fond image from my soul.
Since thou art sworn the foe of royal Bajazet,
I have resolv'd to hate thee.
*Ax.* Is it possible?
Hate is not in thy nature; thy whole frame
Is harmony, without one jarring atom.
Why dost thou force thy eyes to wear this coldness?
It damps the springs of life. Oh! bid me die,
Much rather bid me die, if it be true
That thou hast sworn to hate me.——
*Sel.* Let life and death
Wait the decision of the bloody field;
Nor can thy fate, my conqueror, depend
Upon a woman's hate. Yet, since you urge
A power, which once perhaps I had, there is
But one request that I can make with honour.

*Ax.* Oh, name it! say!——
*Sel.* Forego your right of war,
And render me this instant to my father.
*Ax.* Impossible!——The tumult of the battle,
That hastes to join, cuts off all means of commerce
Betwixt the armies.
*Sel.* Swear then to perform it,
Which way soe'er the chance of war determines,
On my first instance.
*Ax.* By the sacred majesty
Of Heaven, to whom we kneel, I will obey thee;
Yes, I will give thee this severest proof
Of my soul's vow'd devotion;
But is there nothing,
No small return that honour can afford
For all this waste of love?
What! not one kind look?
Then thou art chang'd indeed. [*Trumpets.*] Hark, I am summon'd,
And thou wilt send me forth like one unbless'd;
Whom fortune has forsaken, and ill fate
Mark'd for destruction.
Nor is life or fame
Worthy my care, since I am lost to thee. [*Going.*
*Sel.* Ha! goest thou to the fight?——
*Ax.* I do.——Farewell!——
*Sel.* What! and no more! A sigh heaves in my breast,
And stops the struggling accents on my tongue,
Else, sure, I should have added something more,
And made our parting softer.
*Ax.* Give it way.
The niggard honour, that affords not love,
Forbids not pity——
If it were possible my heart could stray,
One look from thee would call it back again,
And fix the wanderer for ever thine.

*Sel.* Where is my boasted resolution now?
[*Sinking into his Arms.*
Alas! Axalla, say——dost thou not pity
My artless innocence, and easy fondness?
Oh! turn thee from me, or I die with blushing.
*Ax.* No, let me rather gaze, for ever gaze,
And bless the new-born glories that adorn thee;
[*Trumpets.*
This envious trumpet calls, and tears me from thee—
*Sel.* My fears increase, and doubly press me now:
I charge thee, if thy sword comes cross my father,
Stop for a moment, and remember me.
*Ax.* Oh, doubt not but his life shall be my care;
Ev'n dearer than my own——
*Sel.* Guard that for me too.
*Ax.* O, Selima! thou hast restor'd my quiet.
The noble ardour of the war, with love
Returning, brightly burns within my breast,
And bids me be secure of all hereafter.
[*Exeunt,* GUARDS *following.*

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## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.

*The Inside of a Magnificent Tent.*

*Symphony of Warlike Music.*

*Enter* TAMERLANE, AXALLA, PRINCE OF TANAIS, ZAMA, MIRVAN, SOLDIERS, *and other* ATTENDANTS.

*Ax.* From this auspicious day the Parthian name
Shall date its birth of empire, and extend

Ev'n from the dawning east to utmost Thule,
The limits of its sway.

*Prince.* Nations unknown,
Where yet the Roman eagles never flew,
Shall pay their homage to victorious Tamerlane;
Bend to his valour and superior virtue,
And own, that conquest is not given by chance,
But, bound by fatal and resistless merit,
Waits on his arms.

*Tam.* It is too much: you dress me
Like an usurper, in the borrow'd attributes
Of injur'd Heaven. Can we call conquest ours?
Shall man, this pigmy, with a giant's pride,
Vaunt of himself, and say, "Thus have I done this?"
Oh, vain pretence to greatness! Like the moon,
We borrow all the brightness which we boast,
Dark in ourselves, and useless. If that hand,
That rules the fate of battles, strike for us,
Crown us with fame, and gild our clay with honour,
'Twere most ungrateful to disown the benefit,
And arrogate a praise which is not ours.

*Ax.* With such unshaken temper of the soul
To bear the swelling tide of prosp'rous fortune,
Is to deserve that fortune.

*Enter* OMAR.

*Omar.* Honour and fame [*Bowing to* TAMERLANE.
For ever wait the emperor: may our prophet
Give him ten thousand thousand days of life,
And every day like this. The captive sultan,
Fierce in his bonds, and at his fate repining,
Attends your sacred will.

*Tam.* Let him approach.

*Enter* BAJAZET, *and other Turkish Prisoners, in Chains, with a Guard of Soldiers.*

When I survey the ruins of this field,
The wild destruction, which thy fierce ambition

Has dealt among mankind, (so many widows
And helpless orphans has thy battle made.
That half our eastern world this day are mourners)
Well may I, in behalf of Heav'n and earth,
Demand from thee atonement for this wrong.

*Baj.* Make thy demand to those that own thy pow'r,
Know, I am still beyond it; and tho' fortune
(Curse on that changeling deity of fools!)
Has stript me of the train and pomp of greatness,
That outside of a king, yet still my soul,
Fixt high, and of itself alone dependent,
Is ever free and royal, and ev'n now,
As at the head of battle, does defy thee:
I know what power the chance of war has giv'n,
And dare thee to the use on't. This vile speeching,
This after-game of words, is what most irks me;
Spare that, and for the rest 'tis equal all——
Be it as it may.

*Tam.* Well was it for the world,
When on their borders neighbouring princes met,
Frequent in friendly parle, by cool debates
Preventing wasteful war:
Canst thou believe thy prophet, or, what's more,
That Pow'r supreme, which made thee and thy prophet,
Will, with impunity, let pass that breach
Of sacred faith giv'n to the royal Greek?

*Baj.* Thou pedant talker! ha! art thou a king
Possest of sacred pow'r, Heav'n's darling attribute,
And dost thou prate of leagues, and oaths, and prophets!
I hate the Greek (perdition on his name)
As I do thee, and would have met you both,
As death does human nature, for destruction.

*Tam.* Causeless to hate, is not of human kind:
The savage brute, that haunts in woods remote
And desert wilds, tears not the fearful traveller,
If hunger or some injury provoke not.

*Baj.* Can a king want a cause, when empire bids
Go on? What is he born for, but ambition?
It is his hunger, 'tis his call of nature,
The noble appetite which will be satisfied,
And, like the food of gods, makes him immortal.
*Tam.* Henceforth I will not wonder we were foes,
Since souls that differ so by nature, hate,
And strong antipathy forbids their union.
*Baj.* The noble fire, that warms me, does indeed
Transcend thy coldness. I am pleas'd we differ,
Nor think alike.
*Tam.* No—for I think like man.
Thou, like a monster, from whose baleful presence
Nature starts back; and tho' she fix'd her stamp
On thy rough mass, and mark'd thee for a man,
Now, conscious of her error, she disclaims thee
As form'd for her destruction.——
'Tis true, I am a king, as thou hast been:
Honour and glory too have been my aim;
But, tho' I dare face death, and all the dangers
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
Yet would I choose to fix my name by peace,
By justice, and by mercy; and to raise
My trophies on the blessings of mankind.
*Baj.* Prophet, I thank thee:——
Damnation!—Couldst thou rob me of my glory,
To dress up this tame king, this preaching dervise?
Unfit for war, thou shouldst have liv'd secure
In lazy peace, and with debating senates
Shar'd a precarious sceptre, sat tamely still,
And let bold factions canton out thy pow'r,
And wrangle for the spoils they robb'd thee of;
Whilst I (curse on the pow'r that stops my ardour!)
Would, like a tempest, rush amidst the nations,
Be greatly terrible, and deal, like Alla,
My angry thunder on the frighted world.
*Tam.* The world!—'twould be too little for thy pride:

Thou wouldst scale Heav'n——
*Baj.* I would:—Away! my soul
Disdains thy conference.
*Tam.* Thou vain, rash thing,
That, with gigantic insolence, hast dar'd
To lift thy wretched self above the stars,
And mate with pow'r almighty: Thou art fall'n!
*Baj.* 'Tis false! I am not fall'n from aught I have been;
At least my soul resolves to keep her state,
And scorns to take acquaintance with ill fortune.
*Tam.* Almost beneath my pity art thou fall'n;
Say, what had I to expect, if thou hadst conquer'd?
*Baj.* Oh, glorious thought! By Heav'n I will enjoy it,
Tho' but in fancy; imagination shall
Make room to entertain the vast idea.
Oh! had I been the master but of yesterday,
The world, the world had felt me; and for thee,
I had us'd thee, as thou art to me—a dog,
The object of my scorn and mortal hatred:
I would have taught thy neck to know my weight,
And mounted from that footstool to my saddle:
Then, when thy daily servile task was done,
I would have cag'd thee, for the scorn of slaves,
Till thou hadst begg'd to die; and even that mercy
I had deny'd thee. Now thou know'st my mind,
And question me no farther.
*Tam.* Well dost thou teach me
What justice should exact from thee. Mankind,
With one consent, cry out for vengeance on thee;
Loudly they call to cut off this league-breaker,
This wild destroyer, from the face of earth.
*Baj.* Do it, and rid thy shaking soul at once
Of its worst fear.
*Tam.* Hadst thou an arm
To make thee fear'd, thou shouldst have prov'd it on me,

Amidst the sweat and blood of yonder field,
When thro' the tumult of the war I sought thee,
Fenc'd in with nations.
*Baj.* Curse upon the stars
That fated us to different scenes of slaughter!
Oh! could my sword have met thee!——
*Tam.* Thou hadst then,
As now, been in my pow'r, and held thy life
Dependent on my gift—Yes, Bajazet,
I bid thee, live.
Nay more; couldst thou forget thy brutal fierceness,
And form thyself to manhood, I would bid thee
Live, and be still a king.
This royal tent, with such of thy domestics
As can be found, shall wait upon thy service;
Nor will I use my fortune to demand
Hard terms of peace, but such as thou may'st offer
With honour, I with honour may receive.
*Baj.* Ha! say'st thou—no—our prophet's vengeance blast me,
If thou shalt buy my friendship with thy empire.
Thou smooth fawning talker!
Give me again my chains, that I may curse thee,
And gratify my rage: or, if thou wilt
Be a vain fool, and play with thy perdition,
Remember I'm thy foe, and hate thee deadly.
Thy folly on thy head!
*Tam.* Be still my foe.
Great minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd in doing good,
Tho' the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return:
Virtue still does
With scorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward:
Above the worthless trophies men can raise,
She seeks not honours, wealth, nor airy praise,
But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

[*Exeunt all but* BAJAZET *and* OMAR.

*Baj.* Come, lead me to my dungeon; plunge me down
Deep from the hated sight of man and day,
Where, under covert of the friendly darkness,
My soul may brood, at leisure, o'er its anguish.
*Omar.* Our royal master would with noble usage
Make your misfortunes light: he bids you hope—
*Baj.* I tell thee, slave, I have shook hands with hope,
And all my thoughts are rage, despair, and horror.
[*Exit* OMAR.
Ha! wherefore am I thus?—Perdition seize me!
But my cold blood runs shiv'ring to my heart,
The rage and fiercer passions of my breast
Are lost in new confusion.——

*Enter* HALY *and* ARPASIA.

Arpasia!—Haly!
*Haly.* Oh, emperor! for whose hard fate our prophet
And all the heroes of thy sacred race
Are sad in paradise, thy faithful Haly,
The slave of all thy pleasures, in this ruin,
This universal shipwreck of thy fortunes,
Has gather'd up this treasure for thy arms:
Nor ev'n the victor, haughty Tamerlane,
(By whose command once more thy slave beholds thee)
Denies this blessing to thee, but, with honour,
Renders thee back thy queen, thy beauteous bride.
*Baj.* Oh! had her eyes, with pity, seen my sorrows,
Had she the softness of a tender bride,
Heav'n could not have bestow'd a greater blessing,
And love had made amends for loss of empire.
But see, what fury dwells upon her charms!
What lightning flashes from her angry eyes!
With a malignant joy she views my ruin:

Even beauteous in her hatred, still she charms me,
And awes my fierce tumultuous soul to love.
*Arp.* And dar'st thou hope, thou tyrant! ravisher!
That Heav'n has any joy in store for thee?
Look back upon the sum of thy past life,
Where lost Arpasia's wrongs stand bleeding fresh,
Thy last recorded crime. But Heav'n has found thee;
At length the tardy vengeance has o'erta'en thee.
My weary soul shall bear a little longer
The pain of life, to call for justice on thee:
That once complete, sink to the peaceful grave,
And lose the memory of my wrongs and thee.
*Baj.* Thou rail'st! I thank thee for it—Be perverse,
And muster all the woman in thy soul;
Goad me with curses, be a very wife,
That I may fling off this tame love, and hate thee.

*Enter* MONESES.

[*Starting.*] Ha! Keep thy temper, heart; nor take alarm
At a slave's presence.
*Mon.* It is Arpasia!—Leave me, thou cold fear.
Sweet as the rosy morn she breaks upon me,
And sorrow, like the night's unwholesome shade,
Gives way before the golden dawn she brings.
*Baj.* [*Advancing towards him.*] Ha, Christian! Is it well that we meet thus?
Is this thy faith?
*Mon.* Why does thy frowning brow
Put on this form of fury? Is it strange
We should meet here, companions in misfortune,
The captives in one common chance of war?
Nor shouldst thou wonder that my sword has fail'd
Before the fortune of victorious Tamerlane,
When thou, with nations like the sanded shore,
With half the warring world upon thy side,

Couldst not stand up against his dreadful battle,
That crush'd thee with its shock. Thy men can witness,
Those cowards, that forsook me in the combat,
My sword was not unactive.
*Baj.* No—'tis false;
Where is my daughter, thou vile Greek? Thou hast
Betray'd her to the Tartar; or even worse,
Pale with thy fear, didst lose her like a coward;
And, like a coward now, would cast the blame
On fortune and ill stars.
*Mon.* Ha! saidst thou, like a coward?
What sanctity, what majesty divine,
Hast thou put on, to guard thee from my rage,
That thus thou dar'st to wrong me?
*Baj.* Out, thou slave,
And know me for thy lord——
*Mon.* I tell thee, tyrant,
When, in the pride of power, thou sat'st on high,
When, like an idol, thou wert vainly worshipp'd,
By prostrate wretches, born with slavish souls;
Ev'n when thou wert a king, thou wert no more,
Nor greater than Moneses; born of a race
Royal, and great as thine. What art thou now then?
The fate of war has set thee with the lowest;
And captives (like the subjects of the grave)
Losing distinction, serve one common lord.
*Baj.* Brav'd by this dog! Now give a loose to rage,
And curse thyself; curse thy false cheating prophet.
Ha! yet there's some revenge. Hear me, thou christian!
Thou left'st that sister with me:—Thou impostor!
Thou boaster of thy honesty! Thou liar!
But take her to thee back.
Now to explore my prison—If it holds
Another plague like this, the restless damn'd
(If Mufties lie not) wander thus in hell;

From scorching flames to chilling frosts they run,
Then from their frosts to fires return again,
And only prove variety of pain.

[*Exeunt* BAJAZET *and* HALY.

*Arp.* Stay, Bajazet, I charge thee by my wrongs!
Stay, and unfold a tale of so much horror
As only fits thy telling—Oh, Moneses!

*Mon.* By all the tenderness and chaste endearments
Of our past love, I charge thee, my Arpasia,
To ease my soul of doubts! Give me to know,
At once, the utmost malice of my fate!

*Arp.* Take, then, thy wretched share in all I suffer,
Still partner of my heart! Scarce hadst thou left
The sultan's camp, when the imperious tyrant,
Soft'ning the pride and fierceness of his temper,
With gentle speech made offer of his love,
Amaz'd, as at the shock of sudden death,
I started into tears, and often urg'd
(Though still in vain) the difference of our faiths.
At last, as flying to the utmost refuge,
With lifted hands and streaming eyes, I own'd
The fraud; which, when we first were made his pris'ners,
I forc'd thee to put on
Thy borrow'd name of brother, mine of sister;
Hiding beneath that veil the nearer tie
Our mutual vows had made before the priest.
Kindling to rage at hearing of my story,
Then, be it so, he cried: Think'st thou thy vows,
Giv'n to a slave, shall bar me from thy beauties?
Then bade the priest pronounce the marriage rites:
Which he perform'd; whilst, shrieking with despair,
I call'd, in vain, the pow'rs of Heav'n to aid me.

*Mon.* Villain! Imperial villain!—Oh, the coward!
Aw'd by his guilt, though back'd by force and power,
He durst not, to my face, avow his purpose,

But, in my absence, like a lurking thief,
Stole on my treasure, and at once undid me.
*Arp.* Had they not kept me from the means of death,
Forgetting all the rules of christian suffering,
I had done a desp'rate murder on my soul,
Ere the rude slaves, that waited on his will,
Had forc'd me to his——
*Mon.* Stop thee there, Arpasia,
And bar my fancy from the guilty scene!
Let not thought enter, lest the busy mind
Should muster such a train of monstrous images,
As would distract me. Oh, I cannot bear it!
Thou lovely hoard of sweets, where all my joys
Were treasur'd up, to have thee rifled thus!
Thus torn, untasted, from my eager wishes!
But I will have thee from him. Tamerlane
(The sovereign judge of equity on earth)
Shall do me justice on this mighty robber,
And render back thy beauties to Moneses.
*Arp.* And who shall render back my peace, my honour,
The spotless whiteness of my virgin soul?
Ah! no, Moneses—Think not I will ever
Bring a polluted love to thy chaste arms:
I am the tyrant's wife. Oh, fatal title!
And, in the sight of all the saints, have sworn,
By honour, womanhood, and blushing shame,
To know no second bride-bed but my grave.
Shortly, oh! very shortly, if my sorrows
Divine aright, and Heav'n be gracious to me,
Death shall dissolve the fatal obligation.
Yes, my Moneses! now the surges rise,
The swelling sea breaks in between our barks,
And drives us to our fate on different rocks.
Farewell!—My soul lives with thee.——
*Mon.* Death is parting,

'Tis the last sad adieu 'twixt soul and body.
But this is somewhat worse—My joy, my comfort,
All that was left in life, fleets after thee!
[*Exeunt, severally.*

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## ACT THE THIRD.

### SCENE I.

*The Inside of the Royal Tent.*

*Enter* AXALLA *and* SELIMA.

*Ax.* Why was I ever blest!—Why is remembrance
Rich with a thousand pleasing images
Of past enjoyments, since 'tis but plague to me?
When thou art mine no more, what will it ease me
To think of all the golden minutes past,
To think that thou wert kind, and I was happy?
But like an angel fall'n from bliss, to curse
My present state, and mourn the heav'n I've lost.

*Sel.* Hope better for us both; nor let thy fears,
Like an unlucky omen, cross my way.

*Ax.* But see, the sultan comes!——

*Enter* BAJAZET.

*Baj.* To have a nauseous courtesy forc'd on me,
Spite of my will, by an insulting foe!
Ha! they would break the fierceness of my temper,

And make me supple for their slavish purpose,
Curse on their fawning arts!

[SELIMA *comes forward, and kneels to* BAJAZET.

*Sel.* My lord! my royal father!

*Baj.* Ha! what art thou?
What heavenly innocence! that in a form
So known, so lov'd, hast left thy paradise,
For joyless prison, for this place of woe!
Art thou my Selima?

*Sel.* Have you forgot me?
Alas, my piety is then in vain!
Your Selima, your daughter whom you lov'd,
The fondling once of her dear father's arms,
Is come to claim her share in his misfortunes;

[*Embracc.*

To help to wear the tedious minutes out,
To soften bondage, and the loss of empire.

*Baj.* Now, by our prophet, if my wounded mind
Could know a thought of peace, it would be now:
Ev'n from thy prating infancy thou wert
My joy, my little angel; smiling comfort
Came with thee, still to glad me. Now I'm curs'd
Ev'n in thee too. Reproach and infamy
Attend the christian dog t' whom thou wert trusted.
To see thee here—'twere better see thee dead!

*Ax.* Thus Tamerlane to royal Bajazet
With kingly greeting sends: since with the brave
(The bloody business of the fight once ended)
Stern hate and opposition ought to cease;
Thy queen already to thy arms restor'd,
Receive this second gift, thy beauteous daughter:
And if there be aught farther in thy wish,
Demand with honour, and obtain it freely.

*Baj.* Bear back thy fulsome greeting to thy master;
Tell him, I'll none on't. Can he restore
My fame diminish'd, loss of sacred honour,
The radiancy of majesty eclips'd?
For aught besides, it is not worth my care;

The giver and his gifts are both beneath me.

*Ax.* Enough of war the wounded earth has known:
Oh, sultan! by the Pow'r divine I swear,
With joy I would resign the savage trophies
In blood and battle gain'd, could I atone
The fatal breach 'twixt thee and Tamerlane;
And think a soldier's glory well bestow'd
To buy mankind a peace.

*Baj.* And what art thou,
That dost presume to mediate 'twixt the rage
Of angry kings?

*Ax.* A prince, born of the noblest,
And of a soul that answers to that birth,
That dares not but do well. Thou dost put on
A forc'd forgetfulness, thus not to know me,
A guest so lately to thy court, then meeting
On gentler terms.——

*Sel.* Could aught efface the merit
Of brave Axalla's name? yet when your daughter
Shall tell how well, how nobly she was us'd,
How light this gallant prince made all her bondage,
Most sure the royal Bajazet will own
That honour stands indebted to such goodness,
Nor can a monarch's friendship more than pay it.

*Baj.* Ha! know'st thou that, fond girl?—Go—'tis not well,
And when thou couldst descend to take a benefit
From a vile Christian, and thy father's foe,
Thou didst an act dishonest to thy race:
Henceforth, unless thou mean'st to cancel all
My share in thee, and write thyself a bastard,
Die, starve, know any evil, any pain,
Rather than taste a mercy from these dogs.

*Sel.* Alas! Axalla!

*Ax.* Weep not, lovely maid!
I swear,
One sigh from thee has made a large amends
For all thy angry father's frowns and fierceness.

*Baj.* Oh, my curst fortune!—Am I fall'n thus low!
Dishonour'd to my face! Thou earth-born thing!
Thou clod! how hast thou dar'd to lift thy eyes
Up to the sacred race of mighty Ottoman,
Whom kings, whom e'en our prophet's holy offspring
At distance have beheld? And what art thou?
What glorious titles blazon out thy birth?
Thou vile obscurity! ha!—say—thou base one.

*Ax.* Thus challeng'd, virtue, modest as she is,
Stands up to do herself a common justice;
To answer, and assert that inborn merit,
That worth, which conscious to herself she feels.
Were honour to be scann'd by long descent,
From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt
A lineage of the greatest, and recount,
Among my fathers, names of ancient story,
Heroes and god-like patriots, who subdu'd
The world by arms and virtue, and, being Romans,
Scorn'd to be kings; but that be their own praise:
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,
Myself an undeserver. I could prove
My friendship such, as thou might'st deign t' accept
With honour, when it comes with friendly office,
To render back thy crown, and former greatness.

*Baj.* To me give back what yesterday took from me,
Would be to give like Heav'n, when having finish'd
This world (the goodly work of his creation)
He bid his favourite man be lord of all.
But this——

*Ax.* Nor is this gift beyond my pow'r.
Oft has the mighty master of my arms
Urg'd me, with large ambition, to demand
Crowns and dominions from his bounteous pow'r:
'Tis true, I wav'd the proffer, and have held it
The worthier choice to wait upon his virtues,
To be the friend and partner of his wars,
Than to be Asia's lord. Nor wonder then,
If, in the confidence of such a friendship,

I promise boldly for the royal giver,
Thy crown and empire.
*Baj.* For our daughter thus
Mean'st thou to barter? Ha! I tell thee, Christian,
There is but one, one dowry thou canst give,
And I can ask, worthy my daughter's love.
*Ax.* Oh! name the mighty ransom; task my pow'r;
Let there be danger, difficulty, death,
T' enhance the price.
*Baj.* I take thee at thy word.
Bring me the Tartar's head.
*Ax.* Ha!
*Baj.* Tamerlane's!
That death, that deadly poison to my glory.
*Ax.* Prodigious! Horrid!
*Baj.* And couldst thou hope to bribe me with aught else?
With a vile peace, patch'd up on slavish terms?
With tributary kingship?——No!——To merit
A recompense for me, sate my revenge.
The Tartar is my bane, I cannot bear him:
One heav'n and earth can never hold us both;
Still shall we hate, and with defiance deadly
Keep rage alive, till one be lost for ever:
As if two suns should meet in the meridian,
And strive in fiery combat for the passage.
Weep'st thou, fond girl? Now as thy king, and father,
I charge thee, drive this slave from thy remembrance!
Hate shall be pious in thee. Come and join
[*Laying hold on her Hand.*
To curse thy father's foes.
*Sel.* Undone for ever!
Now, tyrant duty, art thou yet obeyed?
There is no more to give thee. Oh, Axalla!
[BAJAZET *leads out* SELIMA, *she looking back on* AXALLA.

SCENE II.

TAMERLANE'S *Camp.*

*Enter* TAMERLANE *and a* DERVISE.

*Tam.* Thou brings't me thy credentials from the highest,
From Alla, and our prophet. Speak thy message,
It must import the best and noblest ends.

*Der.* Thus speaks our holy Mahomet, who has giv'n thee
To reign and conquer: ill dost thou repay
The bounties of his hand, unmindful of
The fountain whence thy streams of greatness flow.
Thou hast forgot high Heav'n; hast beaten down
And trampled on religion's sanctity.

*Tam.* Now, as I am a soldier and a king,
(The greatest names of honour) do but make
Thy imputation out, and Tamerlane
Shall do thee ample justice on himself.
So much the sacred name of Heaven awes me,
Could I suspect my soul of harbouring aught
To its dishonour, I would search it strictly,
And drive th' offending thought with fury forth.

*Der.* Yes, thou hast hurt our holy prophet's honour,
By fostering the pernicious Christian sect:
They are thy only friends. The true believers
Mourn to behold thee favour this Axalla.

*Tam.* I fear me, thou out-go'st the prophet's order,
And bring'st his venerable name to shelter
A rudeness ill becoming thee to use,
Or me to suffer. When thou nam'st my friend,

Thou nam'st a man beyond a monk's discerning,
Virtuous and great, a warrior and a prince.
*Der.* He is a Christian; there our law condemns him,
Altho' he were ev'n all thou speak'st, and more.
*Tam.* 'Tis false; no law divine condemns the virtuous,
For differing from the rules your schools devise.
Look round, how Providence bestows alike
Sunshine and rain, to bless the fruitful year,
On different nations, all of diff'rent faiths;
And (tho' by several names and titles worship'd)
Heav'n takes the various tribute of their praise;
Since all agree to own, at least to mean,
One best, one greatest, only Lord of all.
*Der.* Why hold'st thou captive a believing monarch?
Now, as thou hop'st to 'scape the prophet's curse,
Release the royal Bajazet, and join,
With force united, to destroy the Christians.
*Tam.* 'Tis well—I've found the cause that mov'd thy zeal.
What shallow politician set thee on,
In hopes to fright me this way to compliance?
Hence! I have found thee.
*Der.* I have but one resort. Now aid me, prophet.
[*Aside.*
Yet I have somewhat further to unfold;
Our prophet speaks to thee in thunder—thus——
[*The* DERVISE *draws a concealed Dagger, and offers to stab* TAMERLANE.
*Tam.* No, villain, Heav'n is watchful o'er its worshippers, [*Wresting the Dagger from him.*
And blasts the murderer's purpose. Think, thou wretch!
Think on the pains that wait thy crime, and tremble
When I shall doom thee——
*Der.* 'Tis but death at last;

And I will suffer greatly for the cause
That urg'd me first to the bold deed.
*Tam.* Oh impious!
Enthusiasm thus makes villains martyrs.
[*Pausing.*] It shall be so—To die! 'twere a reward—
Now learn the difference 'twixt thy faith and mine:
Thine bids thee lift thy dagger to my throat;
Mine can forgive the wrong, and bid thee live.
Keep thy own wicked secret, and be safe!
If thou repent'st, I have gain'd one to virtue,
And am in that rewarded for my mercy;
If thou continu'st still to be the same,
'Tis punishment enough to be a villain.
Hence! from my sight—It shocks my soul to think
That there is such a monster in my kind.
[*Exit* DERVISE.

*Enter* MONESES.

*Mon.* Oh, emperor! before whose awful throne
Th' afflicted never kneel in vain for justice,
[*Kneeling to* TAMERLANE.
Here let me fall before your sacred feet,
And groan out my misfortunes, till your pity,
(The last support and refuge that is left me)
Shall raise me from the ground, and bid me live.
*Tam.* Rise, prince,
Speak, as to a king, the sacred name
Where pow'r is lodg'd, for righteous ends alone.
*Mon.* One only joy, one blessing, my fond heart
Had fix'd its wishes on, and that is lost;
That sister, for whose safety my sad soul
Endur'd a thousand fears——
*Tam.* I well remember,
When, ere the battle join'd, I saw thee first,
With grief uncommon to a brother's love,
Thou told'st a moving tale of her misfortunes,
Such as bespoke my pity. Is there aught
Thou canst demand from friendship? Ask, and have it.

*Mon.* First, oh! let me entreat your royal goodness;
Forgive the folly of a lover's caution,
That forg'd a tale of folly to deceive you.
Said I, she was my sister?—Oh! 'tis false;
She holds a dearer interest in my soul,
She was the mistress of my vows, my bride;
By contract mine; and long ere this the priest
Had ty'd the knot for ever, had not Bajazet——

*Tam.* Ha! Bajazet!—If yet his pow'r withholds
The cause of all thy sorrows, all thy fears,
E'en gratitude for once shall gain upon him,
Spite of his savage temper, to restore her.
This morn a soldier brought a captive beauty,
Sad, tho' she seem'd, yet of a form more rare,
By much the noblest spoil of all the field;
Struck with a pleasing wonder, I beheld her,
Till, by a slave that waited near her person,
I learn'd she was the captive sultan's wife:
Straight I forbid my eyes the dangerous joy
Of gazing long, and sent her to her lord.

*Mon.* There was Moneses lost. Too sure my heart
(From the first mention of her wondrous charms)
Presag'd it could be only my Arpasia.

*Tam.* Arpasia! didst thou say?

*Mon.* Yes, my Arpasia.

*Tam.* Sure I mistake, or fain I would mistake thee;
I nam'd the queen of Bajazet, his wife.

*Mon.* His queen! his wife! He brings that holy title
To varnish o'er the monstrous wrongs he has done me.

*Tam.* Alas! I fear me, prince, thy griefs are just;
Thou art, indeed, unhappy——

*Mon.* Can you pity me,
And not redress? Oh, royal Tamerlane! [*Kneeling.*
Thou succour of the wretched,
Let thy justice
Restore me my Arpasia;

*Tam.* Unhappy, royal youth, why dost thou ask
What honour must deny? Ha! is she not
His wife, whom he has wedded, whom enjoy'd?
Could thy fond love forget
The violation of a first enjoyment?——
But sorrow has disturb'd and hurt thy mind.
*Mon.* Perhaps it has, and like an idle madman,
I do a thousand things to shame my reason.
Then let me fly, and bear my follies with me,
Far, far from the world's sight.
*Tam.* Let thy virtue
Stand up and answer to these warring passions,
That vex thy manly temper. From the moment
When first I saw thee, something wondrous noble
Shone thro' thy form, and won my friendship for thee,
Without the tedious form of long acquaintance;
Nor will I lose thee poorly for a woman.
Come, droop no more; thou shalt with me pursue
True greatness, till we rise to immortality.
Thou shalt forget these lesser cares, Moneses;
Thou shalt, and help me to reform the world.
*Mon.* Sacred Tamerlane,
Thy words are as the breath of angels to me.
But, oh! too deep the wounding grief is fixt,
For any hand to heal.
*Tam.* This dull despair
Is the soul's laziness. Rouse to the combat,
And thou art sure to conquer. War shall restore thee;
The sound of arms shall wake thy martial ardour,
And cure this amorous sickness of thy soul,
The boy, fond love,
Is nurs'd and bred in sloth, and too much ease;
Near purling streams, in gloomy shades, he lies,
And loosely there, instructs his votaries
Honour, and active virtue to despise

But if the trumpets echo from afar,
On silken winds sublime he cuts the air,
Scar'd at the noise and clangour of the war. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT THE FOURTH.

### SCENE I

BAJAZET'S *Tent.*

*Enter* HALY *and the* DERVISE.

*Haly.* To 'scape with life from an attempt like this,
Demands my wonder justly.
*Der.* True, it may;
But 'tis a principle of his new faith;
'Tis what his Christian favourites have inspir'd,
Who fondly make a merit of forgiveness,
And give their foes a second opportunity,
If the first blow should miss.—Failing to serve
The sultan to my wish, and e'en despairing
Of further means t' effect his liberty,
A lucky accident retriev'd my hopes.
*Haly.* The prophet and our master will reward
Thy zeal in their behalf; but speak thy purpose.
*Der.* Just ent'ring here I met the Tartar general,
Fierce Omar.
*Haly.* He commands, if I mistake not,
This quarter of the army, and our guards?

*Der.* The same.
I learn'd,
That, burning for the sultan's beauteous daughter,
He had begg'd her, as a captive of the war,
From Tamerlane; but meeting with denial
Of what he thought his services might claim,
Loudly he storms, and curses the Italian,
As cause of this affront. I join'd his rage,
And added to his injuries, the wrongs
Our prophet daily meets with from Axalla.
But see, he comes. Improve what I shall tell,
And all we wish is ours.

[*They seem to talk together aside.*

*Enter* OMAR.

*Omar.* No——if I forgive it,
Dishonour blast my name! Was it for this
That I directed his first steps to greatness,
Taught him to climb, and made him what he is?
And am I now so lost to his remembrance,
That when I ask a captive, he shall tell me,
She is Axalla's right, his Christian minion?

*Der.* Allow me, valiant Omar, to demand,
Since injur'd thus, why right you not yourself?
The prize you ask is in your power.

*Omar.* It is,
And I will seize it in despite of Tamerlane,
And that Italian dog.

*Haly.* What need of force,
When every thing concurs to meet your wishes?
Our mighty master would not wish a son
Nobler than Omar. From a father's hand
Receive that daughter, which ungrateful Tamerlane
Has to your worth deny'd.

*Omar.* Now, by my arms,
It will be great revenge. What will your sultan
Give to the man that shall restore his liberty,

His crown, and give him pow'r to wreak his hatred
Upon his greatest foe?
*Haly.* All he can ask,
And far beyond his wish.— [*Trumpets.*
*Omar.* These trumpets speak
The emperor's approach; he comes once more
To offer terms of peace. Within,
I will know farther. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

BAJAZET'S *Tent.*

ARPASIA *discovered lying on a Couch.*

SONG.

*To thee, O gentle sleep, alone*
*Is owing all our peace,*
*By thee our joys are heighten'd shown,*
*By thee our sorrows cease.*
*The nymph whose hand, by fraud or force,*
*Some tyrant has possess'd,*
*By thee, obtaining a divorce,*
*In her own choice is bless'd.*
*Oh, stay! Arpasia bids thee stay;*
*The sadly weeping fair*
*Conjures thee, not to lose in day*
*The object of her care.*
*To grasp whose pleasing form she sought,*
*That motion chas'd her sleep;*
*Thus by ourselves are oft'nest wrought*
*The griefs, for which we weep.*

*Arp.* Oh, death! thou gentle end of human sorrows,
Still must my weary eyelids vainly wake
In tedious expectation of thy peace?
Why stand thy thousand thousand doors still open,
To take the wretched in, if stern religion
Guard every passage, and forbids my entrance?—
Lucrece could bleed, and Portia swallow fire,
When urg'd with griefs beyond a mortal sufferance;
But here it must not be. Think then, Arpasia,
Think on the sacred dictates of thy faith,
And let that arm thy virtue to perform
What Cato's daughter durst not!—Live, Arpasia,
And dare to be unhappy.

*Enter* TAMERLANE.

*Tam.* Such welcome as a camp can give, fair sultaness,
We hope you have receiv'd; it shall be larger,
And better as it may.

*Arp.* Since I have borne
That miserable mark of fatal greatness,
I have forgot all difference of conditions;
Sceptres and fetters are grown equal to me,
And the best change my fate can bring is death.

*Tam.* Oh! teach my power
To cure those ills which you unjustly suffer,
Lest Heav'n should wrest it from my idle hand,
If I look on, and see you weep in vain.

*Arp.* Not that my soul disdains the generous aid
Thy royal goodness proffers: but, oh, emperor!
It is not in my fate to be made happy
Nor will I listen to the coz'ner, Hope,
But stand resolv'd to bear the beating storm,
That roars around me; safe in this alone,
That I am not immortal.—Though 'tis hard,
'Tis wondrous hard, when I remember thee,
Dear native Greece! and you, ye weeping maids,
That were companions of my virgin youth!

My noble parents! Oh, the grief of heart;
The pangs, that, for unhappy me, bring down
Their reverend ages to the grave with sorrow.
And yet there is a woe surpassing all:
Ye saints and angels, give me of your constancy,
If you expect I shall endure it long.

*Tam.* Why is my pity all that I can give
To tears like yours? And yet I fear 'tis all;
Nor dare I ask, what mighty loss you mourn,
Lest honour should forbid to give it back.

*Arp.* No, Tamerlane, nor did I mean thou shouldst:
But know, (though to the weakness of my sex
I yield these tears) my soul is more than man.
Think, I am born a Greek, nor doubt my virtue;
They must be mighty evils, that can vanquish
A Spartan courage, and a Christian faith.

*Enter* BAJAZET.

*Baj.* To know no thought of rest—to have the mind
Still minist'ring fresh plagues, as in a circle,
Where one dishonour treads upon another;
What know the fiends beyond it?—Ha! by hell,
[*Seeing* ARPASIA *and* TAMERLANE,
There wanted only this to make me mad.
Comes he to triumph here; to rob my love,
And violate the last retreat of happiness?

*Tam.* But that I read upon thy frowning brow,
That war yet lives, and rages in thy breast;
Once more (in pity to the suff'ring world)
I meant to offer peace.——

*Baj.* And mean'st thou too
To treat it with our empress; and to barter
The spoils, which fortune gave thee, for her favours?
Seek'st thou thus our friendship?
Is this the royal usage thou didst boast?

*Tam.* The boiling passion, that disturbs thy soul,
Spreads clouds around, and makes thy purpose dark—
Unriddle what thy mystic fury aims at.

*Baj.* Is it a riddle? Read it there expla.n'd;
There, in my shame. Now judge me thou, O prophet,
And equal Heav'n, if this demand not rage!
The peasant hind, begot and born to slavery,
Yet dares assert a husband's sacred right,
And guards his homely couch from violation:
And shall a monarch tamely bear the wrong
Without complaining?

*Tam.* If I could have wrong'd thee,
If conscious virtue, and all-judging Heav'n,
Stood not between, to bar ungovern'd appetite,
What hinder'd, but in spite of thee, my captive,
I might have us'd a victor's boundless pow'r,
And sated every wish my soul could form?
But to secure thy fears, know, Bajazet,
This is among the things I dare not do.

*Baj.* By hell, 'tis false! else wherefore art thou present?
What cam'st thou for, but to undo my honour?
I found thee holding amorous parley with her,
Gazing and glutting on her wanton eyes,
And bargaining for pleasures yet to come:
My life, I know, is the devoted price—
But take it, I am weary of the pain.

*Tam.* Yet ere thou rashly urge my rage too far,
I warn thee to take heed: I am a man,
And have the frailties common to man's nature,
The fiery seeds of wrath are in my temper,
And may be blown up to so fierce a blaze,
As wisdom cannot rule. Know, thou hast touch'd me
Ev'n in the nicest, tend'rest part, my honour;
My honour! which, like pow'r, disdains being question'd!
Thy breath has blasted my fair virtue's fame,
And mark'd me for a villain, and a tyrant.

*Arp.* And stand I here an idle looker-on,
To see my innocence murder'd and mangled
By barbarous hands, nor can revenge the wrong?

Art thou a man, and dar'st thou use me thus?
[*To* BAJAZET.
Hast thou not torn me from my native country,
From the dear arms of my lamenting friends,
From my soul's peace, and from my injur'd love?
Hast thou not ruin'd, blotted me for ever,
And driv'n me to the brink of black despair?
And is it in thy malice yet to add
A wound more deep, to sully my white name,
My virtue?——

*Baj.* Yes, thou hast thy sex's virtues,
Their affectation, pride, ill-nature, noise,
Proneness to change, e'en from the joy that pleas'd them:
So gracious is your idol, dear variety,
That for another love you would forego
An angel's form, to mingle with a devil's.

*Arp.* Why sought'st thou not from thy own impious tribe
A wife like one of these?
Know, I detest, like hell, the crime thou mention'st:
Not that I fear, or reverence, thee, thou tyrant;
But that my soul, conscious of whence it sprung,
Sits unpolluted in its sacred temple,
And scorns to mingle with a thought so mean.

*Tam.* Oh, pity! that a greatness so divine
Should meet a fate so wretched, so unequal.——
Thou, blind and wilful to the good that courts thee,
[*To* BAJAZET.
With open-handed bounty Heav'n pursues thee,
And bids thee (undeserving as thou art,
And monstrous in thy crimes) be happy yet:
Whilst thou, in fury, dost avert the blessing,
And art an evil genius to thyself.

*Baj.* No—Thou! thou art my greatest curse on earth!
Thou, who hast robb'd me of my crown and glory,
And now pursu'st me to the verge of life,

To spoil me of my honour. Thou, thou hypocrite!
That wear'st a pageant outside show of virtue,
To cover the hot thoughts that glow within!
Thou rank adulterer!

*Tam.* Oh, that thou wert
The lord of all those thousands, that lie breathless
On yonder field of blood, that I again
Might hunt thee, in the face of death and danger,
Through the tumultuous battle, and there force thee,
Vanquish'd and sinking underneath my arm,
To own thou hast traduc'd me like a villain.

*Baj.* Ha! Does it gall thee, Tartar? By revenge,
It joys me much to find thou feel'st my fury.
Yes, I will echo to thee, thou adulterer!
Thou dost profane the name of king and soldier,
And, like a ruffian bravo, cam'st with force
To violate the holy marriage-bed.

*Tam.* Wert thou not shelter'd by thy abject state,
The captive of my sword, by my just anger,
My breath, like thunder, should confound thy pride,
And doom thee dead, this instant, with a word.

*Baj.* 'Tis false! my fate's above thee, and thou dar'st not.

*Tam.* Ha! dare not! Thou hast rais'd my pond'rous rage,
And now it falls to crush thee at a blow.
A guard there!—Seize and drag him to his fate!

*Enter a* GUARD, *they seize* BAJAZET.

Tyrant, I'll do a double justice on thee;
At once revenge myself, and all mankind.

*Baj.* Well dost thou, ere thy violence and lust
Invade my bed, thus to begin with murder:
Drown all thy fears in blood, and sin securely.

*Tam.* Away!

*Arp.* [*Kneeling.*] Oh, stay! I charge thee, by renown;

By that bright glory thy great soul pursues,
Call back the doom of death!

*Tam.* Fair injur'd excellence,
Why dost thou kneel, and waste such precious pray'rs,
For one to goodness lost; who first undid thee,
Who still pursues and aggravates the wrong?

*Baj.* By Alla! no—I will not wear a life,
Bought with such vile dishonour. Death shall free me
At once from infamy, and thee, thou traitress!

*Arp.* No matter, tho' the whistling winds grow loud,
And the rude tempest roars, 'tis idle rage;
Oh! mark it not; but let thy steady virtue
Be constant to its temper. Save his life,
And save Arpasia from the sport of talkers.
Think, how the busy, meddling world will toss
Thy mighty name about, in scurril mirth;
Shall brand thy vengeance, as a foul design,
And make such monstrous legends of our lives,
As late posterity shall blush in reading.

*Tam.* Oh, matchless virtue! Yes, I will obey;
Sultan be safe! Reason resumes her empire,
[*Exeunt* GUARDS.
And I am cool again.—Here break we off,
Lest farther speech should minister new rage,
Wisely from dangerous passions I retreat,
To keep a conquest which was hard to get:
And, oh! 'tis time I should for flight prepare,
A war more fatal seems to threaten there,
And all my rebel blood assists the fair:
One moment more, and I too late shall find,
That love's the strongest pow'r that lords it o'er the mind. [*Exit* TAMERLANE.

*Baj.* To what new shame, what plague am I reserv'd!
Why hast thou forc'd this nauseous life upon me?
Is it to triumph o'er me?—But I will,
I will be free, I will forget thee all;

The bitter, and the sweet, the joy and pain,
Death shall expunge at once, and ease my soul.
Prophet, take notice, I disclaim thy paradise,
Thy fragrant bow'rs, and everlasting shades;
Thou hast plac'd woman there, and all thy joys are tainted. [*Exit* BAJAZET.

*Arp.* A little longer yet, be strong, my heart;
A little longer let the busy spirits
Keep on their cheerful round—It will not be!
Death is at last my due, and I will have it.——
And see, the poor Moneses comes, to take
One sad adieu, and then we part for ever.

*Enter* MONESES.

*Mon.* Already am I onward of my way,
Thy tuneful voice comes like a hollow sound
At distance, to my ears. My eyes grow heavy,
'Tis the last office they shall ever do me,
To view thee once, and then to close and die.

*Arp.* Alas! how happy have we been, Moneses!
Ye gentle days, that once were ours, what joys
Did every cheerful morning bring along!
No fears, no jealousies, no angry parents,
That for unequal births or fortunes frown'd;
But love, that kindly join'd our hearts, to bless us,
Made us a blessing too to all besides.

*Mon.* Oh, cast not thy remembrance back, Arpasia!
'Tis grief unutterable, 'tis distraction!
Here let me kneel, and pay my latest vows.
Be witness all ye saints, thou Heav'n and nature,
Be witness of my truth, for you have known it!
Be witness, that I never knew a pleasure,
In all the world could offer, like Arpasia!
Be witness, that I liv'd but in Arpasia!
And, oh, be witness, that her loss has kill'd me!

*Arp.* While thou art speaking, life begins to fail;
And every tender accent chills like death.

Oh! let me haste then, yet, ere day declines
And the long night prevail, once more to tell thee
Moneses is myself; in my fond heart,
E'en in my vital blood, he lives and reigns:
The last dear object of my parting soul
Will be Moneses; the last breath, that lingers
Within my panting breast, shall sigh Moneses.

*Mon.* It is enough! Now to thy rest, my soul,
The world and thou have made an end at once.

*Arp.* Fain would I still detain thee, hold thee still:
Nor honour can forbid, that we together
Should share the poor few minutes that remain.
I swear, methinks this sad society
Has somewhat pleasing in it.—Death's dark shades
Seem, as we journey on, to lose their horror;
At near approach the monsters, form'd by fear,
Are vanish'd all, and leave the prospect clear;
Amidst the gloomy vale a pleasing scene,
With flow'rs adorn'd and never-fading green,
Inviting stands, to take the wretched in:
No wars, no wrongs, no tyrants, no despair,
Disturb the quiet of a place so fair,
But injur'd lovers find Elysium there. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* BAJAZET, OMAR, HALY, *and the* DERVISE.

*Baj.* Now, by the glorious tomb that shrines our prophet,
By Mecca's sacred temple, here I swear,
Our daughter is thy bride! and to that gift
Such wealth, such pow'r, such honours will I add,
That monarchs shall with envy view thy state,
And own thou art a demi-god to them.
Thou hast giv'n me what I wish'd, power of revenge,
And when a king rewards, 'tis ample retribution.

*Omar.* Twelve Tartar lords, each potent in his tribe,
Have sworn to own my cause, and draw their thousands,

To-morrow, from the ungrateful Parthian's side:
The leaders of the troops through which we pass,
Rais'd by my pow'r, devoted to my service,
Shall make our passage secret and secure.

*Der.* Already, mighty Sultan, art thou safe,
Since, by yon passing torches' light, I guess,
To his pavilion Tamerlane retires,
Attended by a train of waiting courtiers.
All who remain within these tents are thine,
And hail thee as their lord.——
Ha! the Italian prince,
With sad Moneses, are not yet gone forth.

*Baj.* Ha! with our queen and daughter!

*Omar.* They are ours:
I mark'd the slaves, who waited on Axalla;
They, when the emperor pass'd out, prest on,
And mingled with the crowd, nor miss'd their lord;
He is your pris'ner, sir: I go this moment,
To seize, and bring him to receive his doom.

[*Exit* OMAR.

*Baj.* Haste, Haly, follow, and secure the Greek;
Him too I wish to keep within my power.

[*Exit* HALY.

*Der.* If my dread lord permit his slave to speak,
I would advise to spare Axalla's life,
Till we are safe beyond the Parthian's pow'r:
Him, as our pledge of safety, may we hold;
And, could you gain him to assist your flight,
It might import you much.

*Baj.* Thou counsell'st well;
And though I hate him (for he is a Christian,
And to my mortal enemy devoted),
Yet, to secure my liberty and vengeance,
I wish he now were ours.

*Der.* And see, they come!
Fortune repents; again she courts your side,
And, with this first fair offering of success,
She woos you to forget her crime of yesterday.

*Enter* OMAR, *with* AXALLA, FOUR MUTES; SELIMA *following, weeping.*

*Ax.* I will not call thee villain; 'tis a name
Too holy for thy crime: to break thy faith,
And turn a rebel to so good a master,
Is an ingratitude unmatch'd on earth.
The first revolting angel's pride could only
Do more than thou hast done. Thou copy'st well,
And keep'st the black original in view.

*Omar.* Do rage, and vainly call upon thy master
To save his minion. My revenge has caught thee,
And I will make thee curse that fond presumption,
That set thee on to rival me in aught.

*Baj.* Christian, I hold thy fate at my disposal!
One only way remains to mercy open;
Be partner of my flight and my revenge,
And thou art safe. Thy other choice is death.

*Ax.* Then briefly thus. Death is the choice I make;
Since, next to Heav'n, my master and my friend
Has interest in my life, and still shall claim it.

*Baj.* Then take thy wish—Call in our mutes!

*Sel.* My father,
If yet you have not sworn to cast me off,
And turn me out to wander in misfortune;
If yet my voice be gracious in your ears;
If yet my duty and my love offend not,
Oh, call your sentence back, and save Axalla!

*Baj.* Rise, Selima! The slave deserves to die,
Who durst, with sullen pride, refuse my mercy:
Yet, for thy sake, once more I offer life.

*Sel.* Some angel whisper to my anxious soul,
What I shall do to save him.
Oh, my Axalla! seem but to consent.—
[*Aside to* AXALLA.
Unkind and cruel, will you then do nothing?
I find I am not worth thy least of cares.

*Ax.* Oh, labour not to hang dishonour on me!

I could bear sickness, pain, and poverty,
Those mortal evils, worse than death, for thee.
But this—It has the force of fate against us,
And cannot be.

*Sel.* See, see, sir, he relents, [*To* BAJAZET.
Already he inclines to own your cause.
A little longer, and he is all yours.

*Baj.* Then mark how far a father's fondness yields,
Till midnight I defer the death he merits,
And give him up till then to thy persuasion.
If, by that time, he meets my will, he lives;
If not, thyself shalt own he dies with justice.

*Ax.* 'Tis but to lengthen life upon the rack:
I am resolv'd already.

*Sel.* Oh, be still,
Nor rashly urge a ruin on us both!
'Tis but a moment more I have to save thee.
Be kind, auspicious Alla, to my pray'r;
More for my love, than for myself, I fear;
Neglect mankind a while, and make him all thy care!
[*Exeunt* AXALLA *and* SELIMA.

*Baj.* Moneses,—is that dog secur'd?

*Omar.* He is.

*Baj.* 'Tis well—My soul perceives returning greatness,
As nature feels the spring. Lightly she bounds,
And shakes dishonour, like a burden, from her;
Once more imperial, awful, and herself.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE FIFTH.

### SCENE I.

BAJAZET'S *Tent.*

ARPASIA *discovered.*

*Arp.* Sure 'tis a horror, more than darkness brings,
That sits upon the night!
Not long ago, a troop of ghastly slaves
Rush'd in, and forc'd Moneses from my sight;
Death hung so heavy on his drooping spirits,
That scarcely could he say—Farewell—for ever!
And yet, methinks, some gentle spirit whispers,
Thy peace draws near, Arpasia, sigh no more!
And see, the king of terrors is at hand;
His minister appears.

*Enter* BAJAZET *and* HALY.

*Baj.* [*Aside to* HALY.] The rest I leave
To thy despatch. For, oh! my faithful Haly,
Another care has taken up thy master.
Spite of the high-wrought tempest in my soul,
Spite of the pangs which jealousy has cost me,
This haughty woman reigns within my breast.

*Haly.* Why wears my lord
An anxious thought for what his pow'r commands?
When, in an happy hour, you shall, ere long,
Have borne the empress from amidst your foes,
She must be yours, be only and all yours.

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*Baj.* On that depends my fear. Yes, I must have her;
I own, I will not, cannot go without her.
Be near to wait my will. [*Exit* HALY.
When last we parted, 'twas on angry terms;
Let the remembrance die, or kindly think,
That jealous rage is but a hasty flame,
That blazes out, when love too fiercely burns.

*Arp.* For thee to wrong me, and for me to suffer,
Is the hard lesson that my soul has learnt:
Nor is it worth my leisure to distinguish
If love or jealousy commit the violence;
Each have alike been fatal to my peace,
Confirming me a wretch, and thee a tyrant.

*Baj.* Still to deform thy gentle brow with frowns,
And still to be perverse, it is a manner
Abhorrent from the softness of thy sex:
Women, like summer storms, awhile are cloudy,
Burst out in thunder, and impetuous show'rs;
But straight, the sun of beauty dawns abroad,
And all the fair horizon is serene.

*Arp.* Then, to retrieve the honour of my sex,
Here I disclaim that changing and inconstancy:
To thee I will be ever as I am.

*Baj.* Thou say'st I am a tyrant; think so still,
And let it warn thy prudence to lay hold
On the good hour of peace, that courts thee now.
Souls, form'd like mine, brook being scorn'd but ill.
Be well advis'd, and profit by my patience;
It is a short-liv'd virtue.

*Arp.* Turn thy eyes
Back on the story of my woes, barbarian!
Thou, that hast violated all respects
Due to my sex, and honour of my birth.
Thou brutal ravisher!
Can I have peace with thee?
Impossible! First heav'n and hell shall join;
They only differ more.

*Baj.* I see, 'tis vain,
To court thy stubborn temper with endearments.
Resolve, this moment, to return my love,
And be the willing partner of my flight,
Or, by the prophet's holy law, thou diest.

*Arp.* And dost thou hope to fright me with the phantom,
Death? 'Tis the greatest mercy thou canst give;
So frequent are the murders of thy reign,
One day scarce passing by unmark'd with blood,
That children, by long use, have learnt to scorn it.
Know, I disdain to aid thy treach'rous purpose,
And shouldst thou dare to force me, with my cries
I will call Heav'n and earth to my assistance.

*Baj.* Confusion! dost thou brave me? But my wrath
Shall find a passage to thy swelling heart,
And rack thee worse than all the pains of death.
That Grecian dog, the minion of thy wishes,
Shall be dragg'd forth, and butcher'd in thy sight:
Thou shalt behold him, when his pangs are terrible,
Till thou shalt rend thy hair, tear out thy eyes,
And curse thy pride; while I applaud my vengeance.

*Arp.* Oh, fatal image! All my pow'rs give way,
And resolution sickens at the thought.
Come, all ye great examples of my sex,
Chaste virgins, tender wives, and pious matrons;
Come to my aid, and teach me to defy
The malice of this fiend! I feel, I feel
Your sacred spirit arm me to resistance.
Yes, tyrant, I will stand this shock of fate;
Will live to triumph o'er thee, for a moment,
Then die well pleas'd, and follow my Moneses.

*Baj.* Thou talk'st it well. But talking is thy privilege;
'Tis all the boasted courage of thy sex;
Though, for thy soul, thou dar'st not meet the danger.

*Arp.* By all my hopes of happiness, I dare!——

*Baj.* This moment is the trial.
*Arp.* Let it come!
This moment, then, shall show I am a Greek,
And speak my country's courage in my suff'ring.
*Baj.* Here, mercy, I disclaim thee! Mark me, traitress!
My love prepares a victim to thy pride,
And when it greets thee next, 'twill be in blood.
[*Exit.*
*Arp.* My heart beats higher, and my nimble spirits
Ride swiftly through their purple channels round.
And see, my last of sorrows is at hand;
Death and Moneses come together to me;
As if my stars, that had so long been cruel,
Grew kind at last, and gave me all I wish.

*Enter* MONESES, *guarded by some* MUTES; *others attending with a Cup of Poison and a Bow-String.*

*Mon.* I charge ye, O ye ministers of fate!
Be swift to execute your master's will:
Bear me to my Arpasia; let me tell her,
The tyrant is grown kind. He bids me go,
And die beneath her feet.
*Arp.* If it be happiness, alas! to die,
To lie forgotten in the silent grave,
To love and glory lost, and from among
The great Creator's works expung'd and blotted,
Then, very shortly, shall we both be happy.
*Mon.* There is no room for doubt; 'tis certain bliss.
The tyrant's cruel violence, thy loss,
Already seem more light; nor has my soul
One unrepented guilt upon remembrance,
To make me dread the justice of hereafter;
But standing now on the last verge of life,
Boldly I view the vast abyss, *eternity*,
Eager to plunge, and leave my woes behind me.
*Arp.* By all the truth of our past loves, I vow,
To die appears a very nothing to me.

This very now I could put off my being
Without a groan! but to behold thee die!——
Nature shrinks in me at the dreadful thought,
Nor can my constancy sustain this blow.

*Mon.* Since thou art arm'd for all things after death,
Why should the pomp and preparation of it
Be frightful to thy eyes? There's not a pain,
Which age or sickness brings, the least disorder,
That vexes any part of this fine frame,
But's full as grievous. All that the mind feels
Is much, much more.—And see, I go to prove it.

*Enter a* MUTE; *he signs to the rest, who proffer a Bow-String to* MONESES.

*Arp.* Think, ere we part!—

*Mon.* Of what?

*Arp.* Of something soft,
Tender and kind, of something wondrous sad.
Oh, my full soul!

*Mon.* My tongue is at a loss;
Thoughts crowd so fast, thy name is all I've left,
My kindest, truest, dearest, best Arpasia!

[*The* MUTES *struggle with him.*

*Arp.* I have a thousand, thousand things to utter,
A thousand more to hear yet. Barbarous villains!
Give me a minute. Speak to me, Moneses!

*Mon.* Speak to thee? 'Tis the business of my life,
'Tis all the use I have for vital air,
Stand off, ye slaves! To tell thee that my heart
Is full of thee; that even at this dread moment,
My fond eyes gaze with joy and rapture on thee;
Angels, and light itself, are not so fair.

*Enter* BAJAZET, HALY, *and* ATTENDANTS.

*Baj.* Ha! wherefore lives this dog? Be quick, ye slaves!
And rid me of my pain.

*Mon.* For only death,

And the last night, can shut out my Arpasia.

[*The* MUTES *strangle* MONESES.

*Arp.* Oh, dismal! 'tis not to be borne! Ye moralists!
Ye talkers! what are all your precepts now?
Patience! Distraction! Blast the tyrant, blast him,
Avenging lightnings! Snatch him hence, ye fiends!
Love! Death! Moneses!—oh! [*She dies.*

*Baj.* Can it be possible! Can rage and grief,
Can love and indignation be so fierce,
So mortal, in a woman's heart? Confusion!
Is she escap'd then? What is royalty,
If those, that are my slaves, and should live for me,
Can die, and bid defiance to my power!

*Enter the* DERVISE.

*Der.* The valiant Omar sends, to tell thy greatness
The hour of flight is come, and urges haste;
Since he descries, near Tamerlane's pavilion,
Bright troops of crowding torches, who from thence,
On either hand stretch far into the night,
And seem to form a shining front of battle;
Behold, e'en from this place thou may'st discern them.

[*Looking out.*

*Baj.* By Alla, yes! they cast a day around them,
And the plain seems thick set with stars, as heav'n.
Ha! or my eyes are false, they move this way;
'Tis certain so. Fly, Haly, to our daughter.

[*Exit* HALY.

Let some secure the christian prince, Axalla;
We will begone this minute.

*Enter* OMAR.

*Omar.* Lost! undone!

*Baj.* What mean'st thou?

*Omar.* All our hopes of flight are lost.
Mirvan and Zama, with the Parthian horse,
Enclose us round, they hold us in a toil.

*Baj.* Ha! whence this unexpected curse of chance?

*Omar.* Too late I learnt, that, early in the night,
A slave was suffer'd by the princess' order,
To pass the guard. I clove the villain down,
Who yielded to his flight: but that's poor vengeance!
That fugitive has rais'd the camp upon us,
And, unperceiv'd, by favour of the night,
In silence they have march'd to intercept us.

*Baj.* My daughter! Oh, the traitress!

*Der.* Yet we have
Axalla in our power; and angry Tamerlane
Will buy his fav'rite's life, on any terms.

*Omar.* With those few friends I have, I, for a while,
Can face their force: if they refuse us peace,
Revenge shall sweeten ruin. [*Exit.*

*Enter* HALY, *with* SELIMA, *weeping.*

*Baj.* See where she comes, with well dissembled innocence;
With truth and faith so lovely in her face,
As if she durst e'en disavow the falsehood.——
Hop'st thou to make amends with trifling tears,
For my lost crown, and disappointed vengeance?
Ungrateful Selima! thy father's curse!
Bring forth the minion of her foolish heart!
He dies this moment.——

*Haly.* Would I could not speak
The crime of fatal love! The slave who fled,
By whom we are undone, was that Axalla.

*Baj.* Ha! say'st thou?

*Haly.* Hid beneath that vile appearance,
The princess found a means for his escape.

*Sel.* I am undone! e'en nature has disclaim'd me!
My father! have I lost you all? My father!

*Baj.* Talk'st thou of nature, who hast broke her bands!
Thou art my bane, thou witch! thou infant parricide!
But I will study to be strangely cruel;
I will forget the folly of my fondness;
Drive all the father from my breast; now snatch thee,

Tear thee to pieces, drink thy treacherous blood,
And make thee answer all my great revenge!
Now, now, thou traitress! [*Offers to kill her.*
*Sel.* Plunge the poniard deep! [*She kneels.*
The life my father gave shall hear his summons,
And issue at the wound—
Since from your spring I drew the purple stream,
And I must pay it back, if you demand it.
*Baj.* Hence from my thoughts, thou soft relenting weakness!
Hast thou not given me up a prey? betray'd me!
*Sel.* Oh, not for worlds! not even for all the joys,
Love, or the prophet's paradise, can give!
Amidst the thousand pains of anxious tenderness,
I made the gentle, kind Axalla swear,
Your life, your crown, and honour should be safe.
*Baj.* Away! my soul disdains the vile dependence!
No, let me rather die, die like a king!
Shall I fall down at the proud Tartar's foot,
And say, Have mercy on me? Hark! they come!
[*Shout.*
Disgrace will overtake my lingering hand;
Die then! Thy father's shame, and thine, die with thee. [*Offers to kill her.*
*Sel.* For Heav'n, for pity's sake!
[*She catches hold of his Arm.*
*Baj.* Ha! dar'st thou bar my will? Tear off her hold!
*Sel.* What, not for life! Should I not plead for life?
Look on my eyes, which you so oft have kiss'd,
And swore they were your best-lov'd queen's, my mother's:
Behold them now streaming for mercy, mercy!
Oh, spare me! Spare your Selima, my father!
*Baj.* A lazy sloth hangs on my resolution:
It is my Selima!—Ha! What, my child!
And can I murder her?—Dreadful imagination!
Again they come! I leave her to my foes! [*Shouts.*
And shall they triumph o'er the race of Bajazet!

Die, Selima! Is that a father's voice?
Out, out, thou foolish nature!
Seize her, ye slaves, and strangle her this moment!
[*To the* MUTES.

*Sel.* Oh, let me die by you! Behold my breast!
I will not shrink! Oh, save me but from these!

*Baj.* Despatch! [*The* MUTES *seize her.*

*Sel.* But for a moment, while I pray,
That Heav'n may guard my royal father.

*Baj.* Dogs!

*Sel.* That you may only bless me ere I die.
[*Shouts.*

*Baj.* Ye tedious villains! then the work is mine.
[BAJAZET *runs at* SELIMA *with his Sword.*

*Enter* AXALLA, *&c.* AXALLA *gets between* BAJAZET *and* SELIMA, *and drives* BAJAZET *and the* MUTES *off the Stage.*

*Ax.* And am I come to save thee? Oh! my joy!
Be this the whitest hour of all my life:
This one success is more than all my wars,
The noblest, dearest glory of my sword.

*Sel.* Alas, Axalla! Death has been around me;
My coward soul still trembles at the fright,
And seems but half secure, ev'n in thy arms.

*Ax.* Retire, my fair, and let me guard thee forth:
Blood and tumultuous slaughter are about us,
And Danger, in her ugliest forms, is here;
Nor will the pleasure of my heart be full,
Till all my fears are ended in thy safety.
[*Exeunt* AXALLA *and* SELIMA.

*Enter* TAMERLANE, *the* PRINCE OF TANAIS, ZAMA, MIRVAN, *and* SOLDIERS; *with* BAJAZET, OMAR, *and the* DERVISE, *Prisoners.*

*Tam.* Mercy, at length, gives up her peaceful sceptre,
And Justice sternly takes her turn to govern;
'Tis a rank world, and asks her keenest sword,

To cut up villany of monstrous growth
Zama, take care, that with the earliest dawn,
Those traitors meet the fate their treason merits!
[*Pointing to* OMAR *and the* DERVISE.
For thee, thou tyrant! [*To* BAJAZET.] whose oppressive violence
Has ruin'd those thou shouldst protect at home,
What punishment is equal to thy crimes?
The doom, thy rage design'd for me, be thine:
Clos'd in a cage, like some destructive beast,
I'll have thee borne about in public view,
A great example of that righteous vengeance,
That waits on cruelty and pride like thine.

*Baj.* It is beneath me to decline my fate,
I stand prepared to meet thy utmost hate:
Yet think not, I will long thy triumph see:
None want the means, when the soul dares be free.
I'll curse thee with my last, my parting breath,
And keep the courage of my life in death;
Then boldly venture on that world unknown:
It cannot use me worse than this has done.
[*Exit* BAJAZET, *guarded.*

*Tam.* Behold the vain effects of earth-born pride,
That scorn'd Heav'n's laws, and all its pow'r defy'd,
That could the hand, which form'd it first, forget,
And fondly say, I made myself be great!
But justly those above assert their sway,
And teach ev'n kings what homage they should pay,
Who then rules best, when mindful to obey.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

FAIR PENITENT

THE

# FAIR PENITENT;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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LONDON:

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# REMARKS.

As the test of repentance is amendment, those critics may be deemed just, who allege—that this play has not a proper title. Calista is no penitent, in a religious acceptation of the word; for, though she laments her fall from virtue with all the anguish of degraded pride, she is still enamoured of the cause from whence her guilt originated, and feels deeper sorrow from her lover's abated passion (the natural consequence of her frailty) than from motives of contrition.

It is not requisite here to ascertain what kind of education the ladies of Italy received, at the time Rowe placed these scenes on the "Ligurian shore;" —but certain it is, that, since the ladies of Great Britain have learnt to spell, and have made other short steps in the path of literature, the once highly favoured Lothario of illiterate times has sunk in estimation, and there is scarcely a woman of this country who can sympathise in the grief of the fair penitent, whose degraded taste could prefer, to an ho-

nourable and valiant youth, his "skipping, dancing worthless"* rival.

Whatever reasons may be urged against the more elevated instruction of the sex at present, than in former days, one good consequence at least accrues from it—they are better qualified than heretofore to chuse their lovers and husbands. It was in the age of female ignorance that the Lotharios, and the yet viler Lovelaces, flourished.

"Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom you trust,
"Did you but think how seldom *fools* are just."†

Again—

"Of all the various wretches love has made,
"How few have been by men of *sense* betray'd!"‡

Now, enlightened by a degree of masculine study, women's taste and judgment being improved—this best consequence of all ensues—men must improve to win them.

There is in this fascinating play a strange mixture of the severity of ancient Rome, and the profligacy of modern Italy. In one scene, a father dooms his daughter to death for the loss of virgin honour—in another, the licentious recitals of her successful paramour class among the other vices, repugnant to honour and every honourable decorum, which blackens this libertine's character.

* See page 25. † See page 28. ‡ See page 28.

In respect to the ultimate morality of the play, critics give two different opinions. Its immoral tendency is deduced from the influence of beholding so enchanting a personage as Lothario, a villainous seducer and malicious vain boaster. But, referring to that which has just been said of him, there remains this question —Is Lothario really thus enchanting? Or, granting the author meant to make him so, it is likely that the actor will render him the most insignificant character in the drama. It is a part so difficult to represent, that not more than one performer was ever known to succeed in its delineation. This difficulty would almost raise the hope—that the beautiful and the base can never combine, except in the fiction of poetry.

That party of critics, in opposition, who extol this play for its moral purport, should recollect, that, on account of present modes and fashions, its power of example is much confined. Loss of maiden innocence is now limited to the poor female domestic and orphan apprentice. Women of fortune and quality, for whose instruction the style and manners of this tragedy seem most designed, are scarcely assailable in the state of spinsters. The great will preserve importance even in their crimes; and a woman of superior rank in life is rarely guilty of a breach of chastity—beneath the sin of adultery.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

| | Drury-Lane. | Covent-Garden. |
|---|---|---|
| Sciolto, | *Mr Pope.* | *Mr Cooke.* |
| Lothario | *Mr Elliston.* | *Mr C. Kemble.* |
| Altamont, | *Mr I. Wallack.* | *Mr Brunton.* |
| Horatio, | *Mr Rae.* | *Mr Kemble.* |
| Rossano, | *Mr Crooke.* | *Mr Claremont.* |
| Calista | *Miss Walstein.* | *Mrs Siddons.* |
| Lavinia | *Miss Boyce,* | *Mrs H. Siddons.* |
| Lucilla, | *Miss Cooke.* | *Mrs Humphries.* |

Gentlemen,—Servants *to* Sciolto,—*&c.*

*SCENE,*—Sciolto's *Palace and Garden, in Genoa,*

THE

# FAIR PENITENT.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*A Garden belonging to* SCIOLTO'S *Palace.*

*Enter* ALTAMONT *and* HORATIO.

*Alt.* Let this auspicious day be ever sacred,
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it:
Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings;
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Choose it to bless their hopes, and crown their wishes;
This happy day, that gives me my Calista.

*Hor.* Yes, Altamont; to-day thy better stars
Are join'd to shed their kindest influence on thee;
Sciolto's noble hand, that raised thee first,
Half dead and drooping o'er thy father's grave,
Completes its bounty, and restores thy name
To that high rank and lustre which it boasted,
Before ungrateful Genoa had forgot
The merit of thy god-like father's arms;
Before that country, which he long had served
In watchful councils and in winter camps,
Had cast off his white age to want and wretchedness,
And made their court to factions by his ruin.

*Alt.* O, great Sciolto! O, my more than father!

Let me not live, but at thy very name
My eager heart springs up, and leaps with joy.
When I forget the vast, vast debt I owe thee——
Forget! But 'tis impossible!—then let me
Forget the use and privilege of reason,
Be driven from the commerce of mankind,
To wander in the desart among brutes,
To be the scorn of earth, and curse of heaven!

*Hor.* So open, so unbounded was his goodness,
It reach'd even me, because I was thy friend.
When that great man I loved, thy noble father,
Bequeath'd thy gentle sister to my arms,
His last dear pledge and legacy of friendship,
That happy tie made me Sciolto's son;
He call'd us his, and, with a parent's fondness,
Indulged us in his wealth, bless'd us with plenty,
Heal'd all our cares, and sweeten'd love itself.

*Alt.* By heaven, he found my fortunes so abandon'd,
That nothing but a miracle could raise 'em:
My father's bounty, and the state's ingratitude,
Had stripp'd him bare, nor left him e'en a grave.
Undone myself, and sinking with his ruin,
I had no wealth to bring, nothing to succour him,
But fruitless tears.

*Hor.* Yet what thou couldst, thou didst,
And didst it like a son: when his hard creditors,
Urged and assisted by Lothario's father,
(Foe to thy house, and rival of their greatness,)
By sentence of the cruel law, forbade
His venerable corpse to rest in earth,
Thou gav'st thyself, a ransom for his bones:
Heaven, who beheld the pious act, approved it,
And bade Sciolto's bounty be its proxy,
To bless thy filial virtue with abundance.

*Alt.* But see, he comes, the author of my happiness,
The man who saved my life from deadly sorrow,
Who bids my days be blest with peace and plenty,
And satisfies my soul with love and beauty.

*Enter* SCIOLTO *and* ATTENDANTS,—*he runs to* ALTAMONT, *and embraces him.*

*Sci.* Joy to thee, Altamont! Joy to myself!
Joy to this happy morn, that makes thee mine;
That kindly grants what nature had deny'd me,
And makes me father of a son like thee!

*Alt.* My father! O, let me unlade my breast,
Pour out the fulness of my soul before you;
Show ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful thought,
This wond'rous goodness stirs. But 'tis impossible,
And utterance all is vile; since I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.

*Sci.* O, noble youth! I swear since first I knew thee,
Ev'n from that day of sorrows when I saw thee
Adorn'd and lovely in thy filial tears,
The mourner and redeemer of thy father,
I set thee down and seal'd thee for my own:
Thou art my son, ev'n near me as Calista.
Horatio and Lavinia too are mine;
[*Embraces* HORATIO.
All are my children, and shall share my heart.
But wherefore waste we thus this happy day?
The laughing minutes summon thee to joy,
And with new pleasures court thee as they pass;
Thy waiting bride ev'n chides thee for delaying,
And swears thou com'st not with a bridegroom's haste.

*Alt.* O! could I hope there was one thought of Altamont,
One kind remembrance in Calista's breast,
The winds with all their wings would be too slow
To bear me to her feet. But, O, my father!
Amidst the stream of joy that bears me on,
Blest as I am, and honour'd in your friendship,
There is one pain that hangs upon my heart.

*Sci.* What means my son?

*Alt.* When, at your intercession,
Last night, Calista yielded to my happiness,

Just ere we parted, as I seal'd my vows
With rapture on her lips, I found her cold
As a dead lover's statue on his tomb;
A rising storm of passion shook her breast,
Her eyes a piteous shower of tears let fall,
And then she sigh'd, as if her heart were breaking.
With all the tend'rest eloquence of love,
I begg'd to be a sharer in her grief:
But she, with looks averse, and eyes that froze me,
Sadly reply'd, her sorrows were her own,
Nor in a father's power to dispose of.

*Sci.* Away! it is the cozenage of their sex,
One of the common arts they practise on us,
To sigh and weep then when their hearts beat
With expectation of the coming joy.
Thou hast in camps and fighting fields been bred,
Unknowing in the subtleties of women:
The virgin bride, who swoons with deadly fear,
To see the end of all her wishes near,
When, blushing, from the light and public eyes
To the kind covert of the night she flies,
With equal fires to meet the bridegroom moves,
Melts in his arms, and with a loose she loves.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO.

*Loth.* The father, and the husband!

*Ross.* Let them pass:
They saw us not.

*Loth.* I care not if they did:
Ere long I mean to meet 'em face to face,
And gall 'em with my triumph o'er Calista.

*Ross.* You loved her once.

*Loth.* I liked her, would have marry'd her,
But that it pleased her father to refuse me,
To make this honourable fool her husband;
For which, if I forget him, may the shame
I mean to brand his name with, stick on mine

*Ross.* She, gentle soul, was kinder than her father.
*Loth.* She was, and oft in private gave me hearing;
Till, by long listening to the soothing tale,
At length her easy heart was wholly mine.
*Ross.* I've heard you oft describe her, haughty, insolent,
And fierce with high disdain: it moves my wonder,
That virtue, thus defended, should be yielded
A prey to loose desires.
*Loth.* Hear then, I'll tell thee:
Once, in a lone and secret hour of night,
When ev'ry eye was closed, and the pale moon
And stars alone shone conscious of the theft,
Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,
Haply I stole unheeded to her chamber.
*Ross.* That minute sure was lucky.
*Loth.* O, 'twas great!
I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid
Loose, unattired, warm, tender, full of wishes;
Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honour,
Were charm'd to rest, and love alone was waking.
Within her rising bosom all was calm,
As peaceful seas that know no storms, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by tides.
I snatch'd the glorious, golden opportunity,
And with prevailing, youthful ardour press'd her,
Till with short sighs, and murmuring reluctance,
The yielding fair one gave me perfect happiness.
Even all the live-long night we pass'd in bliss,
In ecstacies too fierce to last for ever:
At length the morn and cold indifference came;
When, fully sated with the luscious banquet,
I hastily took leave, and left the nymph
To think on what was past, and sigh alone.
*Ross.* You saw her soon again?
*Loth.* Too soon I saw her:
For, oh! that meeting was not like the former:
I found my heart no more beat high with transport,

No more I sigh'd, and languish'd for enjoyment;
'Twas past, and reason took her turn to reign,
While ev'ry weakness fell before her throne.
*Ross.* What of the lady?
*Loth.* With uneasy fondness
She hung upon me, wept, and sigh'd, and swore
She was undone; talk'd of a priest and marriage;
Of flying with me from her father's pow'r;
Call'd ev'ry saint and blessed angel down,
To witness for her that she was my wife.
I started at that name.
*Ross.* What answer made you?
*Loth.* None; but, pretending sudden pain and illness,
Escaped the persecution. Two nights since,
By message urged and frequent importunity,
Again I saw her. Straight with tears and sighs,
With swelling breasts, with swooning and distraction,
With all the subtleties and powerful arts
Of wilful woman fab'ring for her purpose,
Again she told the same dull nauseous tale.
Unmoved, I begg'd her spare th' ungrateful subject,
Since I resolved, that love and peace of mind
Might flourish long inviolate betwixt us,
Never to load it with the marriage chain:
That I would still retain her in my heart,
My ever gentle mistress and my friend;
But for those other names of wife and husband,
They only meant ill-nature, cares, and quarrels.
*Ross.* How bore she this reply?
*Loth.* At first her rage was dumb, and wanted words;
But when the storm found way, 'twas wild and loud:
Mad as the priestess of the Delphic god,
Enthusiastic passion swell'd her breast,
Enlarged her voice, and ruffled all her form.
Proud, and disdainful of the love I proffer'd,
She call'd me—Villain! Monster! Base betrayer!
At last, in very bitterness of soul,

With deadly imprecations on herself,
She vow'd severely ne'er to see me more;
Then bade me fly that minute: I obey'd,
And, bowing, left her to grow cool at leisure.
*Ross.* She has relented since,—else why this message,
To meet the keeper of her secrets here
This morning?
*Loth.* See the person whom you named.—

*Enter* LUCILLA.

Well, my ambassadress, what must we treat of?
Come you to menace war and proud defiance,
Or does the peaceful olive grace your message?
Is your fair mistress calmer? Does she soften?
And must we love again? Perhaps she means
To treat in juncture with her new ally,
And make her husband party to th' agreement.
*Luc.* Is this well done, my lord? Have you put off
All sense of human nature? Keep a little,
A little pity, to distinguish manhood,
Lest other men, though cruel, should disclaim you,
And judge you to be number'd with the brutes.
*Loth.* I see thou'st learnt to rail.
*Luc.* I've learnt to weep:
That lesson my sad mistress often gives me:
By day she seeks some melancholy shade,
To hide her sorrows from the prying world;
At night she watches all the long, long hours,
And listens to the winds and beating rain,
With sighs as loud, and tears that fall as fast.
Then, ever and anon, she wrings her hands,
And cries—False, false Lothario!
*Loth.* Oh, no more!
I swear, thou'lt spoil that pretty face with crying,
And thou hast beauty that may make thy fortune:
Some keeping cardinal shall doat upon thee,
And barter his church treasure for thy freshness.

*Luc.* What! shall I sell my innocence and youth,
For wealth or titles to perfidious man!
To man, who makes his mirth of our undoing!
The base, profest betrayer of our sex!
Let me grow old in all misfortunes else,
Rather than know the sorrows of Calista!

*Loth.* Does she send thee to chide in her behalf?
I swear, thou dost it with so good a grace,
That I could almost love thee for thy frowning.

*Luc.* Read there, my lord, there, in her own sad lines, [*Giving a Letter.*
Which best can tell the story of her woes,
That grief of heart which your unkindness gives her.

[LOTHARIO *reads.*]

*Your cruelty—obedience to my father—give my hand to Altamont.*

[*Aside.*] By Heaven, 'tis well! Such ever be the gifts
With which I greet the man whom my soul hates.
But to go on!

*——Wish——heart——honour——too faithless——weakness——to-morrow——last trouble——lost Calista.*

Women, I see, can change as well as men.
She writes me here, forsaken as I am,
That I should bind my brows with mournful willow,
For she has given her hand to Altamont:
Yet, tell the fair inconstant——

*Luc.* How, my lord!

*Loth.* Nay, no more angry words: say to Calista,
The humblest of her slaves shall wait her pleasure;
If she can leave her happy husband's arms,
To think upon so lost a thing as I am.

*Luc.* Alas! for pity, come with gentler looks:
Wound not her heart with this unmanly triumph;
And though you love her not, yet swear you do,
So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.

*Loth.* Ha! who comes here?

*Luc.* The bridegroom's friend, Horatio.
He must not see us here. To-morrow early
Be at the garden gate.

*Loth.* Bear to my love
My kindest thoughts, and swear I will not fail her.
[LOTHARIO, *putting up the Letter hastily, drops it as he goes out.*]
[*Exeunt* LOTHARIO, ROSSANO, *and* LUCILLA.

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor.* Sure 'tis the very error of my eyes;
Waking I dream, or I beheld Lothario:
He seem'd conferring with Calista's woman.
At my approach they started, and retired.
What business could he have here, and with her?
I know, he bears the noble Altamont
Profest and deadly hate.—What paper's this?
[*Taking up the Letter.*]
Ha! To Lothario.—'S death! Calista's name?
[*Opening it—Reads.*]
"*Your cruelty has at length determined me, and I have resolved this morning to yield a perfect obedience to my father, and to give my hand to Altamont, in spite of my weakness for the false Lothario. I could almost wish I had that heart and that honour to bestow with it, which you have robbed me of:*
Damnation!—To the rest.—— [Reads again.
"*But, O! I fear, could I retrieve 'em, I should again be undone by the too faithless, yet too lovely Lothario. This is the last weakness of my pen, and to-morrow shall be the last in which I will indulge my eyes. Lucilla shall conduct you, if you are kind enough to let me see you: It shall be the last trouble you shall meet with from*
"*The lost* CALISTA."

The lost, indeed! for thou art gone as far
As there can be perdition. Fire and sulphur!
Hell is the sole avenger of such crimes.
Oh, that the ruin were but all thy own!

Thou wilt ev'n make thy father curse his age:
At sight of this black scroll, the gentle Altamont—
—For oh! I know his heart is set upon thee—
Shall droop and hang his discontented head,
Like merit scorn'd by insolent authority,
And never grace the public with his virtues.
What if I give this paper to her father?
It follows that his justice dooms her dead,
And breaks his heart with sorrow: Hard return
For all the good his hand has heap'd on us!
Hold, let me take a moment's thought.

*Enter* LAVINIA.

*Lav.* My lord!
Trust me, it joys my heart that I have found you.
Enquiring wherefore you had left the company,
Before my brother's nuptial rites were ended,
They told me you had felt some sudden illness.
*Hor.* It were unjust:—No, let me spare my friend,
Lock up the fatal secret in my breast,
Nor tell him that which will undo his quiet.
*Lav.* What means my lord?
*Hor.* Ha! saidst thou, my Lavinia?
*Lav.* Alas! you know not what you make me suffer.
Whence is that sigh? And wherefore are your eyes
Severely raised to Heaven? The sick man thus,
Acknowledging the summons of his fate,
Lifts up his feeble hands and eyes for mercy,
And with confusion thinks upon his audit.
*Hor.* O, no! thou hast mistook my sickness quite;
These pangs are of the soul. Wou'd I had met
Sharpest convulsions, spotted pestilence,
Or any other deadly foe to life,
Rather than heave beneath this load of thought!
*Lav.* Alas! what is it? Wherefore turn you from me?
Why did you falsely call me your Lavinia,
And swear I was Horatio's better half,
Since now you mourn unkindly by yourself,

And rob me of my partnership of sadness?

*Hor.* Seek not to know what I would hide from all
But most from thee. I never knew a pleasure,
Aught that was joyful, fortunate, or good,
But straight I ran to bless thee with the tidings,
And laid up all my happiness with thee:
But wherefore, wherefore should I give thee pain?
Then spare me, I conjure thee; ask no further;
Allow my melancholy thoughts this privilege,
And let 'em brood in secret o'er their sorrows.

*Lav.* It is enough: chide not, and all is well.
Forgive me, if I saw you sad, Horatio,
And ask'd to weep out part of your misfortunes:
I wo' not press to know what you forbid me.
Yet, my loved lord, yet you must grant me this;
Forget your cares for this one happy day,
Devote this day to mirth, and to your Altamont;
For his dear sake, let peace be in your looks:
Ev'n now the jocund bridegroom waits your wishes,
He thinks the priest has but half bless'd his marriage,
Till his friend hails him with the sound of joy.

*Hor.* Oh, never, never! Thou art innocent:
Simplicity from ill, pure native truth,
And candour of the mind adorn thee ever;
But there are such, such false ones in the world,
'T would fill thy gentle soul with wild amazement
To hear their story told.

*Lav.* False ones, my lord!

*Hor.* Fatally fair they are, and in their smiles
The graces, little loves, and young desires inhabit;
But all that gaze upon 'em are undone;
For they are false, luxurious in their appetites,
And all the heaven they hope for is variety;
One lover to another still succeeds,
Another, and another after that,
And the last fool is welcome as the former;
'Till, having loved his hour out, he gives place,
And mingles with the herd that went before him.

*Lav.* Can there be such, and have they peace of mind?
Have they, in all the series of their changing,
One happy hour? If women are such things,
How was I form'd so different from my sex?
My little heart is satisfied with you;
You take up all her room,—as in a cottage
Which harbours some benighted princely stranger;
Where the good man, proud of his hospitality,
Yields all his homely dwelling to his guest,
And hardly keeps a corner for himself.

*Hor.* O, were they all like thee, men would adore 'em,
And all the bus'ness of their lives be loving;
The nuptial band should be the pledge of peace,
And all domestic cares and quarrels cease;
The world should learn to love by virtuous rules,
And marriage be no more the jest of fools. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.

*A Hall.*

*Enter* CALISTA *and* LUCILLA.

*Cal.* Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,
Nor let thy fond officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy!—
If thou wilt sooth me, tell some dismal tale
Of pining discontent, and black despair;
For, oh! I've gone around through all my thoughts,

But all are indignation, love or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever.
*Luc.* That false Lothario! Turn from the deceiver;
Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont
Sighs at your feet, and wooes you to be happy.
*Cal.* Away! I think not of him. My sad soul
Has formed a dismal melancholy scene,
Such a retreat as I would wish to find;
An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
Ravens, and birds ill-omen'd, only dwell:
No sound to break the silence, but a brook
That bubbling winds among the weeds: no mark
Of any human shape that had been there,
Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch,
Who had, long since, like me, by love undone,
Sought that sad place out, to despair and die in.
*Luc.* Alas, for pity!
*Cal.* There I fain would hide me
From the base world, from malice, and from shame;
For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul,
Never to live with public loss of honour:
'Tis fix'd to die rather than bear the insolence
Of each affected she that tells my story,
And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.
To be a tale for fools? Scorn'd by the women,
And pity'd by the men! O, insupportable!
*Luc.* Oh, hear me, hear your ever faithful creature
By all the good I wish, by all the ill
My trembling heart forebodes, let me entreat you,
Never to see this faithless man again;
Let me forbid his coming.
*Cal.* On thy life,
I charge thee, no: my genius drives me on;
I must, I will behold him once again:
Perhaps, it is the crisis of my fate,
And this one interview shall end my cares.

My lab'ring heart that swells with indignation,
Heaves to discharge the burden: that once done,
The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
And never beat again.

*Luc.* Trust not to that;
Rage is the shortest passion of our souls:
Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden showers,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon;
Still, as it ebbs, the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver Love supplies its place.

*Cal.* I have been wrong'd enough, to arm my temper
Against the smooth delusion; but, alas!—
Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity me,—
A woman's softness hangs about me still:
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.
I swear I could not see the dear betrayer
Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.—
Ha, Altamont!—Calista, now be wary;
Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore
The warring passions, and tumultuous thoughts,
That rage within thee, and deform thy reason.

*Enter* ALTAMONT.

*Alt.* Begone, my cares, I give you to the winds,
Far to be borne, far from the happy Altamont!
Calista is the mistress of the year;
She crowns the seasons with auspicious beauty,
And bids even all my hours be good and joyful.

*Cal.* If I were ever mistress of such happiness,
O! wherefore did I play th' unthrifty fool,
And, wasting all on others, leave myself
Without one thought of joy, to give me comfort?

*Alt.* O, mighty Love, shall that fair face profane
This thy great festival with frowns and sadness!
I swear, it sha' not be; for I will woo thee
With sighs so moving, with so warm a transport,

That thou shalt catch the gentle flame from me
And kindle into joy.
*Cal.* I tell thee, Altamont,
Such hearts as ours were never pair'd above,
Ill-suited to each other; join'd, not match'd;
Some sullen influence, a foe to both,
Has wrought this fatal marriage to undo us.
Mark but the frame and temper of our minds,
How very much we differ. Ev'n this day,
That fills thee with such ecstacy and transport,
To me brings nothing that should make me bless it,
Or think it better than the day before,
Or any other in the course of time,
That dully took its turn, and was forgotten.
*Alt.* If to behold thee as my pledge of happiness,
To know none fair, none excellent but thee;
If still to love thee with unwearied constancy,
Through ev'ry season, ev'ry change of life,
Through wrinkled age, through sickness and misfortune,
Be worth the least return of grateful love,
Oh, then, let my Calista bless this day,
And set it down for happy!
*Cal.* 'Tis the day
In which my father gave my hand to Altamont;
As such I will remember it for ever.

*Enter* SCIOLTO, HORATIO, LAVINIA, *and Attendants.*

*Sci.* Let mirth go on, let pleasure know no pause,
But fill up every minute of this day.
'Tis yours, my children, sacred to your loves;
The glorious sun himself for you looks gay;
He shines for Altamont and for Calista.
Let there be music; let the master touch
The sprightly string, and softly-breathing flute,
'Till harmony rouse every gentle passion,
Teach the cold maid to lose her fears in love,
And the fierce youth to languish at her feet.

Begin: ev'n age itself is cheer'd with music:
It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
Calls back past joys, and warms us into transport.
*Music.*
Take care my gates be open, bid all welcome;
All who rejoice with me to-day are friends:
Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,
Jocund and free, and swell the feast with mirth:
The sprightly bowl shall cheerfully go round;
None shall be grave nor too severely wise;
Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
In wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow
Will be too soon to think, and to be wretched.
Oh, grant, ye pow'rs, that I may see these happy,
[*Pointing to* ALT. *and* CAL.
Completely blest, and I have life enough;
And leave the rest indifferently to fate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Another Apartment in* SCIOLTO'S *Palace.*

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor.* What if, while all are here intent on revelling,
I privately went forth, and sought Lothario?
This letter may be forged: perhaps, the wantonness
Of his vain youth, to stain a lady's fame;
Perhaps, his malice to disturb my friend.
O; no, my heart forebodes it must be true.
Methought, ev'n now, I mark'd the starts of guilt
That shook her soul; though damn'd dissimulation
Skreen'd her dark thoughts, and set to public view
A specious face of innocence and beauty.
With such smooth looks, and many a gentle word,
The first fair she beguiled her easy lord;
Too blind, with love and beauty, to beware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal snare;

Nor could believe that such a heav'nly face
Had bargain'd with the devil, to damn her wretched race. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

*The Garden belonging to* SCIOLTO'S *Palace.*

*Enter* LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO.

*Loth.* To tell thee then the purport of my thoughts;
The loss of this fond paper would not give me
A moment of disquiet, were it not
My instrument of vengeance on this Altamont;
Therefore I mean to wait some opportunity
Of speaking with the maid we saw this morning.

*Ross.* I wish you, sir, to think upon the danger
Of being seen; to-day their friends are round 'em;
And any eye that lights by chance on you
Shall put your life and safety to the hazard. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor.* Still I must doubt some mystery of mischief,
Some artifice beneath. Lothario's father!—
I knew him well; he was sagacious, cunning,
Fluent in words, and bold in peaceful counsels,
But of a cold, inactive hand in war;
Yet, with these coward's virtues, he undid
My unsuspecting, valiant, honest friend.
This son, if fame mistake not, is more hot,
More open and unartful—

*Enter* LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO.

Ha! he's here! [*Seeing him.*

*Loth.* Damnation! He again!—This second time
To-day he has cross'd me, like my evil genius.

*Hor.* I sought you, sir.

*Loth.* 'Tis well then, I am found.

*Hor.* 'Tis well you are. The man who wrongs my friend

To the earth's utmost verge I would pursue:
No place, though e'er so holy, should protect him;
No shape that artful fear e'er form'd, shou'd hide him,
Till he fair answer made, and did me justice.

*Loth.* Ha! dost thou know me that I am Lothario?
As great a name as this proud city boasts of.
Who is this mighty man then, this Horatio,
That I should basely hide me from his anger,
Lest he should chide me for his friend's displeasure?

*Hor.* The brave, 'tis true, do never shun the light;
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers;
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And heaven and men are judges of their actions.

*Loth.* Such let 'em be of mine; there's not a purpose
Which my soul ever framed, or my hand acted,
But I could well have bid the world look on,
And, what I once durst do, have dared to justify.

*Hor.* Where was this open boldness, this free spirit,
When but this very morning I surprised thee,
In base, dishonest privacy, consulting
And bribing a poor mercenary wretch,
To sell her lady's secrets, stain her honour,
And, with a forged contrivance, blast her virtue?—
At sight of me thou fled'st.

*Loth.* Ha! fled from thee?

*Hor.* Thou fled'st, and guilt was on thee like a thief,
A pilferer, descry'd in some dark corner,
Who there had lodged, with mischievous intent
To rob and ravage at the hour of rest,
And do a midnight murder on the sleepers.

*Loth.* Slave! villain!

[*Offers to draw*—ROSSANO *holds him.*

*Ross.* Hold, my lord! think, where you are;
Think, how unsafe and hurtful to your honour
It were, to urge a quarrel in this place,
And shock the peaceful city with a broil.

*Loth.* Then, since thou dost provoke my vengeance, know,
I would not, this for city's wealth, for all

Which the sea wafts to our Ligurian shore,
But that the joys I reap'd with that fond wanton,
The wife of Altamont, should be as public
As is the noon-day sun, air, earth, or water,
Or any common benefit of nature.
Think'st thou I meant the shame should be conceal'd?
Oh, no! by hell and vengeance, all I wanted
Was some fit messenger to bear the news
To the dull doating husband: now I have found him,
And thou art he.

*Hor.* I hold thee base enough
To break through law, and spurn at sacred order,
And do a brutal injury like this:
Yet—mark me well, young lord—I think Calista
Too nice, too noble, and too great of soul,
To be the prey of such a thing as thou art.
'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man,
To forge a scroll so villainous and loose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name:
These are the mean, dishonest arts of cowards,
Who, bred at home in idleness and riot,
Ransack for mistresses th' unwholesome stews,
And never know the worth of virtuous love.

*Loth.* Think'st thou I forged the letter? Think so still,
Till the broad shame come staring in thy face,
And boys shall hoot the cuckold as he passes.

*Hor.* Away! no woman could descend so low:
A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are;
Fit only for yourselves, you herd together;
And, when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never saw,
And fancy raptures that you never knew:
Legends of saints who never yet had being,
Or, being, ne'er were saints, are not so false
As the fond tales which you recount of love.

*Loth.* But that I do not hold it worth my leisure,
I could produce such damning proof,——

*Hor.* 'Tis false!

You blast the fair with lies because they scorn you,
Hate you like age, like ugliness and impotence:
Rather than make you blest, they would die virgins,
And stop the propagation of mankind.

*Loth.* It is the curse of fools to be secure;
And that be thine and Altamont's. Dream on,
Nor think upon my vengeance till thou feel'st it.
[*Going.*

*Hor.* Hold, sir; another word, and then, farewell.
Though I think greatly of Calista's virtue,
And hold it far beyond thy power to hurt,
Yet, as she shares the honour of my Altamont,
That treasure of a soldier, bought with blood,
And kept at life's expense, I must not have—
Mark me, young sir,—her very name profaned.
Learn to restrain the licence of your speech;
'Tis held you are too lavish. When you are met
Among your set of fools, talk of your dress,
Of dice, of whores, of horses and yourselves;
'Tis safer, and becomes your understandings.

*Loth.* What if we pass beyond this solemn order,
And, in defiance of the stern Horatio,
Indulge our gayer thoughts, let laughter loose,
And use his sacred friendship for our mirth?

*Hor.* 'Tis well, sir; you are pleasant——

*Loth.* By the joys
Which yet my soul has uncontroll'd pursued,
I would not turn aside from my least pleasure,
Though all thy force were arm'd to bar my way;
But like the birds, great nature's happy commoners,
That haunt in woods, in meads, and flow'ry gardens,
Rifle the sweets and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.

*Hor.* What liberty has vain presumptuous youth,
That thou should'st dare provoke me unchastised?
But, henceforth, boy, I warn thee, shun my walks.
If in the bounds of this forbidden place
Again thou'rt found, expect a punishment,
Such as great souls, impatient of an injury,

Exact from those who wrong 'em much, ev'n death;
Or something worse: an injured husband's vengeance
Shall print a thousand wounds, tear thy fine form,
And scatter thee to all the winds of heaven.

*Loth.* Is then my way in Genoa prescribed
By a dependent on the wretched Altamont?
A talking sir, that brawls for him in taverns,
And vouches for his valour's reputation.

*Hor.* Away! thy speech is fouler than thy manners.

*Loth.* Or, if there be a name more vile, his parasite;
A beggar's parasite!

*Hor.* Now learn humanity
[*Offers to strike him;* ROSSANO *runs between them.*
Since brutes and boys are only taught with blows.

*Loth.* Damnation! [*They draw.*

*Ross.* Hold, this goes no further here.

*Loth.* O, Rossano!
Or give me way, or thou'rt no more my friend.

*Ross.* Sciolto's servants, sir, have ta'en th' alarm;
You'll be oppress'd by numbers. Be advised,
Or I must force you hence.

*Loth.* This wo' not brook delay;—
West of the town a mile, among the rocks,
Two hours ere noon, to-morrow, I expect thee,
Thy single hand to mine.

*Hor.* I'll meet thee there.

*Loth.* To-morrow, oh, my better stars, to-morrow
Exert your influence! shine strongly for me!
'Tis not a common conquest I would gain;
Since love, as well as arms, must grace my triumph.
[*Exeunt* LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO.

*Hor.* Two hours ere noon to-morrow! Ha, ere that
He sees Calista! O, unthinking fool——
What if I urged her with the crime and danger?
If any spark from heaven remain unquench'd
Within her breast, my breath, perhaps, may wake it.
Could I but prosper there, I should not doubt
My combat with that loud, vain-glorious boaster.

Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
Did you but think how seldom fools are just,
So many of your sex would not in vain
Of broken vows and faithless men complain:
Of all the various wretches love has made,
How few have been by men of sense betray'd!
Convinced by reason, they your power confess,
Pleased to be happy, as you're pleased to bless,
And, conscious of your worth, can never love you less.
[*Exit.*

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## ACT THE THIRD.

### SCENE I.

*An Apartment in* SCIOLTO's *Palace.*

*Enter* CALISTA *and* SCIOLTO.

*Sci.* Now, by my life, my honour, 'tis too much!
Have I not mark'd thee, wayward as thou art,
Perverse and sullen all this day of joy?
When ev'ry heart was cheer'd, and mirth went round,
Sorrow, displeasure, and repining anguish,
Sat on thy brow.
*Cal.* Is then the task of duty half perform'd?
Has not your daughter given herself to Altamont,
Yielded the native freedom of her will,
To an imperious husband's lordly rule,
To gratify a father's stern command?
*Sci.* Dost thou complain?
*Cal.* For pity do not frown then,

If, in despite of all my vow'd obedience,
A sigh break out, or a tear fall by chance:
For O! that sorrow which has drawn your anger,
Is the sad native of Calista's breast.

*Sci.* Now by the sacred dust of that dear saint
That was thy mother,
I swear, some sullen thought, that shuns the light,
Lurks underneath that sadness in thy visage.
But, mark we well: though by yon heaven I love thee
As much, I think, as a fond parent can,
Yet should'st thou (which the Pow'rs above forbid)
E'er stain the honour of thy name with infamy,
I'll cast thee off, as one whose impious hands
Had rent asunder nature's dearest ties,
Which, once divided, never join again.
To-day I've made a noble youth thy husband;
Consider well his worth; reward his love;
Be willing to be happy, and thou art so. [*Exit.*

*Cal.* How hard is the condition of our sex,
Through ev'ry state of life the slaves of man!—
In all the dear delightful days of youth,
A rigid father dictates to our wills,
And deals out pleasure with a scanty hand:
To his, the tyrant husband's reign succeeds;
Proud with opinion of superior reason,
He holds domestic bus'ness and devotion
All we are capable to know, and shuts us,
Like cloister'd idiots, from the world's acquaintance,
And all the joys of freedom. Wherefore are we
Born with high souls, but to assert ourselves,
Shake off this vile obedience they exact,
And claim an equal empire o'er the world?
[*Sits down.*

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor.* She's here! Yet, O! my tongue is at a loss.
Teach me, some pow'r, that happy art of speech,

To dress my purpose up in gracious words;
Such as may softly steal upon her soul,
And never waken the tempestuous passions!
By heaven, she weeps!——Forgive me, fair Calista,
[*She starts up.*
If I presume on privilege of friendship,
To join my grief to yours, and mourn the evils
That hurt your peace, and quench those eyes in tears,
*Cal.* To steal, unlook'd for, on my private sorrow,
Speaks not the man of honour, nor the friend,
But rather means the spy.
*Hor.* Unkindly said!
For, O! as sure as you accuse me falsely,
I come to prove myself Calista's friend.
*Cal.* You are my husband's friend, the friend of Altamont.
*Hor.* Are you not one? Are you not join'd by heaven,
Each interwoven with the other's fate?
Then who can give his friendship but to one?
Who can be Altamont's, and not Calista's?
*Cal.* Force, and the wills of our imperious rulers,
May bind two bodies in one wretched chain;
But minds will still look back to their own choice.
*Hor.* When souls that should agree to will the same,
To have one common object for their wishes,
Look different ways, regardless of each other,
Think, what a train of wretchedness ensues:
Love shall be banish'd from the genial bed,
The night shall all be lonely and unquiet,
And ev'ry day shall be a day of cares.
*Cal.* Then all the boasted office of thy friendship
Was but to tell Calista what a wretch she is.
Alas! what needed that?
*Hor.* O! rather say,
I came to tell her, how she might be happy;
To sooth the secret anguish of her soul;

To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her steps to know the paths of peace.
*Cal.* Say thou to whom this paradise is known,
Where lies the blissful region? Mark my way to it;
For, O! 'tis sure, I long to be at rest.
*Hor.* Then, to be good is to be happy: Angels
Are happier than mankind, because they're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend that follows us behind,
With whips and stings. The blest know none of this;
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heaven is goodness.
*Cal.* And what bold parasite's officious tongue
Shall dare to tax Calista's name with guilt?
*Hor.* None should; but 'tis a busy, talking world,
That with licentious breath blows, like the wind,
As freely on the palace as the cottage.
*Cal.* What mystic riddle lurks beneath thy words,
Which thou would'st seem unwilling to express,
As if it meant dishonour to my virtue?
Away with this ambigaous shuffling phrase,
And let thy oracle be understood.
*Hor.* Lothario!
*Cal.* Ha!—What would'st thou mean by him?
*Hor.* Lothario and Calista!——Thus they join
Two names, which heaven decreed should never meet:
Hence have the talkers of this populous city
A shameful tale to tell, for public sport,
Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,
Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,
When she had given her honour to a wretch.
*Cal.* Death and confusion! Have I lived to this?
Thus to be treated with unmanly insolence!
To be the sport of a loose ruffian's tongue!
Thus to be used! thus! like the vilest creature
That ever was a slave to vice and infamy!
*Hor.* By honour and fair truth, you wrong me
much;

For, on my soul, nothing but strong necessity
Could urge my tongue to this ungrateful office.
I came with strong reluctance, as if death
Had stood across my way, to save your honour,
Yours and Sciolto's, yours and Altamont's;
Like one who ventures through a burning pile
To save his tender wife, with all her brood
Of little fondlings, from the dreadful ruin.

*Cal.* Is this the famous friend of Altamont,
For noble worth and deeds of arms renown'd?
Is this,—this tale-bearing, officious fellow,
That watches for intelligence from eyes;
This wretched Argus of a jealous husband,
That fills his easy ears with monstrous tales,
And makes him toss, and rave, and wreak at length
Bloody revenge on his defenceless wife?—
Who guiltless dies because her fool run mad.

*Hor.* Alas! this rage is vain; for, if your fame
Or peace be worth your care, you must be calm,
And listen to the means are left to save 'em.
'Tis now the lucky minute of your fate:
By me your genius speaks, by me it warns you,
Never to see that curst Lothario more,
Unless you mean to be despised, be shunn'd
By all our virtuous maids and noble matrons;
Unless you have devoted this rare beauty
To infamy, diseases, prostitution,——

*Cal.* Dishonour blast thee, base, unmanner'd slave,
That dar'st forget my birth, and sacred sex,
And shock me with the rude, unhallow'd sound!

*Hor.* Here kneel, and in the awful face of heaven
Breathe out a solemn vow never to see,
Nor think, if possible, on him that ruin'd thee,
Or, by my Altamont's dear life I swear,
This paper—nay, you must not fly,—this paper,
This guilty paper, shall divulge your shame.

*Cal.* What mean'st thou by that paper? What contrivance

Hast thou been forging, to deceive my father,
To turn his heart against his wretched daughter,
That Altamont and thou may share his wealth?
A wrong like this will make me ev'n forget
The weakness of my sex.——Oh, for a sword,
To urge my vengeance on the villain's head
That forged the scroll!

*Hor.* Behold, can this be forged?
See where Calista's name— [*Shows the Letter.*]

*Cal.* To atoms thus, [*Snatches and tears it.*]
Thus let me tear the vile, detested falsehood,
The wicked, lying evidence of shame.

*Hor.* Confusion!

*Cal.* Henceforth, thou officious fool,
Meddle no more, nor dare, ev'n on thy life,
To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue.
I am myself the guardian of my honour,
And will not bear so insolent a monitor.

*Enter* ALTAMONT.

*Alt.* Where is my life, my love, my charming bride,
Joy of my heart, and pleasure of my eyes?—
Disorder'd!—and in tears!—Horatio too!
My friend is in amaze.—What can it mean?
Tell me, Calista, who has done thee wrong,
That my swift sword may find out the offender,
And do thee ample justice.

*Cal.* Turn to him.

*Alt.* Horatio!

*Cal.* To that insolent.

*Alt.* My friend!
Could he do this? Have I not found him just,
Honest as truth itself? And, cou'd he break
The sanctity of friendship? Could he wound
The heart of Altamont in his Calista?

*Cal.* I thought what justice I should find from thee!
Go, fawn upon him, listen to his tale,
Applaud his malice, that wou'd blast my fame,

And treat me like a common prostitute:
Thou art, perhaps, confederate in his mischief,
And wilt believe the legend, if he tells it.
*Alt.* O, impious! What presumptuous wretch shall dare
To offer at an injury like that?
Priesthood, nor age, nor cowardice itself,
Shall save him from the fury of my vengeance.
*Cal.* The man who dared to do it was Horatio;
Thy darling friend; 'twas Altamont's Horatio.
But, mark me well,—while thy divided heart
Doats on a villain that has wrong'd me thus,
No force shall drag me to thy hated bed.
Nor can my cruel father's pow'r do more
Than shut me in a cloister: there, well pleased,
Religious hardships will I learn to bear,
To fast and freeze at midnight hours of pray'r;
Nor think it hard, within a lonely cell,
With melancholy speechless saints to dwell:
But bless the day I to that refuge ran,
Free from the marriage chain, and from that tyrant man. [*Exit* CALISTA.
*Alt.* She's gone; and, as she went, ten thousand fires
Shot from her angry eyes, as if she meant
Too well to keep the cruel vow she made.—
Now, as thou art a man, Horatio, tell me,
What means this wild confusion in thy looks,
As if thou wert at variance with thyself,
Madness and reason combating within thee,
And thou wert doubtful which shou'd get the better?
*Hor.* I wou'd be dumb for ever; but thy fate
Has otherwise decreed it. Thou hast seen
That idol of thy soul, that fair Calista,
Thou hast beheld her tears,
*Alt.* I have seen her weep;
I have seen that lovely one, that dear Calista,
Complaining, in the bitterness of sorrow,
That thou, my friend, Horatio, thou hast wrong'd her.

*Hor.* That I have wrong'd her! Had her eyes been fed
From that rich stream which warms her heart, and number'd
For ev'ry falling tear a drop of blood,
It had not been too much; for she has ruin'd thee,
Ev'n thee, my Altamont; she has undone thee.
*Alt.* Dost thou join ruin with Calista's name?
What is so fair, so exquisitely good?
Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy, when they love?
Does she not come, like wisdom, or good fortune,
Replete with blessings, giving wealth and honour?
*Hor.* It had been better thou had'st lived a beggar,
And fed on scraps at great men's surly doors,
Than to have match'd with one so false, so fatal.
*Alt.* It is too much for friendship to allow thee.
Because I tamely bore the wrong thou didst her,
Thou dost avow the barb'rous, brutal part,
And urge the injury even to my face.
*Hor.* I see she has got possession of thy heart;
She has charm'd thee, like a syren, to her bed,
With looks of love, and with enchanting sounds:
Too late the rocks and quicksands will appear.
When thou art wreck'd upon the faithless shore,
Then vainly wish thou had'st not left thy friend
To follow her delusion.
*Alt.* If thy friendship
Do churlishly deny my love a room,
It is not worth my keeping;—I disclaim it.
*Hor.* Can'st thou so soon forget what I've been to thee?
I shared the task of nature with thy father,
And form'd with care thy inexperienced youth
To virtue and to arms.
Thy noble father,—O, thou light young man!—
Wou'd he have used me thus? One fortune fed us;
For his was ever mine, mine his, and both

Together flourish'd, and together fell.
He call'd me friend, like thee: would he have left me,
Thus, for a woman, and a vile one too?
*Alt.* Thou can'st not, dar'st not mean it: Speak again,
Say, who is vile: but dare not name Calista.
*Hor.* I had not spoke at first unless compelled,
And forced to clear myself; but, since thus urg'd,
I must avow I do not know a viler.
*Alt.* Thou wert my father's friend; he loved thee well;
A venerable mark of him
Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my vengeance.
I cannot, dare not, lift my sword against thee:
But henceforth never let me see thee more.
[*Going.*
*Hor.* I love thee still, ungrateful as thou art,
And must and will preserve thee from dishonour,
Ev'n in despite of thee. [*Holds him.*
*Alt.* Let go my arm.
*Hor.* If honour be thy care, if thou would'st live
Without the name of credulous, wittol husband,
Avoid thy bride, shun her detested bed;
The joys it yields are dash'd with poison,——
*Alt.* Off!
To urge me but a minute more is fatal.
*Hor.* She is polluted, stain'd,——
*Alt* Madness and raging!
But hence!
*Hor.* Dishonour'd by the man you hate,——
*Alt.* I pr'ythee loose me yet, for thy own sake,
If life be worth thy keeping,——
*Hor.* By Lothario.
*Alt.* Perdition take thee, villain, for the falsehood!
[*Strikes him.*
Now, nothing but thy life can make atonement.
*Hor.* A blow! thou hast used me well—— [*Draws.*

*Alt.* This to thy heart——

*Hor.* Yet hold.—By heaven, his father's in his face!

Spite of my wrongs, my heart runs o'er with tenderness,

And I could rather die myself than hurt him.

*Alt.* Defend thyself; for, by my much-wrong'd love

I swear, the poor evasion shall not save thee.

*Hor.* Yet hold!—thou know'st I dare.

[ALTAMONT *presses on him.*

LAVINIA *enters, and runs between their Swords.*

*Lav.* My brother! my Horatio! Is it possible?

Oh, turn your cruel swords upon Lavinia:

If you must quench your impious rage in blood,

Behold, my heart shall give you all her store,

To save those dearer streams that flow from yours.

*Alt.* 'Tis well, thou hast found a safeguard; none but this,

No pow'r on earth could save thee from my fury.

*Hor.* Safety from thee!

Away, vain boy! Hast thou forgot the rev'rence

Due to my arm, thy first, thy great example,

Which pointed out thy way to noble daring,

And show'd thee what it was to be a man?

*Lav.* What busy, meddling fiend, what foe to goodness,

Could kindle such a discord?

*Hor.* Ask'st thou what made us foes? 'Twas base ingratitude:

He who was all to me, child, brother, friend,

With barb'rous bloody malice sought my life,

*Alt.* Thou art my sister, and I would not make thee

The lonely mourner of a widow'd bed;

Therefore thy husband's life is safe: but warn him,

No more to know this hospitable roof:

He has but ill repaid Sciolto's bounty.

We must not meet; 'tis dangerous. Farewell.

[*He is going,* LAVINIA *holds him*

*Lav.* Stay, Altamont! my brother, stay!
*Alt.* Each minute that I stay
Is a new injury to fair Calista.
From thy false friendship to her arms I'll fly;
Then own the joys which on her charms attend,
Have more than paid me for my faithless friend.
[ALTAMONT *breaks from* LAVINIA, *and exit.*
*Hor.* Oh, raise thee, my Lavinia, from the earth.
It is too much, this tide of flowing grief,
This wond'rous waste of tears, too much to give
To an ungrateful friend and cruel brother.
*Lav.* Is there not cause for weeping? O, Horatio!
A brother and a husband were my treasure;
'Twas all the little wealth that poor Lavinia
Saved from the shipwreck of her father's fortunes.
One half is lost already. If thou leav'st me;
If thou should'st prove unkind to me as Altamont,
Whom shall I find to pity my distress,
To have compassion on a helpless wanderer,
And give her where to lay her wretched head?
*Hor.* Why dost thou wound me with thy soft complainings?
Though Altamont be false, and use me hardly,
Yet think not I impute his crimes to thee.
Talk not of being forsaken; for I'll keep thee
Next to my heart, my certain pledge of happiness.
*Lav.* Then you will love me still, cherish me ever,
And hide me from misfortune in your bosom?
*Hor.* But for the love I bear the good Sciolto,
From Genoa, from falsehood and inconstancy,
To some more honest distant clime I'd go;
Nor would I be beholden to my country,
For aught but thee, the partner of my flight.
*Lav.* And I would follow thee; forsake, for thee,
My country, brother, friends, ev'n all I have.
Though mine's a little all, yet were it more,
And better far, it should be left for thee;
all that I would keep shou'd be Horatio.

So, when the merchant sees his vessel lost,
Though richly freighted from a foreign coast,
Gladly, for life, the treasure he would give,
And only wishes to escape and live:
Gold, and his gains, no more employ his mind;
But, driving o'er the billows with the wind,
Cleaves to one faithful plank, and leaves the rest behind.

[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT THE FOURTH.

### SCENE I.

*A Garden.*

LOTHARIO *and* CALISTA *discovered.*

*Loth.* Weep not, my fair; but let the god of love
Laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart,
Kindle again his torch, and hold it high,
To light us to new joys. Nor let a thought
Of discord, or disquiet past, molest thee;
But to a long oblivion give thy cares,
And let us melt the present hour in bliss.

*Cal.* Seek not to sooth me with thy false endearments,
To charm me with thy softness: 'tis in vain:
Thou canst no more betray, nor I be ruin'd.
The hours of folly, and of fond delight,
Are wasted all, and fled: those that remain
Are doom'd to weeping, anguish and repentance.
I come to charge thee with a long account,
Of all the sorrows I have known already,
And all I have to come;—thou hast undone me,

*Loth.* Unjust Calista! dost thou call it ruin
To love as we have done?—to melt, to languish,
To wish for somewhat exquisitely happy,
And then be blest even to that wish's height?—
To die with joy, and straight to live again;
Speechless to gaze, and with tumultuous transport—

*Cal.* O, let me hear no more; I cannot bear it;
'Tis deadly to remembrance. Let that night,
That guilty night, be blotted from the year;
Let not the voice of mirth or music know it;
Let it be dark and desolate; no stars
To glitter o'er it; let it wish for light
Yet want it still, and vainly wait the dawn!
For 'twas the night that gave me up to shame,
To sorrow, to the false Lothario.

*Loth.* Hear this, ye powers! mark, how the fair deceiver
Sadly complains of violated truth!
She calls me false, ev'n she, the faithless she,
Whom day and night, whom heaven and earth have heard
Sighing to vow, and tenderly protest,
Ten thousand times, she would be only mine?
And yet, behold, she has given herself away,
Fled from my arms, and wedded to another,
Even to the man whom most I hate on earth.

*Cal.* Art thou so base, to upbraid me with a crime
Which nothing but thy cruelty could cause?
If indignation raging in my soul,
For thy unmanly insolence and scorn,
Urged me to do a deed of desperation,
And wound myself to be revenged on thee,
Think, whom I should devote to death and hell,
Whom curse as my undoer, but Lothario.
Hadst thou been just, not all Sciolto's power,
Not all the vows and prayers of sighing Altamont,
Could have prevail'd, or won me to forsake thee.

*Loth.* How have I fail'd in justice, or in love?
Burns not my flame as brightly as at first?

Even now my heart beats high, I languish for thee,
My transports are as fierce, as strong my wishes,
As if thou ne'er hadst blest me with thy beauty.
*Cal.* How didst thou dare to think that I would live
A slave to base desires and brutal pleasures,
To be a wretched wanton, for thy leisure
To toy and waste an hour of idle time with?
My soul disdains thee for so mean a thought.
*Loth.* The driving storm of passion will have way,
And I must yield before it.—Wert thou calm,
Love, the poor criminal, whom thou hast doom'd,
Has yet a thousand tender things to plead,
To charm thy rage, and mitigate his fate.

*Enter* ALTAMONT *behind.*

*Alt.* I have lost my peace—Ha! do I live and wake?
*Cal.* Hadst thou been true, how happy had I been!
Not Altamont,—but thou hadst been my lord.
But wherefore named I happiness with thee?
It is for thee, for thee, that I am curst;
For thee my secret soul each hour arraigns me,
Calls me to answer for my virtue stain'd,
My honour lost to thee: for thee it haunts me,
With stern Sciolto vowing vengeance on me,
With Altamont complaining for his wrongs,——
*Alt.* Behold him here,—
*Cal.* Ah!
*Alt.* The wretch whom thou hast made.
Curses and sorrows hast thou heap'd upon him,
And vengeance is the only good that's left.
[*Drawing.*
*Loth.* Thou hast ta'en me somewhat unawares, 'tis true:
But love and war take turns, like day and night;
And little preparation serves my turn.
Equal to both, and arm'd for either field;

We've long been foes, this moment ends our quarrel.
Earth, heaven, and fair Calista judge the combat!
[*They fight;* LOTHARIO *falls.*
*Loth.* O, Altamont, thy genius is the stronger!
Thou hast prevail'd!—My fierce ambitious soul
Declining droops, and all her fires grow pale.
Yet let not this advantage swell thy pride;
I conquer'd in my turn—in love I triumph'd:
Those joys are lodged beyond the reach of fate.
That sweet revenge comes smiling to my thoughts,
Adorns my fall, and cheers my heart in dying. [*Dies.*
*Cal.* And what remains for me, beset with shame,
Encompass'd round with wretchedness? There is
But this one way to break the toil and 'scape.
[*She reaches at* LOTHARIO'S *Sword,—*
ALTAMONT *stops her.*]
*Alt.* What means thy frantic rage?
*Cal.* Off! let me go.
*Alt.* O! thou hast more than murder'd me; yet still,
Still art thou here; and my soul starts with horror,
At thought of any danger that may reach thee.
*Cal.* Think'st thou I mean to live? to be forgiven?
O, thou hast known but little of Calista!
If thou hadst never heard my shame, if only
The midnight moon and silent stars had seen it,
I would not bear to be reproach'd by them,
But dig down deep to find a grave beneath,
And hide me from their beams.
*Sciolto.* [*Within.*] What, ho! my son!
*Cal.* Is it the voice of thunder, or my father?
Madness! Confusion! Let the storm come on,
Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me;
Dash my devoted bark, ye surges, break it:
'Tis for my ruin that the tempest rises!
When I am lost, sunk to the bottom low,
Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

*Enter* SCIOLTO.

*Sci.* Even now Rossano leap'd the garden wall,—
Ha! Death has been among you.—O, my fears!
Last night thou hadst a difference with thy friend;
The cause thou gavest me, for it was a damn'd one.
Didst thou not wrong the man who told thee truth?
Answer me quick.——

*Alt.* Oh, press me not to speak!
Even now my heart is breaking, and the mention
Will lay me dead before you. See that body,
And guess my shame, my ruin.—O, Calista!

*Sci.* It is enough. But I am slow to execute,
And justice lingers in my lazy hand;
Thus let me wipe dishonour from my name,
And cut thee from the earth, thou stain to goodness.

[*Offers to kill* CALISTA, ALTAMONT *holds him.*

*Alt.* Stay thee, Sciolto, thou rash father, stay;
Or turn the point on me, and through my breast
Cut out the bloody passage to Calista;
So shall my love be perfect, while for her
I die, for whom alone I wish'd to live.

*Cal.* No, Altamont; my heart, that scorn'd thy love,
Shall never be indebted to thy pity.
Thus torn, defaced, and wretched as I seem,
Still I have something of Sciolto's virtue.—
Yes, yes, my father, I applaud thy justice;
Strike home, and I will bless thee for the blow;
Be merciful, and free me from my pain;
'Tis sharp, 'tis terrible, and I could curse
The cheerful day, men, earth, and heaven, and thee,
Even thee, thou venerable good old man,
For being author of a wretch like me.

*Sci.* Thy pious care has given me time to think,
And saved me from a crime; then rest, my sword;
To honour have I kept thee ever sacred,
Nor will I stain thee with a rash revenge.
But, mark me well, I will have justice done;

Hope not to bear away thy crimes unpunish'd ;
I will see justice executed on thee,
Even to a Roman strictness: and thou, nature,
Or whatsoe'er thou art that plead'st within me,
Be still; thy tender strugglings are in vain.

*Cal.* Then, am I doom'd to live, and bear your triumph?
To groan beneath your stern and fierce upbraiding?
Daily to be reproach'd, and have my misery
At morn, at noon, at night, told over to me,
Lest my remembrance might grow pitiful,
And grant a moment's interval of peace?
Is this, is this the mercy of a father?
I only beg to die, and he denies me.

*Sci.* Hence, from my sight! thy father cannot bear thee:
Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,
Where, on the confines of eternal night,
Mourning, misfortune, cares, and anguish dwell;
Where ugly shame hides her opprobrious head,
And death and hell detested rule maintain:
There howl out the remainder of thy life,
And wish thy name may be no more remember'd.

*Cal.* Yes, I will fly to some such dismal place,
And be more curst than you can wish I were:
This fatal form, that drew on my undoing,
Fasting, and tears and hardships shall destroy:
Nor light, nor food, nor comfort will I know,
Nor aught that may continue hated life.
Then, when you see me meagre, wan, and changed,
Stretch'd at my length, and dying in my cave,
On that cold earth I mean shall be my grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
At length her tears have wash'd her stains away;
At length 'tis time her punishment should cease;
Die, thou poor suffering wretch, and be at peace.

[*Exit* CALISTA.

*Sci.* Who of my servants wait there?

*Enter four Servants.*

Raise that body, and bear it in.

[*Exeunt two Servants with* LOTHARIO's *Body.*

On your lives,

Take care my doors be guarded well, that none
Pass out, or enter, but by my appointment.

[*Exeunt the other two Servants.*

*Alt.* There is a fatal fury in your visage,
It blazes fierce, and menaces destruction.
I tremble at the vengeance which you meditate
On the poor, faithless, lovely, dear Calista.

*Sci.* Hast thou not read what brave Virginius did?
With his own hand he slew his only daughter,
To save her from the fierce Decemvir's lust,
He slew her yet unspotted, to prevent
The shame which she might know. Then what should I do?
But thou hast tyed my hand. I wo' not kill her;
Yet, by the ruin she has brought upon us,
The common infamy that brands us both,
She sha' not escape.

*Alt.* You mean that she shall die then?

*Sci.* Ask me not what, nor how I have resolved;
For all within is anarchy and uproar.
O, Altamont! What a vast scheme of joy
Has this one day destroy'd! Well did I hope,
This daughter would have blest my latter days;
That I should live to see you the world's wonder,
So happy, great, and good, that none were like you:
While I, from busy life and care set free,
Had spent the evening of my age at home,
Among a little prattling race of yours:
There, like an old man, talk'd a while, and then
Laid down, and slept in peace. Instead of this,
Sorrow and shame must bring me to my grave——
O, damn her! damn her!

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1*st Gent.* Arm yourself, my lord:
Rossano, who but now escaped the garden,
Has gather'd in the street a band of rioters,
Who threaten you and all your friends with ruin,
Unless Lothario be return'd in safety.

*Sci.* By heaven, their fury rises to my wish:
Nor shall misfortune know my house alone;
But thou, Lothario, and thy race, shall pay me
For all the sorrows which my age is cursed with.
I think my name as great, my friends as potent,
As any in the state; all shall be summon'd;
I know that all will join their hands to ours,
And vindicate thy vengeance. When our force
Is full and arm'd, we shall expect thy sword
To join with us, and sacrifice to justice.

[*Exeunt* SCIOLTO *and two Gentlemen.*

*Alt.* A frightful heavy gloom comes o'er my mind,
A dismal sullen stillness, that succeeds
The storm of rage and grief, like silent death,
After the tumult and the noise of life.
Would it were death, for I am sick of living!
Love was the informing, active fire within:
Now that is quench'd, the mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its kindred earth. [*Exit.*

## ACT FIFTH.

*A Room hung with Black; on one side* LOTHARIO'S *Body on the Bier; on the other a Table, with a Scull and other Bones; a Book and a Lamp on it.*

CALISTA *discovered.—Soft Music.*

*Cal.* 'Tis well: these solemn sounds, this pomp of horror,
Are fit to feed the frenzy in my soul.
Here's room for meditation, even to madness,
Till the mind burst with thinking. This dull flame
Sleeps in the socket. Sure the book was left
To tell me something:—For instruction then,—
He teaches holy sorrow and contrition,
And penitence.—Is it become an art then?
A trick that lazy, dull, luxurious gownmen
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't.
[*Throwing away the Book.*
I have more real anguish in my heart,
Than all their pedant discipline e'er knew.
What charnel has been rifled for these bones?
Fie! this is pageantry.—They look uncouthly;
But what of that, if he or she that own'd 'em,
Safe from disquiet sit, and smile to see
The farce their miserable relicks play?
But here's a sight is terrible indeed!
Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario?
That dear, perfidious—Ah!—how pale he looks!
How grim with clotted blood! and those dead eyes!
Ascend, ye ghosts! fantastic forms of night,
In all your diffident dreadful shapes ascend,
And match the present horror, if you can!

*Enter* SCIOLTO.

*Sci.* This dead of night, this silent hour of darkness,

Nature for rest ordain'd, and soft repose;
And yet distraction, and tumultuous jars,
Keep all our frighted citizens awake.
Amidst the general wreck, see where she stands,
Like Helen, in the night when Troy was sack'd,
Spectatress of the mischief which she made.
*Cal.* It is Sciolto. Be thyself, my soul!
Be strong to bear his fatal indignation;
That he may see thou art not lost so far,
But somewhat still of his great spirit lives
In the forlorn Calista.
*Sci.* Thou wert once
My daughter.
*Cal.* Happy were it, I had dy'd,
And never lost that name.
*Sci.* That's something yet.
Thou wert the very darling of my age:
I thought the day too short to gaze upon thee;
That all the blessings I could gather for thee,
By cares on earth, and by my prayers to heaven,
Were little for my fondness to bestow:
Why didst thou turn to folly, then, and curse me?
*Cal.* Because my soul was rudely drawn from yours,
A poor imperfect copy of my father:
It was, because I loved, and was a woman.
*Sci.* Hadst thou been honest, thou hadst been a cherubim;
But of that joy, as of a gem long lost,
Beyond redemption gone, think we no more.
Hast thou e'er dared to meditate on death?
*Cal.* I have, as on the end of shame and sorrow.
'Tis not the stoick's lessons got by rote,
*Sci.* Ha! answer me: Say, hast thou coolly thought?
The pomp of words, and pedant dissertations,
That can sustain thee in that hour of terror:
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it;
But, when the trial comes, they start, and stand aghast.

Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it?
How thy account may stand, and what to answer?
*Cal.* I've turn'd my eyes inward upon myself,
Where foul offence and shame have laid all waste;
Therefore my soul abhors the wretched dwelling,
And longs to find some better place of rest.
*Sci.* 'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that spirit
That dwelt in ancient Latian breasts, when Rome
Was mistress of the world. I wou'd go on,
And tell thee all my purpose; but it sticks
Here at my heart, and cannot find a way.
*Cal.* Then spare the telling, if it be a pain,
And write the meaning with your poniard here.
*Sci.* O, truly guess'd!—See'st thou this trembling hand?— [*Holding up a Dagger.*
Thrice justice urged,—and thrice the slackening sinews
Forgot their office, and confess'd the father:
At length, the stubborn virtue has prevail'd;
It must, it must be so.—O, take it then,
[*Giving the Dagger.*
And know the rest untaught!
*Cal.* I understand you.
It is but thus, and both are satisfy'd.
[*She offers to kill herself:* SCIOLTO *catches hold of her Arm.*
*Sci.* A moment, give me yet a moment's space.
The stern, the rigid judge has been obey'd;
Now nature, and the father, claim their turns.
I've held the balance with an iron hand,
And put off every tender human thought,
To doom my child to death: but spare my eyes
The most unnatural sight, lest their strings crack,
My old brain split, and I grow mad with horror.
*Cal.* Ha, is't possible! and is there yet
Some little dear remain of love and tenderness
For poor undone Calista, in your heart?
*Sci.* O! when I think what pleasure I took in thee,

What joys thou gavest me in thy prattling infancy,
Thy sprightly wit, and early blooming beauty;
How have I stood, and fed my eyes upon thee;
Then, lifting up my hands, and, wondering, blest thee!
By my strong grief, my heart even melts within me;
I could curse nature, and that tyrant, honour,
For making me thy father and thy judge:
Thou art my daughter still.

*Cal.* For that kind word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the earth,
Weep on your feet, and bless you for this goodness.
O! 'tis too much for this offending wretch,
This parricide, that murders with her crimes,
Shortens her father's age, and cuts him off,
Ere little more than half his years be number'd.

*Sci.* Would it were otherwise!—but thou must die.

*Cal.* That I must die, it is my only comfort:
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking:
Come, then, and take me now to thy cold arms,
Thou meagre shade,—here let me breathe my last,
Charm'd with my father's pity and forgiveness,
More than if angels tuned their golden viols,
And sung a requiem to my parting soul.

*Enter a Gentleman, and signs to* SCIOLTO, *who dismisses him.*

*Sci.* I'm summon'd hence: my assembled friends expect me.
There is I know not what, of sad presage,
That tells me, I shall never see thee more;
If it be so, this is our last farewell,
And these the parting pangs which nature feels,
When anguish rends the heart-strings.—Oh, my daughter! *Exit* SCIOLTO.

*Cal.* Now think, thou curst Calista, now behold
The desolation, horror, blood, and ruin,
Thy crimes and fatal folly spread around.

And see, another injured wretch is come,
To call for justice from my tardy hand.

*Enter* ALTAMONT.

*Alt.* Hail to you, horrors! hail, thou house of death!
And thou, the lovely mistress of these shades,
Whose beauty gilds the more than midnight darkness,
And makes it grateful as the dawn of day,
Oh, take me in, a fellow mourner with thee!

*Cal.* I know thee well, thou art the injured Altamont:
Thou comest to urge me with the wrongs I've done thee,
But know I stand upon the brink of life,
And in a moment mean to set me free
From shame and thy upbraiding.

*Alt.* Falsely, falsely
Dost thou accuse me. Oh, forbid me not
To mourn thy loss,
To wish some better fate had ruled our loves,
And that Calista had been mine and true!

*Cal.* O, Altamont, 'tis hard for souls like mine,
Haughty and fierce, to yield they've done amiss.
But, O, behold! my proud disdainful heart
Bends to thy gentler virtue. Yes, I own,
Such is thy truth, thy tenderness, and love,
Such are the graces that adorn thy youth,
That, had I not been fated to destruction,
With thee I might have lived for ages bless'd,
And dyed in peace within thy faithful arms.

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor.* Now mourn indeed, ye miserable pair;
For now the measure of your woes is full!—
The great, the good Sciolto dies this moment.

*Cal.* My father!

*Hor.* Not long ago he privately went forth,
Attended but by few, and those unbidden.
I heard which way he took, and straight pursued him;

But found him compass'd by Lothario's faction,
Almost alone, amidst a crowd of foes.
Too late we brought him aid, and drove them back;
Ere that his frantic valour had provoked
The death he seem'd to wish for from their swords.
*Cal.* And dost thou bear me yet, thou patient earth?
Dost thou not labour with thy murderous weight?
And you, ye glittering, heavenly host of stars,
Hide your fair heads in clouds, or I shall blast you;
For I am all contagion, death, and ruin,
And nature sickens at me! Rest, thou world;
This parricide shall be thy plague no more:
Thus, thus, I set thee free. [*Stabs herself.*
*Hor.* O, fatal rashness!

*Enter* SCIOLTO, *pale and bloody, supported by two Gentlemen, and followed by two others, with drawn Swords.*

*Cal.* O, my heart!
Well may'st thou fail; for see, the spring that fed
Thy vital stream is wasted, and runs low.
My father! Will you now, at last, forgive me,
If, after all my crimes, and all your sufferings,
I call you once again by that dear name?
Will you forget my shame, and those wide wounds?
Lift up your hand, and bless me, ere I go
Down to my dark abode.
*Sci.* Alas, my daughter!
Thou hast rashly ventured in a stormy sea,
Where life, fame, virtue, all were wreck'd and lost.
But, sure, thou hast borne thy part in all the anguish,
And smarted with the pain. Then, rest in peace:
Let silence and oblivion hide thy name,
And save thee from the malice of posterity:
And may'st thou find with heaven the same forgiveness,
As with thy father here.—Die, and be happy.

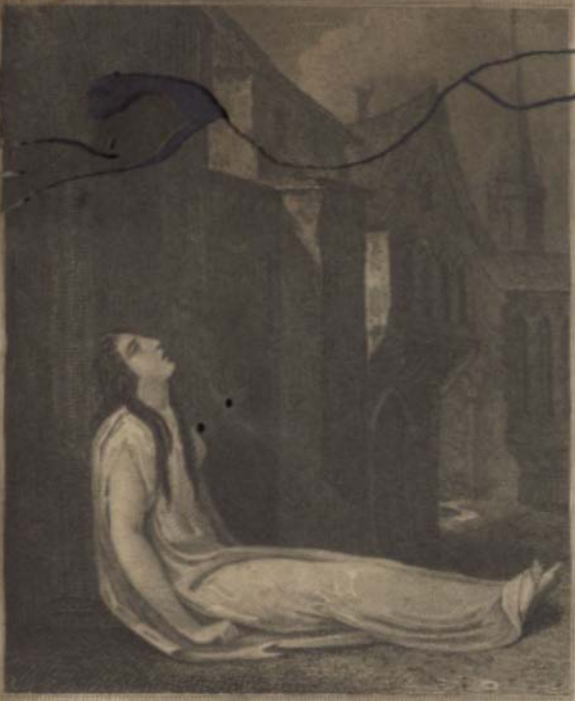
*Sci.* O, tu[illegible] fata[illegible]
Come near, and [illegible] thee er[illegible]
To thee, and brave Horatio, I bequeathe
My fortunes.——Lay me by thy noble father,
And love my memory as thou hast done his;
For thou hast been my son.—Oh, gracious heaven,
Thou that hast endless blessings still in store
For virtue, and for filial piety,
Let grief, disgrace, and want, be far away;
But multiply thy mercies on his head!
Let honour, greatness, goodness, still be with him,
And peace in all his ways— [*He dies.*

*Hor.* The storm of grief bears hard upon his youth,
And bends him, like a drooping flower, to earth.
By such examples are we taught to prove
The sorrows that attend unlawful love.
Death, or some worse misfortune, soon divide
The injured bridegroom from his guilty bride:
If you would have the nuptial union last,
Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

JANE SHORE



JANE SHORE ——— WHY SHOULD I WANDER
——— STRAY ——— THOSE EYES FOR EVER HERE
ACT V. SCENE I.

Painted by Th[illegible] Published by Longman & C[o] March 1810. Engraved by C.Heath.

# JANE SHORE

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.

# REMARKS.

Except in one particular Rowe has been perfectly historical in this play.

Jane Shore was, as he has represented, accused of witchcraft; and proof of her guilt, in that instance, having failed, she was next charged with the crime of adultery; an accusation it was in vain to deny; and by sentence of the ecclesiastical court, she was made to perform penance in St. Paul's church, and then to walk barefooted through some of the adjoining streets.

But Jane Shore, perishing for hunger, is the fiction of an old ballad, and no intelligence from history; or, if she did expire for want of food, it was not in consequence of any judgment passed upon her, as she lived to an advanced age before the event took place: for Sir Thomas More assures his readers, that, in the reign of Henry VIII. forty years after her humiliating punishment was inflicted, he has frequently seen her gathering herbs, in a field near the city, for her nightly repast.—She was now, he adds, "extremely old and shrivelled; without one trace of her former beauty."

Rowe has produced, from the incidents of her singular life this favourite play.—The wife of a goldsmith of Lombard Street, has drawn tears from the

rich and the poor for these hundred years past; and will never cease having power over the hearts of an audience, whilst an actress can be found to represent her, and her sorrows, with apparent truth.

Of the other characters of this tragedy little can be said in praise, except of Alicia; and it is curious to observe, how widely two learned critics have differed in their opinion respecting the merit of this part.—Dr Johnson says, "Alicia is a character of empty noise, with no resemblance to real sorrow, or natural madness."

Whilst Dr Wharton has said, "The interview between Jane Shore and Alicia, in the fifth act, is very affecting, where the madness of Alicia is well painted."

To reconcile these two opposite criticisms, it may be supposed, that those great critics spoke as spectators, not as readers: and the one had seen a good, and the other a bad actress, perform the part.

Alicia can surely be rendered as pathetic as Jane Shore, provided the character is acted with equal skill: for, though Jane has the advantage of her friend, in being the personage whom the auditors have come purposely to see, and of whom they have heard speak from their childhood, yet Alicia's calamities are far more heavy than those of the famished Shore.—The former is tortured by the most poignant remorse that human nature can sustain—her conscience is loaded with a fellow-creature's death—nor has she the enjoyment of malice to diminish her

sense of guilt; as she became a murderer through the wild extravagance of love, not hate.

The parting scene between her and the condemned Hastings, where he forgives her as the cause of his immediate execution, has something more affecting than the last scene of the drama, where Shore forgives his dying wife. The husband's pardon comes, after time has softened and penitence mitigated his wrongs—the lover forgives a more fatal injury, and its consequences that moment impending.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| DUKE OF GLOSTER | *Mr. Kemble.* |
| LORD HASTINGS | *Mr. C. Kemble.* |
| LORD STANLEY | *Mr. Davenport.* |
| SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF | *Mr. Klanert.* |
| SIR WILLIAM CATESBY | *Mr. Creswell.* |
| DUMONT | *Mr. Cooke.* |
| BELMOUR | *Mr. Claremont.* |
| CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD | *Mr. Lee.* |
| GENTLEMAN | *Mr. Field.* |
| PORTER | *Mr. Atkins.* |
| | |
| ALICIA | *Mrs. Litchfield.* |
| JANE SHORE | *Mrs. Siddons.* |

# JANE SHORE.

## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.

*The Tower.*

*Enter the* DUKE OF GLOSTER, SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

*Glo.* Thus far success attends upon our councils,
And each event has answer'd to my wish;
The Queen and all her upstart race are quell'd;
Dorset is banish'd, and her brother Rivers,
Ere this, lies shorter by the head at Pomfret.
The nobles have, with joint concurrence, nam'd me
Protector of the realm. My brother's children,
Young Edward and the little York, are lodg'd
Here, safe within the Tower.—How say you, sirs,
Does not this business wear a lucky face?
The sceptre and the golden wreath of royalty
Seem hung within my reach.

*Rat.* Then take them to you,
And wear them long and worthily. You are
The last remaining male of princely York,
(For Edward's boys, the state esteems not of them,)
And therefore on your sov'reignty and rule,

The commonweal does her dependence make,
And leans upon your highness' able hand.
*Cat.* And yet to-morrow does the council meet,
To fix a day for Edward's coronation.
Who can expound this riddle?
*Glo.* That can I.
Those lords are each one my approved good friends,
Of special trust and nearness to my bosom;
And howsoever busy they may seem,
And diligent to bustle in the state,
Their zeal goes on no further than we lead,
And at our bidding stays.
*Cat.* Yet there is one,
And he amongst the foremost in his power,
Of whom I wish your highness were assured.
For me, perhaps it is my nature's fault,
I own, I doubt of his inclining much.
*Glo.* I guess the man, at whom your words would point:
Hastings——
*Cat.* The same.
*Glo.* He bears me great good-will.
*Cat.* 'Tis true, to you as to the Lord Protector,
And Gloster's Duke, he bows with lowly service:
But were he bid to cry, "God save King Richard!"
Then tell me in what terms he would reply?
Believe me, I have proved the man, and found him:
I know he bears a most religious reverence
To his dead master Edward's royal memory,
And whither that may lead him is most plain.
Yet more—One of that stubborn sort he is,
Who, if they once grow fond of an opinion,
They call it honour, honesty, and faith,
And sooner part with life than let it go.
*Glo.* And yet this tough impracticable heart
Is govern'd by a dainty-finger'd girl!
Such flaws are found in the most worthy natures;
A laughing, toying, wheedling, whimpering she

Shall make him amble on a gossip's message,
And take the distaff with a hand as patient
As e'er did Hercules.
*Rat.* The fair Alicia,
Of noble birth and exquisite of feature,
Has held him long a vassal to her beauty.
*Cat.* I fear, he fails in his allegiance there,
Or my intelligence is false, or else
The dame has been too lavish of her feast,
And fed him till he loaths.
*Glo.* No more, he comes.

*Enter* LORD HASTINGS.

*Hast.* Health, and the happiness of many days,
Attend upon your grace.
*Glo.* My good lord chamberlain,
We're much beholden to your gentle friendship.
*Hast.* My lord, I come an humble suitor to you.
*Glo.* In right good time. Speak out your pleasure freely.
*Hast.* I am to move your highness in behalf
Of Shore's unhappy wife.
*Glo.* Say you, of Shore?
*Hast.* Once a bright star, that held her place on high;
The first and fairest of our English dames,
While royal Edward held the sov'reign rule.
Now sunk in grief, and pining with despair,
Her waning form no longer shall excite
Envy in woman, or desire in man.
She never sees the sun, but through her tears,
And wakes to sigh the live-long night away.
*Glo.* Marry! the times are badly changed with her,
From Edward's days to these. Then all was jollity,
Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter,
Piping and playing, minstrelsy and masquing;
Till life fled from us like an idle dream,

And worthily becomes his silver locks;
He wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well try'd, and wise experience;
A friend like this would suit my sorrows well.
Fortune, I fear me, sir, has meant you ill,
[*To* DUMONT.
Who pays your merit with that scanty pittance
Which my poor hand and humble roof can give.
But to supply these golden vantages,
Which elsewhere you might find, expect to meet
A just regard and value for your worth,
The welcome of a friend, and the free partnership
Of all that little good, the world allows me.

*Dum.* You over-rate me much; and all my answer
Must be my future truth; let them speak for me,
And make up my deserving.

*J. Shore.* Are you of England?

*Dum.* No, gracious lady, Flanders claims my birth;
At Antwerp has my constant biding been,
Where sometimes I have known more plenteous days
Than these which now my failing age affords.

*J. Shore.* Alas! at Antwerp!—Oh forgive my tears! [*Weeping.*
They fall for my offences—and must fall
Long, long ere they shall wash my stains away.
You knew, perhaps—Oh grief! Oh shame—my husband.

*Dum.* I knew him well—but stay this flood of anguish,
The senseless grave feels not your pious sorrows:
Three years and more are past, since I was bid,
With many of our common friends, to wait him
To his last peaceful mansion. I attended,
Sprinkled his clay-cold corse with holy drops,
According to our church's rev'rend rite,
And saw him laid in hallow'd ground, to rest.

*J. Shore.* Oh, that my soul had known no joy but him!
That I had liv'd within his guiltless arms,
And dying slept in innocence beside him!
But now his dust abhors the fellowship,
And scorns to mix with mine.

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Serv.* The lady Alicia
Attends your leisure.
*J. Shore.* Say I wish to see her. [*Exit* SERVANT.
Please, gentle sir, one moment to retire,
I'll wait you on the instant, and inform you
Of each unhappy circumstance, in which
Your friendly aid and counsel much may stead me.
[*Exeunt* BELMOUR *and* DUMONT.

*Enter* ALICIA.

*Alicia.* Still, my fair friend, still shall I find you thus?
Still shall these sighs heave after one another,
These trickling drops chase one another still,
As if the posting messengers of grief
Could overtake the hours fled far away,
And make old time come back?
*J. Shore.* No, my Alicia,
Heaven and his saints be witness to my thoughts,
There is no hour of all my life o'er past,
That I could wish should take its turn again.
*Alicia.* And yet some of those days my friend has known,
Some of those years, might pass for golden ones,
At least if womankind can judge of happiness.
What could we wish, we who delight in empire,
Whose beauty is our sov'reign good, and gives us
Our reasons to rebel, and pow'r to reign,
What could we more than to behold a monarch,

*Bel.* Madam, it is.

*J. Shore.* A venerable aspect! [*Aside.*
Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks;
He wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well-tried, and wise experience;
A friend like this would suit my sorrows well.—
Fortune, I fear me, sir, has meant you *ill*,
[*To* DUMONT.
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Some of those years, might pass for golden ones,
At least if womankind can judge of happiness.
What could we wish, we who delight in empire,

Whose beauty is our sov'reign good, and gives us
Our reasons to rebel, and pow'r to reign,
What could we more than to behold a monarch,
Lovely, renown'd, a conqueror, and young,
Bound in our chains, and sighing at our feet?

*J. Shore.* 'Tis true, the royal Edward was a wonder,
The goodly pride of all our English youth;
He was the very joy of all who saw him,
Form'd to delight, to love, and to persuade.
But what had I to do with kings and courts?
My humble lot had cast me far beneath him;
And that he was the first of all mankind,
The bravest, and most lovely, was my curse.

*Alicia.* Sure, something more than fortune join'd your loves:
Nor could his greatness, and his gracious form,
Be elsewhere match'd so well, as to the sweetness
And beauty of my friend.

*J. Shore.* Name him no more!
He was the bane and ruin of my peace.
This anguish and these tears, these are the legacies
His fatal love has left me. Thou wilt see me,
Believe me, my Alicia, thou wilt see me,
Ere yet a few short days pass o'er my head,
Abandon'd to the very utmost wretchedness.
The hand of pow'r has seized almost the whole
Of what was left for needy life's support;
Shortly thou wilt behold me poor, and kneeling
Before thy charitable door for bread.

*Alicia.* Joy of my life, my dearest Shore, forbear
To wound my heart with thy foreboding sorrows;
Raise thy sad soul to better hopes than these,
Lift up thy eyes, and let them shine once more,
Bright as the morning sun above the mist.
Exert thy charms, seek out the stern Protector,
And sooth his savage temper with thy beauty:
Spite of his deadly, unrelenting nature,
He shall be moved to pity, and redress thee.

*J. Shore.* My form, alas! has long forgot to please;
The scene of beauty and delight is changed;
No roses bloom upon my fading cheek,
Nor laughing graces wanton in my eyes;
But hagard Grief, lean-looking, sallow Care,
And pining Discontent, a rueful train,
Dwell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn.
One only shadow of a hope is left me;
The noble-minded Hastings, of his goodness,
Has kindly underta'en to be my advocate,
And move my humble suit to angry Gloster.

*Alicia.* Does Hastings undertake to plead your cause?
But wherefore should he not? Hastings has eyes;
The gentle lord has a right tender heart,
Melting and easy, yielding to impression,
And catching the soft flame from each new beauty;
But yours shall charm him long.

*J. Shore.* Away, you flatterer!
Nor charge his gen'rous meaning with a weakness,
Which his great soul and virtue must disdain.
Too much of love thy hapless friend has proved,
Too many giddy foolish hours are gone,
And in fantastic measures danced away:
May the remaining few know only friendship.
So thou, my dearest, truest, best Alicia,
Vouchsafe to lodge me in thy gentle heart,
A partner there, I will give up mankind,
Forget the transports of increasing passion,
And all the pangs we feel for its decay.

*Alicia.* Live! live and reign for ever in my bosom;
[*Embracing.*
Safe and unrivall'd there possess thy own;
And you, the brightest of the stars above,
Ye saints, that once were women here below,
Be witness of the truth, the holy friendship,
Which here to this my other self I vow,
If I not hold her nearer to my soul,

Let not my faithless ghost have peace hereafter,
Nor taste the bliss of your celestial fellowship.

*J. Shore.* Yes, thou art true; and only thou art true:
Therefore these jewels, once the lavish bounty
Of royal Edward's love, I trust to thee;
[*Giving a Casket.*
Receive this, all that I can call my own,
And let it rest unknown, and safe with thee:
That if the state's injustice should oppress me,
Strip me of all, and turn me out a wanderer,
My wretchedness may find relief from thee,
And shelter from the storm.

*Alicia.* My all is thine;
One common hazard shall attend us both,
And both be fortunate, or both be wretched.
But let thy fearful doubting heart be still;
The saints and angels have thee in their charge,
And all things shall be well. Think not the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all; the poor, the pris'ner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to Heav'n and pull a blessing on thee;
Even man, the merciless insulter man,
Man, who rejoices in our sex's weakness,
Shall pity thee, and, with unwonted goodness,
Forget thy failings, and record thy praise.

*J. Shore.* Why should I think, that man will do for me,
What yet he never did for wretches like me?
Mark by what partial justice we are judg'd:
Such is the fate unhappy women find,
And such the curse entail'd upon our kind,
That man, the lawless libertine, may rove,
Free and unquestion'd, through the wilds of love;
While woman, sense and nature's easy fool,
If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,

If, strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny way,
And in the softer paths of pleasure stray,
Ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame,
And one false step entirely damns her fame:
In vain with tears the loss she may deplore,
In vain look back on what she was before;
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.

[*Exeunt.*

---

## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.

*An Apartment in* JANE SHORE'S *House.*

*Enter* ALICIA, *speaking to* JANE SHORE *as entering.*

*Alicia.* No farther, gentle friend; good angels guard you,
And spread their gracious wings about your slumbers.
The drowsy night grows on the world, and now
The busy craftsman, and the o'er-labour'd hind
Forget the travail of the day in sleep:
Care only wakes, and moping pensiveness,
With meagre discontented looks they sit,
And watch the wasting of the midnight taper.
Such vigils must I keep, so wakes my soul,
Restless and self-tormented! Oh, false Hastings!
Thou hast destroy'd my peace. [*Knocking without.*
What noise is that?

What visitor is this, who with bold freedom,
Breaks in upon the peaceful night and rest,
With such a rude approach?

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Serv.* One from the court,
Lord Hastings (as I think) demands my lady.
*Alicia.* Hastings! Be still my heart, and try to meet him
With his own arts; with falsehood—But he comes.

*Enter* LORD HASTINGS; *speaks to a* SERVANT *as entering.*

*Hast.* Dismiss my train, and wait alone without.
Alicia here! Unfortunate encounter!
But be it as it may.
*Alicia.* When humbly, thus,
The great descend to visit the afflicted,
When thus, unmindful of their rest, they come,
To sooth the sorrows of the midnight mourner,
Comfort comes with them; like the golden sun
Dispels the sullen shades with her sweet influence,
And cheers the melancholy house of care.
*Hast.* 'Tis true, I would not over-rate a courtesy,
Nor let the coldness of delay hang on it,
To nip and blast its favour, like a frost;
But rather chose, at this late hour, to come,
That your fair friend may know I have prevail'd;
The Lord Protector has receiv'd her suit,
And means to show her grace.
*Alicia.* My friend, my lord!
*Hast.* Yes, lady, yours: none has a right more ample
To task my pow'r than you.
*Alicia.* I want the words,
To pay you back a compliment so courtly;
But my heart guesses at the friendly meaning,
And would not die your debtor.

*Hast.* 'Tis well, madam.
But I would see your friend.
*Alicia.* Oh, thou false lord!
I would be mistress of my heaving heart,
Stifle this rising rage, and learn from thee
To dress my face in easy dull indiff'rence:
But 'twill not be; my wrongs will tear their way,
And rush at once upon thee.
*Hast.* Are you wise?
Have you the use of reason? Do you wake?
What means this raving, this transporting passion?
*Alicia.* Oh, thou cool traitor! thou insulting tyrant!
Dost thou behold my poor distracted heart,
Thus rent with agonizing love and rage,
And ask me what it means? Art thou not false?
Am I not scorn'd, forsaken, and abandon'd,
Left, like a common wretch, to shame and infamy,
Giv'n up to be the sport of villains' tongues,
Of laughing parasites, and lewd buffoons;
And all because my soul has doted on thee
With love, with truth, and tenderness unutterable!
*Hast.* Are these the proofs of tenderness and love?
These endless quarrels, discontents, and jealousies,
These never-ceasing wailings and complainings,
These furious starts, these whirlwinds of the soul,
Which every other moment rise to madness?
*Alicia.* What proof, alas! have I not giv'n of love?
What have I not abandon'd to thy arms?
Have I not set at nought my noble birth,
A spotless fame, and an unblemished race,
The peace of innocence, and pride of virtue?
My prodigality has giv'n thee all;
And, now I've nothing left me to bestow,
You hate the wretched bankrupt you have made.
*Hast.* Why am I thus pursu'd from place to place,
Kept in the view, and cross'd at ev'ry turn?
In vain I fly, and, like a hunted deer,

Scud o'er the lawns, and hasten to the covert;
Ere I can reach my safety, you o'ertake me
With the swift malice of some keen reproach,
And drive the winged shaft deep in my heart.

*Alicia.* Hither you fly, and here you seek repose;
Spite of the poor deceit, your arts are known,
Your pious, charitable midnight visits.

*Hast.* If you are wise, and prize your peace of mind,
Yet take the friendly counsel of my love;
Believe me true, nor listen to your jealousy.
Let not the devil, which undoes your sex,
That cursed curiosity, seduce you
To hunt for needless secrets, which, neglected,
Shall never hurt your quiet; but, once known,
Shall sit upon your heart, pinch it with pain,
And banish the sweet sleep for ever from you.
Go to—be yet advised——

*Alicia.* Dost thou in scorn
Preach patience to my rage, and bid me tamely
Sit like a poor contented idiot down,
Nor dare to think thou'st wronged me? Ruin seize thee,
And swift perdition overtake thy treachery!
Have I the least remaining cause to doubt?
Hast thou endeavour'd once to hide thy falsehood?
To hide it might have spoke some little tenderness,
And shown thee half unwilling to undo me;
But thou disdain'st the weakness of humanity,
Thy words, and all thy actions, have confess'd it;
Ev'n now thy eyes avow it, now they speak,
And insolently own the glorious villainy.

*Hast.* Well, then, I own my heart has broke your chains.
Patient I bore the painful bondage long,
At length my gen'rous love disdains your tyranny;
The bitterness and stings of taunting jealousy,
Vexatious days, and jarring, joyless nights,

Have driven him forth to seek some safer shelter,
Where he may rest his weary wings in peace.
*Alicia.* You triumph! do! and with gigantic pride
Defy impending vengeance. Heav'n shall wink;
No more his arm shall roll the dreadful thunder,
Nor send his lightning forth: no more his justice
Shall visit the presuming sons of men,
But perjury like thine shall dwell in safety.
*Hast.* Whate'er my fate decrees for me hereafter,
Be present to me now, my better angel!
Preserve me from the storm that threatens now,
And if I have beyond atonement sinn'd,
Let any other kind of plague o'ertake me,
So I escape the fury of that tongue.
*Alicia.* Thy pray'r is heard—I go—but know, proud lord,
Howe'er thou scorn'st the weakness of my sex,
This feeble hand may find the means to reach thee,
Howe'er sublime in pow'r and greatness plac'd,
With royal favour guarded round and grac'd:
On eagle's wings my rage shall urge her flight,
And hurl thee headlong from thy topmost height;
Then, like thy fate, superior will I sit,
And view thee fall'n, and grov'ling at my feet;
See thy last breath with indignation go,
And tread thee sinking to the shades below. [*Exit.*
*Hast.* How fierce a fiend is passion! With what wildness,
What tyranny untamed it reigns in woman!
Unhappy sex! whose easy yielding temper
Gives way to ev'ry appetite alike;
And love in their weak bosoms is a rage
As terrible as hate, and as destructive.
But soft ye now—for here comes one disclaims
Strife and her wrangling train! of equal elements,
Without one jarring atom was she form'd,
And gentleness and joy make up her being.

*Enter* JANE SHORE.

Forgive me, fair one, if officious friendship
Intrudes on your repose, and comes thus late,
To greet you with the tidings of success.
The princely Gloster has vouchsaf'd your hearing,
To-morrow he expects you at the court;
There plead your cause, with never-failing beauty,
Speak all your griefs, and find a full redress.

*J. Shore.* Thus humbly let your lowly servant bend; [*Kneeling.*
Thus let me bow my grateful knee to earth,
And bless your noble nature for this goodness.

*Hast.* Rise, gentle dame; you wrong my meaning much,
Think me not guilty of a thought so vain,
To sell my courtesy for thanks like these.

*J. Shore.* 'Tis true, your bounty is beyond my speaking:
But tho' my mouth be dumb, my heart shall thank you;
And when it melts before the throne of mercy,
Mourning and bleeding for my past offences,
My fervent soul shall breathe one pray'r for you,
If pray'rs of such a wretch are heard on high,
That Heav'n will pay you back, when most you need,
The grace and goodness you have shown to me.

*Hast.* If there be ought of merit in my service,
Impute it there, where most 'tis due, to love:
Be kind, my gentle mistress, to my wishes,
And satisfy my panting heart with beauty.

*J. Shore.* Alas! my lord——

*Hast.* Why bend thy eyes to earth?
Wherefore these looks of heaviness and sorrow?
Why breathes that sigh, my love? And wherefore falls
This trickling show'r of tears, to stain thy sweetness?

*J. Shore.* If pity dwells within your noble breast,
(As sure it does) oh, speak not to me thus.

*Hast.* Can I behold thee, and not speak of love?
Ev'n now, thus sadly as thou stand'st before me,
Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn,
Thy softness steals upon my yielding senses,
Till my soul faints, and sickens with desire;
How can'st thou give this motion to my heart,
And bid my tongue be still?

*J. Shore.* Cast round your eyes
Upon the high-born beauties of the court;
Behold, like opening roses, where they bloom,
Sweet to the sense, unsully'd all, and spotless;
There chuse some worthy partner of your heart,
To fill your arms, and bless your virtuous bed;
Nor turn your eyes this way, where sin and misery,
Like loathsome weeds, have over-run the soil,
And the destroyer, Shame, has laid all waste.

*Hast.* What means this peevish, this fantastic change?
Where is thy wonted pleasantness of face,
Thy wonted graces, and thy dimpled smiles?
Where hast thou lost thy wit, and sportive mirth?
That cheerful heart, which us'd to dance for ever,
And cast a day of gladness all around thee?

*J. Shore.* Yes, I will own I merit the reproach;
And for those foolish days of wanton pride,
My soul is justly humbled to the dust;
All tongues, like yours, are licens'd to upbraid me,
Still to repeat my guilt, to urge my infamy,
And treat me like that abject thing I have been.

*Hast.* No more of this dull stuff. 'Tis time enough
To whine and mortify thyself with penance;
The present moments claim more gen'rous use;
Thy beauty, night, and solitude, reproach me,
For having talk'd thus long—come, let me press thee,
[*Laying hold on her.*
Pant on thy bosom, sink into thy arms,
And lose myself in the luxurious flood.

*J. Shore.* Never! by those chaste lights above I swear,
My soul shall never know pollution more:
Forbear, my lord!—here let me rather die:
[*Kneeling.*
Let quick destruction overtake me here,
And end my sorrows and my shame for ever.
*Hast.* Away with this perverseness!—'tis too much.
Nay, if you strive—'tis monstrous affectation!
[*Striving.*
*J. Shore.* Retire! I beg you leave me—
*Hast.* This way to your chamber; [*Pulling her.*
There, if you struggle——
*J. Shore.* Help, oh, gracious Heaven!
Help! Save me! Help! [*Exit* J. SHORE.

*Enter* DUMONT.

*Dum.* My lord! for honour's sake——
*Hast.* Ha! What art thou?—Be gone!
*Dum.* My duty calls me
To my attendance on my mistress here.
*Hast.* Avaunt! base groom——
At distance wait, and know thy office better.
*Dum.* No, my lord——
The common ties of manhood call me now,
And bid me thus stand up in the defence
Of an oppress'd, unhappy, helpless woman.
*Hast.* And dost thou know me, slave?
*Dum.* Yes, thou proud lord!
I know thee well; know thee with each advantage
Which wealth, or power, or noble birth can give thee.
I know thee, too, for one who stains those honours,
And blots a long illustrious line of ancestry,
By poorly daring thus to wrong a woman.
*Hast.* 'Tis wond'rous well! I see, my saint-like dame,

You stand provided of your braves and ruffians,
To man your cause, and bluster in your brothel.
*Dum.* Take back the foul reproach, unmanner'd railer!
Nor urge my rage too far, lest thou should find
I have as daring spirits in my blood
As thou, or any of thy race, e'er boasted;
And though no gaudy titles graced my birth,
Yet Heav'n, that made me honest, made me more
Than ever king did, when he made a lord.
*Hast.* Insolent villain! henceforth let this teach thee [*Draws, and strikes him.*
The distance 'twixt a peasant and a prince.
*Dum.* Nay, then, my lord, [*Drawing.*] learn you by this, how well
An arm resolved can guard its master's life.
[*They fight;* DUMONT *disarms* LORD HASTINGS.
*Hast.* Confusion! baffled by a base-born hind!
*Dum.* Now, haughty sir, where is our difference now?
Your life is in my hand, and did not honour,
The gentleness of blood, and inborn virtue,
(Howe'er unworthy I may seem to you)
Plead in my bosom, I should take the forfeit.
But wear your sword again; and know, a lord,
Opposed against a man, is but a man.
*Hast.* Curse on my failing hand! your better fortune
Has given you 'vantage o'er me; but perhaps
Your triumph may be bought with dear repentance.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.

*Enter* JANE SHORE.

*J. Shore.* Alas! what have you done? Know ye the pow'r,
The mightiness, that waits upon this lord?
*Dum.* Fear not, my worthiest mistress; 'tis a cause
In which Heaven's guards shall wait you. O, pursue,

Your triumph may be bought with dear repentance.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.

*J. Shore.* Alas! what have you done? Know ye the pow'r,
The mightiness, that waits upon this lord?

*Dum.* Fear not, my worthiest mistress; 'tis a cause
In which Heaven's guards shall wait you. O, pursue,
Pursue the sacred counsels of your soul,
Which urge you on to virtue; let not danger,
Nor the encumb'ring world, make faint your purpose.
Assisting angels shall conduct your steps,
Bring you to bliss, and crown your days with peace.

*J. Shore.* O, that my head were laid, my sad eyes clos'd,
And my cold corse wound in my shroud to rest!
My painful heart will never cease to beat,
Will never know a moment's peace till then.

*Dum.* Would you be happy, leave this fatal place;
Fly from the court's pernicious neighbourhood;
Where innocence is sham'd, and blushing modesty
Is made the scorner's jest.

*J. Shore.* Where should I fly, thus helpless and forlorn,
Of friends, and all the means of life bereft?

*Dum.* Belmour, whose friendly care still wakes to serve you,
Has found you out a little peaceful refuge,
Far from the court and the tumultuous city.
Within an ancient forest's ample verge,
There stands a lonely, but a healthful, dwelling,
Built for convenience and the use of life:
Around it fallows, meads, and pastures fair,
A little garden, and a limpid brook,
By nature's own contrivance seem'd dispos'd.
Your virtue there may find a safe retreat
From the insulting pow'rs of wicked greatness.

*J. Shore.* Can there be so much happiness in store!
A cell like that is all my hopes aspire to.

Haste, then, and thither let us take our flight,
Ere the clouds gather, and the wint'ry sky
Descends in storms to intercept our passage.
*Dum.* Will you then go! You glad my very soul.
Banish your fears, cast all your cares on me;
Plenty and ease, and peace of mind shall wait you,
And make your latter days of life most happy.
O, lady! but I must not, cannot tell you,
How anxious I have been for all your dangers,
And how my heart rejoices at your safety.
So when the spring renews the flow'ry field,
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build,
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood;
Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow;
Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders thro' the grove no more;
Warbling she charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mother's dear delight. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT THE THIRD.

### SCENE I.

*The Court.*

*Enter* ALICIA, *with a Paper.*

*Alicia.* This paper to the great Protector's hand,
With care and secrecy, must be convey'd;
His bold ambition now avows its aim,

And marks my hated rival as the cause
Of Hastings' zeal for his dead master's sons.—
Oh, jealousy! thou bane of pleasing friendship,
How does thy rancour poison all our softness,
And turn our gentle natures into bitterness!
See where she comes! once my heart's dearest blessing,
Now my changed eyes are blasted with her beauty,
Loath that known face, and sicken to behold her.

*Enter* JANE SHORE.

*J. Shore.* Now whither shall I fly to find relief?
What charitable hand will aid me now?
Will stay my failing steps, support my ruin,
And heal my wounded mind with balmy comfort?
O, my Alicia!

*Alicia.* What new grief is this?
What unforeseen misfortune has surprised thee,
That thus racks thy tender heart?

*J. Shore.* O, Dumont!

*Alicia.* Say, what of him?

*J. Shore.* That friendly, honest man,
Whom Belmour brought of late to my assistance,
On whose kind care, whose diligence and faith,
My surest trust was built, this very morn,
Was seized on by the cruel hand of power,
Forced from my house, and borne away to prison.

*Alicia.* To prison, said you? Can you guess the cause?

*J. Shore.* Too well, I fear. His bold defence of me
Has drawn the vengeance of Lord Hastings on him.

*Alicia.* Lord Hastings! Ha!

*J. Shore.* Some fitter time must tell thee
The tale of my hard hap. Upon the present
Hang all my poor, my last remaining hopes.
Within this paper is my suit contain'd;
Here, as the princely Gloster passes forth,
I wait to give it on my humble knees,

And move him for redress.

[*She gives the Paper to* ALICIA, *who opens and seems to read it.*

*Alicia.* [*Aside.*] Now for a wile,
To sting my thoughtless rival to the heart;
To blast her fatal beauties, and divide her
For ever from my perjured Hastings' eyes!
Their fashions are the same; it cannot fail.

[*Pulling out the other Paper.*

*J. Shore.* But see, the great Protector comes this way;
Give me the paper, friend,

*Alicia.* [*Aside.*] For love and vengeance!

[*She gives her the other Paper.*

*Enter the* DUKE OF GLOSTER, SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF, CATESBY, COURTIERS, *and other* ATTENDANTS.

*J. Shore.* [*Kneeling.*] Oh, noble Gloster, turn thy gracious eye,
Incline thy pitying ear to my complaint!
A poor, undone, forsaken, helpless woman,
Intreats a little bread for charity,
To feed her wants, and save her life from perishing.

*Glo.* Arise, fair dame, and dry your wat'ry eyes.

[*Receiving the Paper, and raising her.*

Beshrew me, but 'twere pity of his heart,
That could refuse a boon to such a suitress.
Ye've got a noble friend to be your advocate;
A worthy and right gentle lord he is,
And to his trust most true. This present now
Some matters of the state detain our leisure;
Those once dispatched, we'll call for you anon,
And give your griefs redress. Go to! be comforted.

*J. Shore.* Good Heavens repay your highness for this pity,
And shower down blessings on your princely head.

[*Exeunt* JANE SHORE *and* ALICIA.

*Glo.* Now, by my holidame!
Heavy of heart she seems, and sore afflicted.
But thus it is, when rude calamity
Lays its strong gripe upon these mincing minions,
The dainty gew-gaw forms dissolve at once,
And shiver at the shock.—What says the paper?
[*Seeming to read.*
Ha! What is this? Come nearer, Ratcliff! Catesby!
Mark the contents, and then divine the meaning.
[*He reads.*

*Wonder not, princely Gloster, at the notice*
*This paper brings you from a friend unknown;*
*Lord Hastings is inclined to call you master,*
*And kneel to Richard, as to England's king;*
*But Shore's bewitching wife misleads his heart,*
*And draws his service to King Edward's sons;*
*Drive her away, you break the charm that holds him,*
*And he, and all his powers, attend on you.*

*Rat.* 'Tis wonderful!
*Cat.* The means by which it came
Yet stranger too!
*Glo.* You saw it given but now.
*Rat.* She could not know the purport.
*Glo.* No, 'tis plain——
She knows it not, it levels at her life;
Should she presume to prate of such high matters,
The meddling harlot, dear she should abide it!
*Cat.* What hand soe'er it comes from, be assured,
It means your highness well——
*Glo.* Upon the instant,
Lord Hastings will be here; this morn I mean
To prove him to the quick; then if he flinch,
No more but this—away with him at once,
He must be mine or nothing——But he comes!
Draw nearer this way, and observe me well.
[*They whisper.*

*Enter* LORD HASTINGS.

*Hast.* This foolish woman hangs about my heart,
Lingers and wanders in my fancy still;
This coyness is put on, 'tis art and cunning,
And worn to urge desire——I must possess her.
The groom, who lift his saucy hand against me,
Ere this, is humbled, and repents his daring.
Perhaps, ev'n she may profit by th' example,
And teach her beauty not to scorn my pow'r.

*Glo.* This do, and wait me ere the council sits.—
[*Exeunt* RATCLIFF *and* CATESBY.
My lord, you're well encounter'd: here has been
A fair petitioner this morning with us;
Believe me, she has won me much to pity her;
Alas! her gentle nature was not made
To buffet with adversity. I told her
How worthily her cause you had befriended;
How much for your good sake we meant to do,
That you had spoke, and all things should be well.

*Hast.* Your highness binds me ever to your service.

*Glo.* You know your friendship is most potent with us,
And shares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matters for your ear.——
The state is out of tune; distracting fears,
And jealous doubts, jar in our public councils;
Amidst the wealthy city murmurs rise,
Loud railings, and reproach on those that rule,
With open scorn of government; hence credit,
And public trust 'twixt man and man, are broke;
The golden streams of commerce are withheld,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artizans,
Who therefore curse the great, and threat rebellion.

*Hast.* The resty knaves are over-run with ease,
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction;
If in good days, like these, the headstrong herd
Grow madly wanton and repine, it is

Because the reins of power are held too slack,
And reverend authority of late
Has worn a face of mercy more than justice.
*Glo.* Beshrew my heart! but you have well divin'd
The source of these disorders. Who can wonder
If riot and misrule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown sits upon a baby brow?
Plainly to speak; hence comes the gen'ral cry,
And sum of all complaint; 'twill ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children govern.
*Hast.* 'Tis true, the king is young; but what of that?
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Gloster's valour and most princely wisdom
So well supply our infant sovereign's place,
His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.
*Glo.* The council (much I'm bound to thank them for't)
Have placed a pageant sceptre in my hand,
Barren of power, and subject to control;
Scorn'd by my foes, and useless to my friends.
O, worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,
I think I should not suffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the commonweal;
Nor would the realm be rent by discord thus,
Thus fear and doubt betwixt disputed titles.
*Hast.* Of this I am to learn; as not supposing
A doubt like this——
*Glo.* Ay, marry, but there is——
And that of much concern. Have you not heard
How, on a late occasion, Doctor Shaw
Has moved the people much about the lawfulness
Of Edward's issue? By right grave authority
Of learning and religion, plainly proving,
A bastard scion never should be grafted
Upon a royal stock; from thence, at full
Discoursing on my brother's former contract
To Lady Elizabeth Lacy, long before

His jolly match with that same buxom widow,
The queen, he left behind him——
*Hast.* Ill befall
Such meddling priests, who kindle up confusion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples!
By Heaven, 'tis done in perfect spite to peace.
Did not the king,
Our royal master, Edward, in concurrence
With his estates assembled, well determine
What course the sovereign rule should take hence-
forward?
When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,
When shall our long-divided land have rest,
If ev'ry peevish, moody malecontent
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,
Each day with some fantastic giddy change!
*Glo.* What if some patriot, for the public good,
Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the state?
*Hast.* Curse on the innovating hand attempts it!
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heav'n,
In thy great day of vengeance! Blast the traitor
And his pernicious counsels, who for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!
*Glo.* You go too far, my lord.
*Hast.* Your highness' pardon——
Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth the battles;
When, like a matron butcher'd by her sons,
Our groaning country bled at ev'ry vein;
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away distinction; peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles: low were laid
The reverend crosier, and the holy mitre,
And desolation cover'd all the land;

Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart
Whose damn'd ambition would renew those horrors,
And set once more that scene of blood before us:
*Glo.* How now! so hot!
*Hast.* So brave, and so resolv'd.
*Glo.* Is then our friendship of so little moment,
That you could arm your hand against my life?
*Hast.* I hope you highness does not think I mean it;
No, Heav'n forbid, that e'er your princely person
Should come within the scope of my resentment.
*Glo.* Oh, noble Hastings! Nay, I must embrace you; [*Embraces him.*
By holy Paul, y're a right honest man!
The time is full of danger and distrust,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
Too apt for jealousy and light surmise,
If, when I meant to lodge you next my heart,
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live, your king and country's best support:
For me, I ask no more than honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.
[*Exit* GLOSTER.
*Hast.* I am not read,
Nor skill'd and practis'd in the arts of greatness,
To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.
The Duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me
Ev'n on the tend'rest point; the master-string
That makes most harmony or discord to me.
I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
And my soul's darling passion stands confess'd;
Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself, I prize my native land:
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleasure for my country's good. [*Exit.*

## ACT THE FOURTH.

### SCENE I.

*The Court.*

*Enter* DUKE OF GLOSTER, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

*Glo.* This was the sum of all: that he would brook
No alteration in the present state.
Marry, at last, the testy gentleman
Was almost mov'd to bid us bold defiance;
But there I dropt the argument, and changing
The first design and purport of my speech,
I prais'd his good affection to young Edward,
And left him to believe my thoughts like his.
Proceed we then in the foremention'd matter,
As nothing bound or trusting to his friendship.

*Rat.* Ill does it thus befall. I could have wish'd
This lord had stood with us.
His name had been of vantage to your highness,
And stood our present purpose much in stead.

*Glo.* This wayward and perverse declining from us
Has warranted at full the friendly notice,
Which we this morn receiv'd. I hold it certain,
This puling whining harlot rules his reason,
And prompts his zeal for Edward's bastard brood.

*Cat.* If she have such dominion o'er his heart,
And turn it at her will, you rule her fate;
And should, by inference and apt deduction,
Be arbiter of his. Is not her bread,
The very means immediate to her being.
The bounty of your hand? Why does she live,
If not to yield obedience to your pleasure,
To speak, to act, to think as you command?

*Rat.* Let her instruct her tongue to bear your message;
Teach ev'ry grace to smile in your behalf,
And her deluded eyes to gloat for you;
His ductile reason will be wound about,
Be led and turn'd again, say and unsay,
Receive the yoke, and yield exact obedience.
*Glo.* Your counsel likes me well, it shall be follow'd.
She waits without, attending on her suit.
Go call her in, and leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt* RATCLIFF *and* CATESBY.
How poor a thing is he, how worthy scorn,
Who leaves the guidance of imperial manhood
To such a paltry piece of stuff as this is!
A moppet made of prettiness and pride,
That oftener does her giddy fancies change,
Than glittering dew-drops in the sun do colour—
Now, shame upon it! was our reason given
For such a use?
Sure there is something more than witchcraft in them,
That masters ev'n the wisest of us all.—

*Enter* JANE SHORE.

Oh! you are come most fitly. We have ponder'd
On this your grievance: and though some there are,
Nay, and those great ones too, who would enforce
The rigour of our power to afflict you,
And bear a heavy hand, yet fear not you:
We've ta'en you to our favour: our protection
Shall stand between, and shield you from mishap.
*J. Shore.* The blessings of a heart with anguish broken,
And rescued from despair, attend your highness.
Alas! my gracious lord, what have I done,
To kindle such relentless wrath against me?
*Glo.* Marry there are, though I believe them not
Who say you meddle in affairs of state:

That you presume to prattle, like a busy-body,
Give your advice, and teach the lords o' th' council
What fits the order of the commonweal.
*J. Shore.* Oh, that the busy world, at least in this,
Would take example from a wretch like me!
None then would waste their hours in foreign thoughts,
Forget themselves, and what concerns their peace,
To search, with prying eyes, for faults abroad,
If all, like me, consider'd their own hearts,
And wept the sorrows which they found at home.
*Glo.* Go to! I know your power; and though I trust not
To ev'ry breath of fame, I'm not to learn
That Hastings is profess'd your loving vassal.
But fair befal your beauty: use it wisely,
And it may stand your fortunes much in stead,
Give back your forfeit land with large increase,
And place you high in safety and in honour.
Nay, I could point a way, the which pursuing,
You shall not only bring yourself advantage,
But give the realm much worthy cause to thank you.
*J. Shore.* Oh! where or how—Can my unworthy hand
Become an instrument of good to any?
Instruct your lowly slave, and let me fly
To yield obedience to your dread command.
*Glo.* Why, that's well said—Thus then—Observe me well.
The state, for many high and potent reasons,
Deeming my brother Edward's sons unfit
For the imperial weight of England's crown—
*J. Shore.* Alas! for pity.
*Glo.* Therefore have resolved
To set aside their unavailing infancy,
And vest the sov'reign rule in abler hands.
This, though of great importance to the public,

Hastings, for very peevishness and spleen,
Does stubbornly oppose.
*J. Shore.* Does he? Does Hastings?
*Glo.* Ay, Hastings.
*J. Shore.* Reward him for the noble deed, just Heav'ns!
For this one action, guard him and distinguish him
With signal mercies, and with great deliverance;
Save him from wrong, adversity, and shame,
Let never-fading honours flourish round him,
And consecrate his name, ev'n to time's end!
*Glo.* How now!
*J. Shore.* The poor, forsaken, royal little ones!
Shall they be left a prey to savage power?
Can they lift up their harmless hands in vain,
Or cry to Heaven for help, and not be heard?
Impossible! Oh, gallant generous Hastings,
Go on, pursue! assert the sacred cause:
Stand forth, thou proxy of all-ruling Providence,
And save the friendless infants from oppression.
Saints shall assist thee with prevailing prayers,
And warring angels combat on thy side.
*Glo.* You're passing rich in this same heav'nly speech,
And spend it at your pleasure. Nay, but mark me!
My favour is not bought with words like these.
Go to—you'll teach your tongue another tale.
*J. Shore.* No, though the royal Edward has undone me,
He was my king, my gracious master still;
And can I—O my heart abhors the thought!—
Stand by, and see his children robb'd of right?
*Glo.* Dare not, ev'n for thy soul, to thwart me further!
None of your arts, your feigning and your foolery;
Your dainty squeamish coying it to me;
Go—to your lord, your paramour; begone!

Lisp in his ear, hang wanton on his neck,
And play your monkey gambols o'er to him.
You know my purpose, look that you pursue it,
And make him yield obedience to my will.
Do it—or woe upon thy harlot's head.

*J. Shore.* Oh, that my tongue had ev'ry grace of speech,
Great and commanding as the breath of kings,
That I had art and eloquence divine,
To pay my duty to my master's ashes,
And plead, till death, the cause of injured innocence.

*Glo.* Ha! Dost thou brave me, minion! Dost thou know
How vile, how very a wretch, my pow'r can make thee?
That I can place thee in such abject state,
As help shall never find thee; where, repining,
Thou shalt sit down, and gnaw the earth for anguish;
Groan to the pitiless winds without return;
Howl, like the midnight wolf amidst the desart,
And curse thy life, in bitterness and misery?

*J. Shore.* Let me be branded for the public scorn,
Turn'd forth and driven to wander like a vagabond,
Be friendless and forsaken, seek my bread
Upon the barren wild, and desolate waste,
Feed on my sighs, and drink my falling tears,
Ere I consent to teach my lips injustice,
Or wrong the orphan, who has none to save him.

*Glo.* 'Tis well—we'll try the temper of your heart.
What hoa! Who waits without?

*Enter* RATCLIFF *and* CATESBY.

*Rat.* Your highness' pleasure——

*Glo.* Go, some of you, and turn this strumpet forth!
Spurn her into the street; there let her perish,
And rot upon a dunghill. Through the city
See it proclaim'd, that none, on pain of death,

Presume to give her comfort, food, or harbour;
Who ministers the smallest comfort, dies.
Her house, her costly furniture and wealth,
We seize on, for the profit of the state.
Away! Be gone!

*J. Shore.* Oh, thou most righteous Judge—
Humbly behold, I bow myself to thee,
And own thy justice in this hard decree:
No longer, then, my ripe offences spare,
But what I merit, let me learn to bear.
Yet since 'tis all my wretchedness can give,
For my past crimes my forfeit life receive;
No pity for my sufferings here I crave,
And only hope forgiveness in the grave.

[*Exit* JANE SHORE, *guarded by* CATESBY.

*Glo.* So much for this. Your project's at an end.
[*To* RATCLIFF.
This idle toy, this hilding, scorns my power,
And sets us all at nought. See that a guard
Be ready at my call.—

*Rat.* The council waits
Upon your highness' leisure.—

*Glo.* Bid them enter.

*Enter the* DUKE *of* BUCKINGHAM, EARL *of* DERBY, BISHOP *of* ELY, LORD HASTINGS, *and Others, as to the Council. The* DUKE *of* GLOSTER *takes his Place at the upper End, then the rest sit.*

*Derb.* In happy times we are assembled here,
To point the day, and fix the solemn pomp,
For placing England's crown, with all due rites,
Upon our sov'reign Edward's youthful brow.

*Hast.* Some busy meddling knaves, 'tis said, there are,
As such will still be prating, who presume
To carp and cavil at his royal right;
Therefore, I hold it fitting, with the soonest,
T' appoint the order of the coronation;

So to approve our duty to the king,
And stay the babbling of such vain gainsayers.
*Derb.* We all attend to know your highness' pleasure. [*To* GLOSTER.
*Glo.* My lords, a set of worthy men you are,
Prudent and just, and careful for the state;
Therefore, to your most grave determination
I yield myself in all things; and demand
What punishment your wisdom shall think meet
T' inflict upon those damnable contrivers,
Who shall with potions, charms, and witching drugs,
Practise against our person and our life?
*Hast.* So much I hold the king your highness' debtor,
So precious are you to the commonweal,
That I presume, not only for myself,
But in behalf of these my noble brothers,
To say, whoe'er they be, they merit death.
*Glo.* Then judge yourselves, convince your eyes of truth:
Behold my arm, thus blasted, dry, and wither'd,
[*Pulling up his Sleeves.*
Shrunk, like a foul abortion, and decay'd,
Like some untimely product of the seasons,
Robb'd of its properties of strength and office.
This is the sorcery of Edward's wife,
Who, in conjunction with that harlot Shore,
And other like confed'rate midnight hags,
By force of potent spells, of bloody characters,
And conjurations horrible to hear,
Call fiends and spectres from the yawning deep,
And set the ministers of hell at work
To torture and despoil me of my life.
*Hast.* If they have done this deed—
*Glo.* If they have done it!
Talk'st thou to me of If's, audacious traitor!
Thou art that strumpet witch's chief abettor,

The patron and complotter of her mischiefs,
And join'd in this contrivance for my death.
Nay, start not, lords—What ho! a guard there, sirs!

*Enter* GUARDS.

Lord Hastings, I arrest thee of high treason.
Seize him, and bear him instantly away.
He shall not live an hour. By holy Paul,
I will not dine before his head be brought me.
Ratcliff, stay you, and see that it be done:
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.
[*Exit* GLOSTER, *and* LORDS *following.*

*Hast.* What! and no more but this—How! to the scaffold?
Oh, gentle Ratcliff! tell me, do I hold thee?
Or if I dream, what shall I do to wake,
To break, to struggle through this dread confusion?
For surely death itself is not so painful
As is this sudden horror and surprise.

*Rat.* You heard, the duke's commands to me were absolute,
Therefore, my lord, address you to your shrift
With all good speed you may. Summon your courage,
And be yourself: for you must die this instant.

*Hast.* Yes, Ratcliff, I will take thy friendly counsel,
And die as a man should: 'tis somewhat hard
To call my scatter'd spirits home at once;
But since what must be, must be—let necessity
Supply the place of time and preparation,
And arm me for the blow. 'Tis but to die,
'Tis but to venture on that common hazard,
Which many a time in battle I have run;
'Tis but to close my eyes, and shut out day-light,
To view no more the wicked ways of men,
No longer to behold the tyrant Gloster,
And be a weeping witness of the woes,

The desolation, slaughter, and calamities,
Which he shall bring on this unhappy land.

*Enter* ALICIA.

*Alicia.* Stand off, and let me pass—I will, I must,
Catch him once more in these despairing arms,
And hold him to my heart—O Hastings, Hastings!
*Hast.* Alas! why com'st thou at this dreadful moment,
To fill me with new terrors, new distractions;
To turn me wild with thy distemper'd rage,
And shock the peace of my departing soul?
Away, I pr'ythee leave me!
*Alicia.* Stop a minute
Till my full griefs find passage—Oh, the tyrant!
Perdition fall on Gloster's head and mine!
*Hast.* What means thy frantic grief?
*Alicia.* I cannot speak——
But I have murder'd thee—Oh, I could tell thee!
*Hast.* Speak, and give ease to thy conflicting passion!
Be quick, nor keep me longer in suspense.
Oh! speak, and leave me,
For I have business would employ an age,
And but a minute's time to get it done in.
*Alicia.* That, that's my grief—'tis I that urge thee on,
Thus hunt thee to the toil, sweep thee from earth,
And drive thee down this precipice of fate.
*Hast.* Thy reason is grown wild. Could thy weak hand
Bring on this mighty ruin? If it could,
What have I done so grievous to thy soul,
So deadly, so beyond the reach of pardon,
That nothing but my life can make atonement?
*Alicia.* Thy cruel scorn had stung me to the heart,
And set my burning bosom all in flames;
Raving and mad I flew to my revenge,

And writ I knew not what—told the Protector,
That Shore's detested wife, by wiles, had won thee
To plot against his greatness—he believed it,
(Oh, dire event of my pernicious counsel!)
And while I meant destruction on her head,
He has turn'd it all on thine.

*Hast.* Now mark! and tremble at Heaven's just award:
While thy insatiate wrath and fell revenge
Pursued the innocence which never wrong'd thee,
Behold, the mischief falls on thee and me:
Remorse and heaviness of heart shall wait thee,
And everlasting anguish be thy portion.
For me, the snares of death are wound about me,
And now in one poor moment I am gone.
Oh! if thou hast one tender thought remaining,
Fly to thy closet, fall upon thy knees,
And recommend my parting soul to mercy.

*Alicia.* Oh! yet, before I go for ever from thee,
Turn thee in gentleness and pity to me. [*Kneeling.*
And in compassion of my strong affliction,
Say, is it possible you can forgive
The fatal rashness of ungovern'd love?
For, oh! 'tis certain if I had not loved thee
Beyond my peace, my reason, fame, and life,
This day of horror never should have known us.

*Hast.* Oh! rise, and let me hush thy stormy sorrows. [*Raising her.*
Assuage thy tears, for I will chide no more,
No more upbraid thee, thou unhappy fair one.
I see the hand of Heav'n is arm'd against me;
And, in mysterious providence, decrees
To punish me by thy mistaken hand.
Most righteous doom! for, oh, while I behold thee,
Thy wrongs rise up in terrible array,
And charge thy ruin on me; thy fair fame,
Thy spotless beauty, innocence, and youth,
Dishonour'd, blasted, and betray'd by me.

*Alicia.* And does thy heart relent for my undoing?
Oh, that inhuman Gloster could be mov'd
But half so easily as I can pardon!
*Hast.* Here then exchange we mutually forgiveness:
So may the guilt of all my broken vows,
My perjuries to thee, be all forgotten,
As here my soul acquits thee of my death,
As here I part without one angry thought,
As here I leave thee with the softest tenderness,
Mourning the chance of our disastrous loves,
And begging Heav'n to bless and to support thee.
*Rat.* My lord, dispatch; the duke has sent to chide me,
For loit'ring in my duty——
*Hast.* I obey.
*Alicia.* Insatiate, savage monster! Is a moment
So tedious to thy malice? Oh, repay him,
Thou great Avenger! give him blood for blood
Guilt haunt him! fiends pursue him! lightnings blast him!
That he may know how terrible it is
To want that moment he denies thee now.
*Hast.* This rage is all in vain.
Retire, I beg thee;
To see thee thus, thou know'st not how it wounds me;
Thy agonies are added to my own,
And make the burden more than I can bear.
Farewell—Good angels visit thy afflictions,
And bring thee peace and comfort from above.
*Alicia.* O, stab me to the heart, some pitying hand,
Now strike me dead——
*Hast.* One thing I had forgot——
I charge thee, by our present common miseries;
By our past loves, if yet they have a name;
By all thy hopes of peace here and hereafter,
Let not the rancour of thy hate pursue
The innocence of thy unhappy friend:

Thou know'st who 'tis I mean.—O, should'st thou wrong her!
Just Heaven shall double all thy woes upon thee,
And make them know no end.—Remember this,
As the last warning of a dying man.
Farewell, for ever!

[*The* GUARDS *carry* HASTINGS *off.*

*Alicia.* For ever!——Oh, for ever!—
Oh, who can bear to be a wretch for ever!—
My rival, too! His last thoughts hung on her;
And, as he parted, left a blessing for her.
Shall she be blest, and I be curst, for ever?
No—since her fatal beauty was the cause
Of all my suff'rings, let her share my pains;
Let her, like me, of ev'ry joy forlorn,
Devote the hour when such a wretch was born;
Like me, with cries, distracted fill the air,
Tear her poor bosom, rend her frantic hair,
And prove the torments of the last despair! [*Exit.*

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## ACT THE FIFTH.

### SCENE I.

*The Street.*

*Enter* BELMOUR *and* DUMONT.

*Dum.* You saw her then?
*Bel.* I met her, as returning,
In solemn penance, from the public cross;
Before her, certain rascal officers,

Slaves in authority, the knaves of justice,
Proclaim'd the tyrant Gloster's cruel orders.
Around her, numberless, the rabble flow'd,
Should'ring each other, crowding for a view,
Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling;
Some pitying—but those, alas! how few!—
The most, such iron hearts we are, and such
The base barbarity of human kind,
With insolence and lewd reproach pursued her,
Hooting and railing, and with villainous hands
Gathering the filth from out the common ways,
To hurl upon her head!

*Dum.* Inhuman dogs!—
How did she bear it?

*Bel.* With the gentlest patience;
Submissive, sad, and lowly was her look;
A burning taper in her hand she bore,
And on her shoulders carelessly confus'd,
With loose neglect, her lovely tresses hung;
Upon her cheek a faintish flush was spread.
Yet silent still she pass'd and unrepining;
Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,
Except when in some bitter pang of sorrow,
To Heav'n she seem'd in fervent zeal to raise,
And beg that mercy man deny'd her here.

*Dum.* When was this piteous sight?

*Bel.* These last two days.
You know my care was wholly bent on you,
To find the happy means of your deliverance,
Which but for Hastings' death I had not gain'd.
During that time, although I have not seen her,
Yet divers trusty messengers I've sent,
To wait about, and watch a fit convenience
To give her some relief, but all in vain;
A churlish guard attends upon her steps,
Who menace those with death that bring her comfort,
And drive all succour from her.

*Dum.* Let them threaten;

Let proud oppression prove its fiercest malice;
So Heav'n befriend my soul, as here I vow
To give her help, and share one fortune with her.
*Bel.* Mean you to see her, thus, in your own form?
*Dum.* I do.
*Bel.* And have you thought upon the consequence?
*Dum.* What is there I should fear?
*Bel.* Have you examined
Into your inmost heart, and try'd at leisure
The sev'ral secret springs that move the passions?
Has mercy fix'd her empire there so sure,
That wrath and vengeance never may return?
Can you resume a husband's name, and bid
That wakeful dragon, fierce resentment, sleep?
*Dum.* O thou has set my busy brain at work,
And now she musters up a train of images,
Which to preserve my peace, I had cast aside,
And sunk in deep oblivion—Oh, that form!
That angel face on which my dotage hung!
How I have gazed upon her, till my soul
With very eagerness went forth towards her,
And issued at my eyes—Was there a gem,
Which the sun ripens in the Indian mine,
Or the rich bosom of the ocean yields;
What was there art could make, or wealth could buy,
Which I have left unsought to deck her beauty?
What could her king do more?—And yet she fled.
*Bel.* Away with that sad fancy——
*Dum.* Oh, that day!
The thought of it must live for ever with me.
I met her, Belmour, when the royal spoiler
Bore her in triumph from my widow'd home!
Within his chariot, by his side she sat,
And listen'd to his talk with downward looks,
Till sudden as she chanced aside to glance,
Her eyes encounter'd mine—Oh! then, my friend!
Oh! who can paint my grief and her amazement!

As at the stroke of death, twice turn'd she pale;
And twice a burning crimson blush'd all o'er her:
Then, with a shriek, heart-wounding, loud she cried,
While down her cheeks two gushing torrents ran
Fast falling on her hands, which thus she wrung——
Moved at her grief, the tyrant ravisher,
With courteous action, woo'd her oft to turn;
Earnest he seem'd to plead, but all in vain;
Ev'n to the last she bent her sight towards me,
And follow'd me——till I had lost myself.

*Bel.* Alas, for pity! Oh! those speaking tears!
Could they be false? did she not suffer with you?
For though the king by force possess'd her person,
Her unconsenting heart dwelt still with you;
If all her former woes were not enough,
Look on her now; behold her where she wanders,
Hunted to death, distress'd on ev'ry side,
With no one hand to help; and tell me then,
If ever misery were known like her's?

*Dum.* And can she bear it? Can that delicate frame
Endure the beating of a storm so rude?
When she was mine, no care came ever nigh her;
I thought the gentlest breeze, that wakes the spring,
Too rough to breathe upon her; cheerfulness
Danced all the day before her, and at night
Soft slumbers waited on her downy pillow—
Now sad and shelterless, perhaps, she lies,
Where piercing winds blow sharp, and the chill rain
Drops from some pent-house on her wretched head.
It is too much——Hence with her past offences,
They are atoned at full——Why stay we then?
Oh! let us haste, my friend, and find her out.

*Bel.* Somewhere about this quarter of the town,
I hear the poor abandon'd creature lingers:
Her guard, though set with strictest watch to keep
All food and friendship from her, yet permit her
To wander in the streets, there chuse her bed,
And rest her head on what cold stone she pleases.

*Dum.* Here let us then divide; each in his round
To search her sorrows out; whose hap it is
First to behold her, this way let him lead
Her fainting steps, and meet we here together.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*A Street.*

*Enter* JANE SHORE, *her Hair hanging loose on her Shoulders, and barefooted.*

*J. Shore.* Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, O, my soul!
For are not thy transgressions great and numberless?
Do they not cover thee like rising floods,
And press thee like a weight of waters down?
Wait then with patience, till the circling hours
Shall bring the time of thy appointed rest,
And lay thee down in death.
And hark, methinks the roar, that late pursued me,
Sinks like the murmurs of a falling wind,
And softens into silence. Does revenge
And malice then grow weary, and forsake me?
My guard, too, that observed me still so close,
Tire in the task of their inhuman office,
And loiter far behind. Alas! I faint,
My spirits fail at once—This is the door
Of my Alicia——Blessed opportunity!
I'll steal a little succour from her goodness,
Now while no eye observes me.
[*She knocks at the Door.*

*Enter a* SERVANT.

Is your lady,
My gentle friend, at home? Oh! bring me to her.
[*Going in.*

*Serv.* Hold, mistress, whither would you?

*J. Shore.* Do you not know me?

*Serv.* I know you well, and know my orders, too:
You must not enter here.

*J. Shore.* Tell my Alicia,
'Tis I would see her.

*Serv.* She is ill at ease,
And will admit no visitor.

*J. Shore.* But tell her,
'Tis I, her friend, the partner of her heart,
Wait at the door and beg—

*Serv.* 'Tis all in vain,—
Go hence, and howl to those that will regard you.
[*Shuts the Door, and exit.*

*J. Shore.* It was not always thus; the time has been,
When this unfriendly door, that bars my passage,
Flew wide, and almost leap'd from off its hinges,
To give me entrance here;
When my approach has made a little holiday,
And every face was dress'd in smiles to meet me:
But now 'tis otherwise; and those, who bless'd me,
Now curse me to my face. Why should I wander,
Stray further on, for I can die ev'n here!
[*She sits down at the Door.*

*Enter* ALICIA *in Disorder.*

*Alicia.* What wretch art thou, whose misery and baseness
Hangs on my door; whose hateful whine of woe
Breaks in upon my sorrows, and distracts
My jarring senses with thy beggar's cry?

*J. Shore.* A very beggar, and a wretch indeed;

*Serv.* 'Tis all in vain,—
Go hence, and howl to those that will regard you.
[*Shuts the Door, and exit.*

*J. Shore.* It was not always thus; the time has been,
When this unfriendly door, that bars my passage,
Flew wide, and almost leap'd from off its hinges,
To give me entrance here;
When my approaches made a little holiday,
And every face was dress'd in smiles to meet me:
But now 'tis otherwise; and those, who bless'd me,
Now curse me to my face. Why should I wander,
Stray further on, for I can die ev'n here!
[*She sits down at the Door.*

*Enter* ALICIA *in Disorder; Two* SERVANTS *following.*

*Alicia.* What wretch art thou, whose misery and baseness
Hangs on my door; whose hateful whine of woe
Breaks in upon my sorrows, and distracts
My jarring senses with thy beggar's cry?

*J. Shore.* A very beggar, and a wretch indeed;
One driv'n by strong calamity to seek
For succours here; one perishing for want,
Whose hunger has not tasted food these three days;
And humbly asks, for charity's dear sake,
A draught of water and a little bread.

*Alicia.* And dost thou come to me, to me for bread?
I know thee not—Go—hunt for it abroad,
Where wanton hands upon the earth have scatter'd it,
Or cast it on the waters—Mark the eagle,
And hungry vulture, where they wind the prey;
Watch where the ravens of the valley feed,
And seek thy food with them—I know thee not.

*J. Shore.* And yet there was a time, when my Alicia
Has thought unhappy Shore her dearest blessing,

And mourn'd the live-long day she pass'd without me;
When pair'd like turtles, we were still together;
When often as we prattled arm in arm,
Inclining fondly to me she has sworn,
She lov'd me more than all the world besides.

*Alicia.* Ha! say'st thou! Let me look upon thee well—
'Tis true—I know thee now—A mischief on thee!
Thou art that fatal fair, that cursed she,
That set my brain a madding. Thou hast robb'd me;
Thou hast undone me—Murder! Oh, my Hastings!
See his pale bloody head shoots glaring by me!
Give me him back again, thou soft deluder,
Thou beauteous witch.

*J. Shore.* Alas! I never wrong'd you——

*Alicia.* Avaunt! and come not near me—

*J. Shore.* To thy hand
I trusted all; gave my whole store to thee,
Nor do I ask it back; allow me but
The smallest pittance, give me but to eat,
Lest I fall down and perish here before thee.

*Alicia.* Nay! tell not me! Where is thy King, thy Edward,
And all the smiling, cringing train of courtiers,
That bent the knee before thee?

*J. Shore.* Oh! for mercy!

*Alicia.* Mercy! I know it not—for I am miserable.
I'll give thee misery, for here she dwells.
This is her house, where the sun never dawns,
The bird of night sits screaming o'er the roof,
Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,
And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings.
Hark! something cracks above! it shakes, it totters!
And see, the nodding ruin falls to crush me!
'Tis fall'n, 'tis here! I felt it on my brain!
Why shouldst thou be a wretch? Stab, tear thy heart,
And rid thyself of this detested being;

Look up, thou poor afflicted one! thou mourner,
Whom none has comforted! Where are thy friends,
The dear companions of thy joyful days,
Whose hearts thy warm prosperity made glad,
Whose arms were taught to grow like ivy round thee,
And bind thee to their bosoms?—Thus with thee,
Thus let us live, and let us die, they said.
Now where are they?

*J. Shore.* Ah, Belmour! where indeed? They stand aloof,
And view my desolation from afar;
And yet thy goodness turns aside to pity me.
Alas! there may be danger; get thee gone!
Let me not pull a ruin on thy head.
Leave me to die alone, for I am fall'n
Never to rise, and all relief is vain.

*Bel.* Yet raise thy drooping head; for I am come
To chase away despair. Behold! where yonder
That honest man, that faithful, brave Dumont,
Is hasting to thy aid——

*J. Shore.* Dumont! Ha! where?
[*Raising herself, and looking about.*
Then heav'n has heard my pray'r; his very name
Renews the spring of life, and cheers my soul.
Has he then 'scaped the snare?

*Bel.* He has; but see——
He comes unlike to that Dumont you knew,
For now he wears your better angel's form,
And comes to visit you with peace and pardon.

*Enter* SHORE.

*J. Shore.* Speak, tell me! Which is he? And, oh! what would
That dreadful vision! See, it comes upon me——
It is my husband——Ah! [*She swoons.*

*Shore.* She faints! support her!

*Bel.* Her weakness could not bear the strong surprise.

But see, she stirs! And the returning blood
Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
Upon her ashy cheek——
*Shore.* So—gently raise her— [*Raising her up.*
*J. Shore.* Ha! what art thou? Belmour!
*Bel.* How fare you, lady?
*J. Shore.* My heart is thrill'd with horror.
*Bel.* Be of courage—
Your husband lives! 'tis he, my worthiest friend—
*J. Shore.* Still art thou there!—Still dost thou hover round me!
Oh, save me, Belmour, from his angry shade!
*Bel.* 'Tis he himself—he lives! look up—
*J. Shore.* I dare not!
Oh! that my eyes could shut him out for ever—
*Shore.* Am I so hateful, then, so deadly to thee,
To blast thy eyes with horror? Since I'm grown
A burden to the world, myself, and thee,
Would I had ne'er survived to see thee more!
*J. Shore.* Oh! thou most injured—dost thou live indeed!
Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head!
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns;
Cast thy black veil upon my shame, O night!
And shield me with thy sable wing for ever.
*Shore.* Why dost thou turn away?—Why tremble thus?
Why thus indulge thy fears, and in despair,
Abandon thy distracted soul to horror?
Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee,
And let 'em never vex thy quiet more.
My arms, my heart, are open to receive thee,
To bring thee back to thy forsaken home,
With tender joy, with fond forgiving love.
Let us haste,
Now while occasion seems to smile upon us,
Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter.
*J. Shore* What shall I say to you? But I obey—

*Shore.* Lean on my arm—
*J. Shore.* Alas! I'm wondrous faint:
But that's not strange, I have not eat these three days.
*Shore.* Oh, merciless!
*J. Shore.* O! I am sick at heart!
*Shore.* Thou murd'rous sorrow!
Wilt thou still drink her blood, pursue her still?
Must she then die! Oh, my poor penitent!
Speak peace to my sad heart!—She hears me not;
Grief masters every sense—

*Enter* CATESBY, *with a* GUARD;

*Cat.* Seize on them both, as traitors to the state—
*Bel.* What means this violence?
[GUARDS *lay hold on* SHORE *and* BELMOUR.
*Cat.* Have we not found you,
In scorn of the Protector's strict command,
Assisting this base woman, and abetting
Her infamy?
*Shore.* Infamy on thy head!
Thou tool of power, thou pander to authority!
I tell thee, knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous,
And she that bore thee was an Ethiop to her.
*Cat.* You'll answer this at full—Away with them.
*Shore.* Is charity grown treason to your court?
What honest man would live beneath such rulers?
I am content that we should die together——
*Cat.* Convey the men to prison; but for her,
Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may.
*J. Shore.* I will not part with him—for me!—for me!
Oh! must he die for me!
[*Following him as he is carried off—She faints.*
*Shore.* Inhuman villains!
[*Breaks from the Guards.*
Stand off! The agonies of death are on her——
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.

*J. Shore.* Oh! let him go, ye ministers of terror,
He shall offend no more, for I will die,
And yield obedience to your cruel master.
Tarry a little, but a little longer,
And take my last breath with you.

*Shore.* Oh, my love!
Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me,
With such an earnest, such a piteous look,
As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning
Thou could'st not speak?——

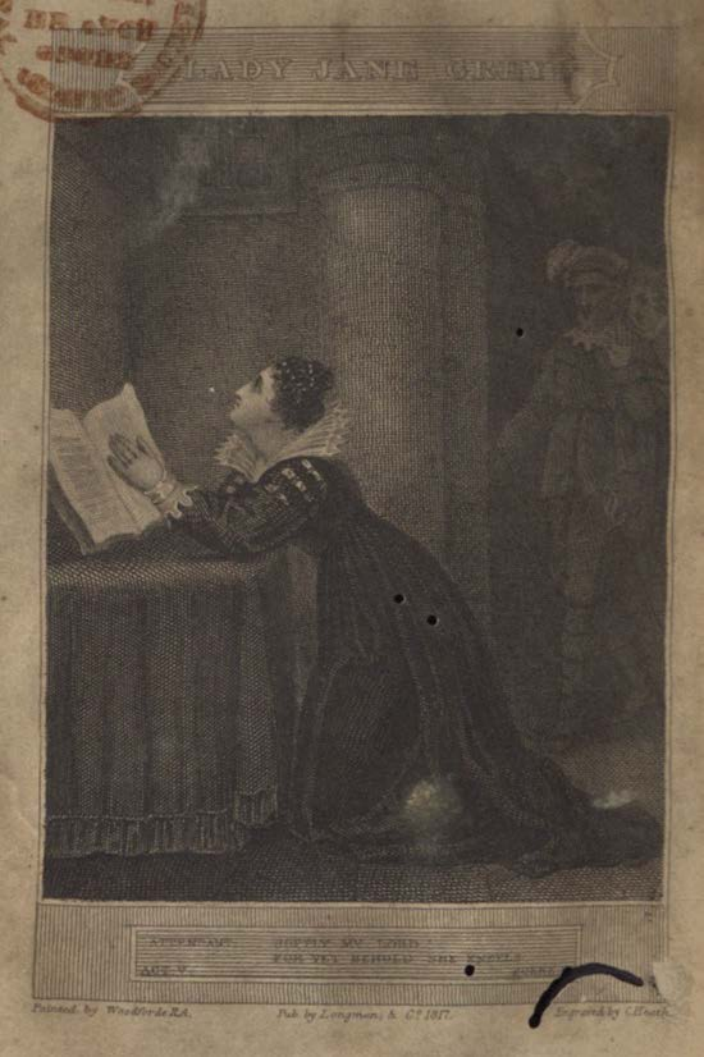
*J. Shore.* Forgive me!——but forgive me!

*Shore.* Be witness for me, ye celestial host,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heaven to shew thee,
May such befal me at my latest hour,
And make my portion bless'd or cursed for ever!

*J. Shore.* Then all is well, and I shall sleep in peace—
Was there not something I would have bequeath'd you?
But I have nothing left me to bestow,
Nothing but one sad sigh. Oh! mercy, Heav'n!
[*Dies.*

*Bel.* There fled the soul,
And left her load of misery behind. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.


LADY JANE GREY
AFTER ACT V. SCENE V.
HASTE MY LORD
FOR YET BEHOLD THE DEVIL
Painted by Westhorpe R.A.
Pub by Longman & Co 1817.
Engraved by Elliott.

# LADY JANE GREY;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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LONDON:

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24, Nelson-Square, Great Surrey-Street.

# REMARKS.

The heroine of this drama possessed every grace of person, every adornment of mind, the attraction of youth, and the dignity of royalty.—She was hurled from a throne to mount upon a scaffold; and this lamentable story is here told by one of our most pathetic dramatists; and yet neither reader nor auditor ever sheds a tear for the unhappy fate of Lady Jane Grey!

All surprise will cease, that this illustrious female wants power to move the passions, when it is recollected, that she had no passions of her own with which to affect those of mankind.

The very virtues of Lady Jane seal up the heart against pity. Perfection must be admired, not undervalued by compassion.

Could the dramatic author have descended to paint Jane's childish years, before every tender sensation had been hardened by parental cruelty, and ere patient fortitude had elevated her above her sex's weakness, he then might have made his readers share in her sorrows; for at that early age she was alive to them herself.

The famous Roger Ascham, who was tutor to the Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth, relates—that going to the Duke of Suffolk's country seat in Lei-

cestershire, he found the Duke and Duchess, with all their household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, hunting in the park, whilst this, their blooming daughter Jane was shut up in her own chamber, reading "Phædo Platonis," in Greek: and that a conversation upon her love of books and retirement, drew from her the following words:—

"When I am in the presence of either my father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go; eat, drink, be merry or sad; be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name, for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell; and fall a weeping when I am called from my studies, because whatsoever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me."

All this rigour was, no doubt, employed, to form her mind, and fashion her manners, to dignify a throne, which Suffolk and his Duchess had long formed the design to obtain for her. But in all those infantine griefs which the poor Lady Jane, from their ambition, experienced, Providence was, in mercy, fortifying her with strength to relinquish, not to enjoy, a crown; and was preparing her to die with firm-

ness as an usurper, instead of reigning with glory as a lawful sovereign.

Awed by her domestic tyrants, she accepted the title of a queen; and, weary of the slavery exacted by these her subjects, unmoved and undaunted, laid down her regal honours and her forfeited life.

The extreme youth of Lady Jane at the time of her death, her sober propensities, her erudition and philosophic mind, render her one of the most curious women in all history, though not the most interesting. In the similar catastrophe of Mary Queen of Scots, her failings, abating her supposed crimes, endear her to erroneous creatures like herself, and they weep for the misfortunes attending indiscretion, because they are ills which may probably fall upon themselves. But whilst it is scarcely possible to be heroical like Lady Jane, her calm contempt for either living or dying, places her above sympathy; and though she must ever be honoured, she will never be tenderly bewailed.

Rowe, who melted every heart at the sufferings of the low-born and guilty Shore, has not here even touched the strings of commisseration, notwithstanding he has softened the real character of Lady Jane, in hopes of producing that effect.

The approvers, for there can be few admirers, of this Tragedy, prefer the scenes between Guilford and Pembroke, Gardiner's description of the illustrious prisoner on her trial, and her execution scene, to the

rest. They also prefer the part of Pembroke to that of Guilford.

In comparing one scene and one character with another in this Tragedy, some will, of course, have superiority; but the whole drama, when opposed to any one of the author's present acting plays—sinks into a decided inferiority.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND | *Mr. Hull.* |
| DUKE OF SUFFOLK | *Mr. Powell.* |
| LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY | *Mr. Holman.* |
| EARL OF PEMBROKE | *Mr. Farren.* |
| EARL OF SUSSEX | *Mr. Thompson.* |
| GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester | *Mr. Harley.* |
| SIR JOHN GATES | *Mr. Davies.* |
| LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER | *Mr. Evatt.* |
| DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK | *Mrs. Rock.* |
| LADY JANE GREY | *Mrs. Merry.* |

LORDS *of the* COUNCIL, GENTLEMEN, GUARDS, *and* ATTENDANTS.

*SCENE,—London.*

# LADY JANE GREY.

## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.

*The Court.*

*Enter the* DUKE *of* NORTHUMBERLAND, DUKE *of* SUFFOLK, *and* SIR JOHN GATES.

*North.* 'Tis all in vain; heaven has requir'd its pledge,
And he must die.

*Suff.* Is there an honest heart,
That loves our England, does not mourn for Edward?
The genius of our isle is shook with sorrow,
He bows his venerable head with pain,
And labours with the sickness of his lord.
Religion melts in every holy eye;
All comfortless, afflicted, and forlorn,
She sits on earth, and weeps upon her cross,
Weary of man, and his detested ways!
Ev'n now she seems to meditate her flight,
And waft her angels to the thrones above.

*North.* Ay, there, my lord, you touch our heaviest loss.

With him our holy faith is doom'd to suffer;
With him our church shall veil her sacred front,
The toil of saints, and price of martyrs' blood,
Shall sail with Edward, and again old Rome
Shall spread her banners; and her monkish host,
Pride, ignorance, and rapine, shall return;
Blind bloody zeal, and cruel priestly power,
Shall scourge the land for ten dark ages more.

*Sir J. G.* Is there no help in all the healing art,
No potent juice or drug to save a life
So precious, and prevent a nation's fate?

*North.* What has been left untry'd that art could do?
The hoary wrinkled Leech has watch'd and toil'd,
Try'd ev'ry health-restoring herb and gum,
And weary'd out his painful skill in vain.
Some secret venom preys upon his heart.

*Sir J. G.* Doubt not, your graces, but the popish faction
Will at this juncture urge their utmost force.
All on the princess Mary turn their eyes,
Well hoping she shall build again their altars,
And bring their idol-worship back in triumph.

*North.* Good heav'n, ordain some better fate for England!

*Suff.* What better can we hope, if she should reign?
I know her well, a blinded zealot is she,
A gloomy nature, sullen and severe.
Nurtur'd by proud presuming Romish priests,
Taught to believe they only cannot err,
Because they cannot err; bred up in scorn
Of reason, and the whole lay world instructed
To hate whoe'er dissent from what they teach;
To purge the world from heresy by blood,
To massacre a nation, and believe it
An act, well pleasing to the Lord of Mercy:
These are thy gods, O Rome, and this thy faith!

*North.* And shall we tamely yield ourselves to bondage?
Bow down before these holy purple tyrants,
And bid them tread upon our slavish necks?
No; let this faithful free-born English hand
First dig my grave in liberty and honour;
And though I found but one more thus resolv'd,
That honest man and I would die together.

*Suff.* Doubt not, there are ten thousand and ten thousand,
To own a cause so just.

*Sir J. G.* The list, I gave
Into your grace's hand last night, declares
My power and friends at full.

[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.

*North.* Be it your care,
Good Sir John Gates, to see your friends appointed
And ready for the occasion. Haste this instant,
Lose not a moment's time.

*Sir J. G.* I go, my lord. [*Exit* SIR JOHN GATES.

*North.* Your grace's princely daughter, Lady Jane,
Is she yet come to court?

*Suff.* Not yet arriv'd,
But with the soonest I expect her here.
I know her duty to the dying king,
Join'd with my strict commands to hasten hither,
Will bring her on the wing.

*North.* 'Beseech your grace,
To speed another messenger to press her;
For on her happy presence all our counsels
Depend, and take their fate.

*Suff.* Upon the instant
Your grace shall be obey'd. I go to summon her.

[*Exit* SUFFOLK.

*North.* What trivial influences hold dominion
O'er wise men's counsels, and the fate of empire!
The greatest schemes that human wit can forge,
Or bold ambition dares to put in practice,

Depend upon our husbanding a moment,
And the light lasting of a woman's will;
She must be here, and lodg'd in Guilford's arms,
Ere Edward dies, or all we've done is marr'd.
Ha! Pembroke! that's a bar which thwarts my way!
His fiery temper brooks not opposition,
And must be met with soft and supple arts,
Such as assuage the fierce, and bend the strong

*Enter the* EARL *of* PEMBROKE.

Good-morrow, noble Pembroke: we have staid
The meeting of the council for your presence.

*Pem.* For mine, my lord! you mock your servant sure,
To say that I am wanted, where yourself,
The great Alcides of our state, is present.
Whatever dangers menace prince or people,
Our great Northumberland is arm'd to meet them:
The ablest head, and firmest heart you bear,
Nor need a second in the glorious task;
Equal yourself to all the toils of empire.

*North.* No; as I honour virtue, I have try'd,
And know my strength too well! nor can the voice
Of friendly flattery, like yours, deceive me.
I know my temper liable to passions,
And all the frailties common to our nature;
Much therefore have I need of some good man,
Some wise and honest heart, whose friendly aid
Might guide my treading thro' our present dangers;
And, by the honour of my name I swear
I know not one of all our English peers,
Whom I would choose for that best friend, like Pembroke.

*Pem.* What shall I answer to a trust so noble;
This prodigality of praise and honour?
Were not your grace too generous of soul,
To speak a language differing from your heart,
How might I think you could not mean this goodness

To one, whom his ill-fortune has ordain'd
The rival of your son.
*North.* No more; I scorn a thought
So much below the dignity of virtue.
'Tis true, I look on Guilford like a father,
Lean to his side, and see but half his failings:
But, on a point like this, when equal merit
Stands forth to make its bold appeal to honour,
And calls to have the balance held in justice;
Away with all the fondness of nature!
I judge of Pembroke and my son alike.
*Pem.* I ask no more to bind me to your service.
*North.* The realm is now at hazard, and bold factions
Threaten change, tumult, and disastrous days.
These fears drive out the gentler thoughts of joy,
Of courtship, and of love. Grant, heav'n, the state
To fix in peace and safety once again;
Then speak your passion to the princely maid,
And fair success attend you. For myself
My voice shall go as far for you, my lord,
As for my son, and beauty be the umpire.
But now a heavier matter calls upon us;
The king with life just lab'ring; and I fear,
The council grow impatient at our stay.
*Pem.* One moment's pause, and I attend your grace.
[*Exit* NORTHUMBERLAND.
Old Winchester cries to me oft, Beware
Of proud Northumberland. The testy prelate,
Froward with age, with disappointed hopes,
And zealous for old Rome, rails on the duke,
Suspecting him to favour the new teachers:
Yet ev'n in that, if I judge right, he errs.
But were it so, what are these monkish quarrels,
These wordy wars of proud ill-manner'd schoolmen,
To us and our lay interest? Let them rail
And worry one another at their pleasure.
This duke, of late, by many worthy offices,

Has sought my friendship. And yet more, his son,
The noblest youth our England has to boast of,
Has made me long the partner of his breast.

*Enter* LORD GUILFORD.

Oh, Guilford! just as thou wert ent'ring here,
My thought was running all thy virtues over,
And wond'ring how thy soul could choose a partner
So much unlike itself.

*Guil.* How could my tongue
Take pleasure and be lavish in thy praise!
Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,
In whom, next heav'n, I trust.

*Pem.* Oh, generous youth;
What can a heart, stubborn and fierce, like mine,
Return to all thy sweetness?——Yet I would,
I would be grateful.——Oh, my cruel fortune!
'Would I had never seen her, never cast
Mine eyes on Suffolk's daughter!

*Guil.* So would I!
Since 'twas my fate to see and love her first.
But tell me, Pembroke, is it not in virtue
To arm against this proud imperious passion?
Does holy friendship dwell so near to envy,
She could not bear to see another happy,
If blind mistaken chance, and partial beauty
Should join to favour Guilford?

*Pem.* Name it not;
My fiery spirits kindle at the thought,
And hurry me to rage.

*Guil.* And yet I think
I should not murmur, were thy lot to prosper,
And mine to be refus'd. Though sure, the loss
Would wound me to the heart.

*Pem.* Ha! Couldst thou bear it?
And yet perhaps thou might'st; thy gentle temper
Is form'd with passions mix'd with due proportion,

Where no one overbears nor plays the tyrant,
While mine, disdaining reason and her laws,
Like all thou canst imagine wild and furious,
Now drive me headlong on, now whirl me back,
And hurl my unstable flitting soul
To ev'ry mad extreme.

*Enter* SIR JOHN GATES.

*Sir J. G.* The Lords of council
Wait with impatience——

*Pem.* I attend their pleasure.
This only, and no more then. Whatsoever
Fortune decrees, still let us call to mind
Our friendship and our honour. And since love
Condemns us to be rivals for one prize,
Let us contend, as friends and brave men ought,
With openness and justice to each other;
That he, who wins the fair one to his arms,
May take her as the crown of great desert,
And if the wretched loser does repine,
His own heart and the world may all condemn him.
[*Exit* PEMBROKE.

*Guil.* Where is that piercing foresight can unfold
Where all this mazy error will have end,
And tell the doom reserv'd for me and Pembroke?
And see, the mistress of our fate appears!

*Enter* LADY JANE GREY *and* ATTENDANTS.

Hail, princely maid! who with auspicious beauty
Cheer'st ev'ry drooping heart in this sad place;
Who, like the silver regent of the night,
Lift'st up thy sacred beams upon the land,
To bid the gloom look gay, dispel our horrors,
And make us less lament the setting sun.

*Lady J. G.* Yes, Guilford; well dost thou compare my presence
To the faint comfort of the waning moon:

Like her cold orb, a cheerless gleam I bring:
Silence and heaviness of heart, with dews
To dress the face of nature all in tears.
But say, how fares the king?
*Guil.* He lives as yet;
But ev'ry moment cuts away a hope,
Adds to our fears, and gives the infant saint
Great prospect of his op'ning heaven.
*Lady J. G.* Descend ye choirs of angels to receive him,
Tune your melodious harps to some high strain,
And waft him upwards with a song of triumph;
A purer soul, and one more like yourselves,
Ne'er entered at the golden gates of bliss.
Oh, Guilford! What remains for wretched England,
When he, our guardian angel, shall forsake us?
For whose dear sake heav'n spar'd a guilty land,
And scatter'd not its plagues while Edward reign'd.
*Guil.* I own my heart bleeds inward at the thought,
And rising horrors crowd the op'ning scene.
And yet, forgive me, thou, my native country,
Thou land of liberty, thou nurse of heroes,
Forgive me, if, in spite of all thy dangers,
New springs of pleasure flow within my bosom,
When thus 'tis giv'n me to behold those eyes
Thus gaze and wonder, how excelling nature
Can give each day new patterns of her skill,
And yet at once surpass them.
*Lady J. G.* Oh, vain flattery!
Harsh and ill-sounding ever to my ear;
But on a day like this, the raven's note
Strikes on my sense more sweetly. But, no more,
I charge thee touch the ungrateful theme no more
Lead me, to pay my duty to the king,
To wet his pale cold hand with these last tears,
And share the blessings of his parting breath.
*Guild.* Were I like dying Edward, sure a touch
Of this dear hand would kindle life anew.

But I obey, I dread that gath'ring frown;
And, oh, whene'er my bosom swells with passion,
And my full heart is pain'd with ardent love,
Allow me but to look on you, and sigh;
'Tis all the humble joy that Guilford asks.

*Lady J. G.* Still wilt thou frame thy speech to this vain purpose,
When the wan king of terrors stalks before us,
When universal ruin gathers round,
And no escape is left us? Are we not
Like wretches in a storm, whom ev'ry moment
The greedy deep is gaping to devour?
Around us see the pale despairing crew
Wring their sad hands, and give their labour o'er;
The hope of life has ev'ry heart forsook,
And horror sits on each distracted look;
One solemn thought of death does all employ,
And cancels, like a dream, delight and joy,
One sorrow streams from all their weeping eyes,
And one consenting voice, for mercy cries;
Trembling, they dread just heaven's avenging power.
Mourn their past lives, and wait the fatal hour.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.

*The Court.*

*Enter the* DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND *and the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

*North.* Yet then be cheer'd, my heart, amidst thy mourning.
Though fate hang heavy o'er us, tho' pale fear
And wild distraction sit on ev'ry face;
Though never day of grief was known like this,
Let me rejoice, and bless the hallowed light,
Whose beams auspicious shine upon our union,
And bid me call the noble Suffolk brother.

*Suff.* I know not what my secret soul presages,
But something seems to whisper me within,
That we have been too hasty. For myself,
I wish this matter had been yet delay'd;
That we had waited some more blessed time,
Some better day, with happier omens hallowed,
For love to kindle up his holy flame.
But you, my noble brother, would prevail,
And I have yielded to you.

*North.* Doubt not any thing;
Nor hold the hour unlucky, that good heaven,
Who softens the corrections of his hand,
And mixes still a comfort with afflictions,

Has given to-day a blessing in our children,
To wipe away our tears for dying Edward.
*Suff.* In that I trust. Good angels be our guard,
And make my fears prove vain. But see! My wife!
With her, your son, the generous Guilford comes;
She has inform'd him of our present purpose.

*Enter the* DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK *and* LORD GUILFORD.

*Lord G.* How shall I speak the fulness of my heart?
What shall I say to bless you for this goodness?
Oh, gracious princess! But my life is yours,
And all the business of my years to come,
Is, to attend with humblest duty on you,
And pay my vow'd obedience at your feet.
*Duchess S.* Yes, noble youth, I share in all thy joys,
In all the joys, which this sad day can give.
The dear delight I have to call thee son,
Comes like a cordial to my drooping spirits;
It broods with gentle warmth upon my bosom,
And melts that frost of death which hung about me.
But haste! Inform my daughter of our pleasure:
Let thy tongue put on all her pleasing eloquence.
Instruct thy love to speak of comfort to her,
To soothe her griefs, and cheer the mourning maid.
*North.* All desolate and drown'd in flowing tears,
By Edward's bed the pious princess sits;
Fast from her lifted eyes the pearly drops
Fall trickling o'er her cheek, while holy ardour
And fervent zeal pour forth her lab'ring soul;
And ev'ry sigh is wing'd with pray'rs so potent,
As strive with heav'n to save her dying lord.
*Duchess S.* From the first early days of infant life,

A gentle band of friendship grew betwixt them;
And while our royal uncle Henry reign'd,
As brother and as sister bred together,
Beneath one common parent's care they liv'd.
*North.* A wondrous sympathy of souls conspir'd
To form the sacred union. Lady Jane
Of all his royal blood was still the dearest;
In ev'ry innocent delight they shar'd,
They sung, and danc'd, and sat, and walk'd together;
Nay, in the graver business of his youth,
When books and learning call'd him from his sports,
Ev'n there the princely maid was his companion.
She left the shining court to share his toil,
To turn with him the grave historian's page
And taste the rapture of the poet's song;
To search the Latin and the Grecian stores,
And wonder at the mighty minds of old.

*Enter* LADY JANE GREY, *weeping.*

*Lady J. G.* Wilt thou not break, my heart!——
*Suff.* Alas! What mean'st thou?
*Guil.* Oh! speak!
*Duchess S.* How fares the king?
*North.* Say, is he dead?
*Lady J. G.* The saints and angels have him.
*Duchess S.* When I left him,
He seem'd a little cheer'd, just as you enter'd——
*Lady J. G.* As I approach'd to kneel and pay my duty,
He rais'd his feeble eyes, and faintly smiling,
Are you then come? he cry'd: I only liv'd,
To bid farewell to thee, my gentle cousin;
To speak a few short words to thee, and die.
With that he press'd my hand, and oh!—he said,
When I am gone, do thou be good to England,
Keep to that faith in which we both were bred,
And to the end be constant. More I would,

But cannot—There his fault'ring spirits fail'd,
And turning ev'ry thought from earth at once
To that best place where all his hopes were fix'd,
Earnest he pray'd;——Merciful, great Defender!
Preserve thy holy altars undefil'd,
Protect this land from bloody men and idols,
Save my poor people from the yoke of Rome,
And take thy painful servant to thy mercy.
Then sinking on his pillow, with a sigh,
He breath'd his innocent and faithful soul
Into His hands who gave it.

*Guil.* Crowns of glory,
Such as the brightest angels wear, be on him:
Peace guard his ashes here, and paradise,
With all its endless bliss be open to him.

*North.* Our grief be on his grave. Our present duty
Enjoins to see his last commands obey'd.
I hold it fit his death be not made known
To any but our friends. To-morrow early
The council shall assemble at the Tower.
Meanwhile, I beg your grace would strait inform
[*To the* DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK.
Your princely daughter of our resolution;
Our common interest in that happy tie,
Demands our swiftest care to see it finish'd:

*Duchess S.* My lord, you have determined well.
Lord Guilford,
Be it your task to speak at large our purpose.
Daughter, receive this lord as one whom I,
Your father, and his own, ordain your husband:
What more concerns our will, and your obedience,
We leave you to receive from him at leasure.

[*Exeunt* DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK, *and* DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

*Guil.* Wilt thou not spare a moment from thy sorrows,
And bid these bubbling streams forbear to flow?

Wilt thou not give one interval to joy;
One little pause, while humbly I unfold
The happiest tale my tongue was ever blest with?
*Lady J. G.* My heart is dead within me, every sense
Is dead to joy; but I will hear thee, Guilford,
Nay, I must hear thee, such is her command,
Whom early duty taught me still t'obey.
Yet, oh! forgive me, if to all the story,
Though eloquence divine attend thy speaking,
Though ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace do crown thee;
Forgive me, if I cannot better answer,
Than weeping——thus, and thus——
*Guil.* If I offend thee,
Let me be dumb for ever.
What is my peace or happiness to thine?
No; though our noble parents had decreed,
And urg'd high reasons, which import the state,
This night to give thee to my faithful arms,
My fairest bride, my only earthly bliss——
*Lady J. G.* How! Guilford! on this night?
*Guil.* This happy night:
Yet if thou art resolv'd to cross my fate,
If this my utmost wish shall give thee pain,
Now rather let the stroke of death fall on me,
And stretch me out a lifeless corpse before thee:
Let me be swept away with things forgotten,
Be huddled up in some obscure blind grave,
Ere thou shouldst say my love has made thee wretched,
Or drop one single tear for Guilford's sake.
*Lady J. G.* Alas! I have too much of death already,
And want not thine to furnish out new horror.
Oh! dreadful thought, if thou wert dead indeed,
What hope were left me then? Yes, I will own,
Spite of the blush that burns my maiden cheek,
My heart has fondly lean'd towards thee long:
Thy sweetness, virtue, and unblemish'd youth,
Have won a place for thee within my bosom:

And if my eyes look coldly on thee now,
And shun thy love on this disastrous day,
It is because I would not deal so hardly,
To give thee sighs for all thy faithful vows,
And pay thy tenderness with nought but tears.
And yet 'tis all I have.

*Guil.* I ask no more;
Let me but call thee mine, confirm that hope,
To charm the doubts, which vex my anxious soul;
For all the rest do thou allot it for me,
And at thy pleasure portion out my blessings.

*Lady J. G.* Here then I take thee to my heart for ever. [*Giving her hand.*
The dear companion of my future days:
Whatever Providence allots for each,
Be that the common portion of us both;
Share all the griefs of thy unhappy Jane;
But if good heav'n has any joys in store,
Let them be all thy own.

*Guil.* Thou wondrous goodness!
And, oh! if, as my fond belief would hope,
If any word of mine be gracious to thee,
I beg thee, I conjure thee, drive away
Those murd'rous thoughts of grief that kill thy quiet,
Restore thy gentle bosom's native peace,
Lift up the light of gladness in thy eyes,
And cheer thy heaviness with one dear smile.

*Lady J. G.* Yes, Guilford, I will study to forget
All that the royal Edward has been to me,
How we have lov'd, even from our very cradles.
My private loss no longer will I mourn,
But ev'ry tender thought to thee shall turn:
With patience I'll submit to heav'n's decree,
And what I lost in Edward find in thee.
But, oh! when I revolve what ruins wait
Our sinking altars and the falling state:
When I consider what my native land
Expected from her pious sov'reign's hand;

How form'd he was to save her from distress,
A king to govern, and a saint to bless:
New sorrow to my lab'ring breast succeeds,
And my whole heart for wretched England bleeds.
[*Exit* LADY JANE GREY.

*Guil.* My heart sinks in me, at her soft complaining;
And ev'ry moving accent that she breathes
Resolves my courage, slackens my tough nerves,
And melts me down to infancy and tears.

*Enter* PEMBROKE.

*Pem.* Edward is dead; so said the great Northumberland,
As now he shot along by me in haste.
See, my Guilford! [*Speaking to him.*
My friend!

*Guil.* Ha! Pembroke! [*Starting.*

*Pem.* Wherefore dost thou start?
Why sits that wild disorder on thy visage,
Somewhat that looks like passions strange to thee,
The paleness of surprise, and ghastly fear!
Since I have known thee first, and call'd thee friend,
I never saw thee so unlike thyself;
So chang'd upon a sudden.

*Guil.* How! so chang'd!

*Pem.* So to my eye thou seem'st.

*Guil.* The king is dead.

*Pem.* I learn'd it from thy father,
Just as I enter'd here. But say, could that,
A fate which ev'ry moment we expected,
Distract thy thought, or shock thy temper thus?

*Guil.* Oh! Pembroke! 'tis in vain to hide from thee!
For thou hast look'd into my artless bosom,
And seen at once the hurry of my soul.
'Tis true thy coming struck me with surprise.

I have a thought——But wherefore said I one?
I have a thousand thoughts all up in arms.
*Pem.* Thou know'st thou art so dear, so sacred to me,
That I can never think thee an offender.
If it were so, that I indeed must judge thee,
I should take part with thee against myself,
And call thy fault a virtue.
*Guil.* But suppose
The thought were somewhat that concern'd our love.
*Pem.* Speak then, and ease the doubts that shock my soul.
*Guil.* Suppose thy Guilford's better stars prevail,
And crown his love ——————
*Pem.* Say not, suppose: 'tis done.
Thou hast prevaricated with thy friend,
By underhand contrivances undone me:
And while my open nature trusted in thee,
Thou hast stept in between me and my hopes,
And ravish'd from me all my soul held dear.
Thou hast betray'd me ——————
*Guil.* How! betray'd thee, Pembroke?
*Pem.* Yes, falsely, like a traitor.
*Guil.* Have a care.
*Pem.* But think not I will bear it long.
My injur'd honour,
Impatient of the wrong, calls for revenge;
And tho' I love thee——fondly——
*Guil.* Hear me yet,
And Pembroke shall acquit me to himself.
Hear, while I tell how fortune dealt between us,
And gave the yielding beauty to my arms——
*Pem.* What, hear it! Stand and listen to thy triumph!
Thou think'st me tame indeed. No, hold, I charge thee,
Lest I forget that ever we were friends,
Lest, in the rage of disappointed love,
I rush at once, and tear thee for thy falsehood.

*Guil.* Thou warn'st me well; and I were rash as thou art,
To trust the secret sum of all my happiness
With one not master of himself. Farewell. [*Going.*
*Pem.* Ha! art thou going? Think not thus to part,
Nor leave me on the wreck of this uncertainty.
*Guil.* What wouldst thou further?
*Pem.* Tell it to me all;
Say thou art marry'd, say thou hast possess'd her,
And rioted in vast excess of bliss;
That I may curse myself, and thee, and her.
Come, tell me how thou didst supplant thy friend?
How didst thou look with that betraying face,
And smiling plot my ruin?
*Guil.* Give me way.
When thou art better temper'd, I may tell thee,
And vindicate at full my love and friendship.
*Pem.* No, I will have it now, this moment from thee,
Or drag the secret out from thy false heart.
*Guil.* Away, thou madman! I'would talk to winds,
And reason with the rude tempestuous surge,
Sooner than hold discourse with rage like thine.
*Pem.* Tell it, or by my injur'd love I swear,
[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*
I'll stab the lurking treason in thy heart.
*Guil.* Ha! stay thee there; nor let thy frantic hand
[*Stopping him.*
Unsheath thy weapon. If the sword be drawn,
If once we meet on terms like those, farewell
To ev'ry thought of friendship; one must fall.
*Pem.* Curse on thy friendship! I would break the band.
*Guil.* That as you please—Beside, this place is sacred,
And must not be profan'd with brawls and outrage.
You know I dare be found on any summons.
*Pem.* 'Tis well. My vengeance shall not loiter long.

Henceforward let the thoughts of our past lives
Be turn'd to deadly and remorseless hate.
Here I give up the empty name of friend,
Renounce all gentleness, all commerce, with thee,
To death defy thee, as my mortal foe;
And when we meet again, may swift destruction
Rid me of thee, or rid me of myself.

[*Exit* PEMBROKE.

*Guil.* The fate I ever fear'd is fall'n upon me;
And long ago my boding heart divin'd
A breach like this from his ungovern'd rage.
Oh, Pembroke! thou hast done me much injustice,
For I have borne thee true, unfeign'd, affection;
'Tis past, and thou art lost to me for ever.
Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss;
Since ev'ry other joy, how dear soever,
Gives way to that, and we leave all for love.
At the imperious tyrant's lordly call,
In spite of reason or restraint we come;
Leave kindred, parents, and our native home.
The trembling maid, with all her fears he charms,
And pulls her from her weeping mother's arms:
He laughs at all her leagues, and in proud scorn
Commands the bands of friendship to be torn;
Disdains a partner should partake his throne,
But reigns unbounded, lawless, and alone. [*Exit.*

# ACT THE THIRD.

## SCENE I.

*The Tower.*

*Enter* PEMBROKE *and* GARDINER.

*Gar.* Nay, by the rood, my lord, you were to blame,
To let a hair-brain'd passion be your guide,
And hurry you into such mad extremes.
Marry, you might have made much worthy profit,
By patient hearing; the unthinking lord
Had brought forth ev'ry secret of his soul;
Then when you were the master of his bosom,
That was the time to use him with contempt,
And turn his friendship back upon his hands.

*Pem.* Thou talkst as if a madman could be wise.
Oh, Winchester! thy hoary frozen age
Can never guess my pain; can never know
The burning transports of untam'd desire.
I tell thee, reverend lord, to that one bliss,
To the enjoyment of that lovely maid,
As to their centre, I had drawn each hope,
And ev'ry wish my furious soul could form;
Then, to be robb'd at once, and unsuspecting,
Be dash'd in all the height of expectation!
It was not to be borne.

*Gar.* Have you not heard of what has happen'd since?

*Pem.* I have not had a minute's peace of mind,
A moment's pause, to rest from rage, or think.

*Gar.* Learn it from me then: But ere I speak,
I warn you to be master of yourself.
Though, as you know, they have confin'd me long,
Gra'mercy to their goodness, pris'ner here;
Yet as I am allow'd to walk at large
Within the Tower, and hold free speech with any,
I have not dreamt away my thoughtless hours,
Without good heed to these our righteous rulers.
To prove this true, this morn a trusty spy
Has brought me word, that yester ev'ning late,
In spite of all the grief for Edward's death,
Your friends were marry'd.

*Pem.* Marry'd! who?——

*Gar.* Lord Guilford Dudley, and the lady Jane.

*Pem.* Curse on my stars!

*Gar.* Nay, in the name of grace,
Restrain this sinful passion; all's not lost
In this one single woman.

*Pem.* I have lost
More than the female world can give me back.
I had beheld even her whole sex, unmov'd,
Look'd o'er them like a bed of gaudy flowers,
That lift their painted heads, and live a day,
Then shed their trifling glories unregarded;
My heart disdain'd their beauties, till she came,
With ev'ry grace that Nature's hand could give,
And with a mind so great, it spoke its essence
Immortal and divine.

*Gar.* Your state is not so bad as you would make it;
Nor need you thus abandon ev'ry hope.

*Pem.* Ha! Wilt thou save me, snatch me from despair,
And bid me live again.

*Gar.* She may be yours.
What if Lord Guilford falls?

*Pem.* O vain, vain hope!

*Gar.* Marry, I do not hold that hope so vain.

These gospellers have had their golden days,
And lorded it at will; with proud despite
Have trodden down our holy Roman faith,
Ransack'd our shrines, and driv'n our saints to exile.
But if my divination fail me not,
Their haughty hearts shall be abas'd ere long,
And feel the vengeance of our Mary's reign.

*Pem.* And wouldst thou have my fierce impatience stay;
Bid me lie bound upon a rack, and wait
For distant joys, whole ages yet behind?
Can love attend on politicians' schemes,
Expect the slow events of cautious councils,
Cold unresolving heads, and creeping time?

*Gar.* To-day, or I am ill-inform'd, Northumberland,
With easy Suffolk, Guilford, and the rest,
Meet here in council on some deep design,
Some traitorous contrivance, to protect
Their upstart faith from near approaching ruin.
But there are punishments—halters and axes
For traitors, and consuming flames for heretics;
The happy bridegroom may be yet cut short,
Ev'n in his highest hope——But go not you;
Howe'er the fawning sire, old Dudley, court you;
No, by the holy rood, I charge you, mix not
With their pernicious counsels.——Mischief waits them,
Sure, certain, unavoidable destruction.

*Pem.* Ha! join with them! the cursed Dudley's race!
Who, while they held me in their arms, betray'd me;
Scorn'd me for not suspecting they were villains,
And made a mock'ry of my easy friendship!
No, when I do, dishonour be my portion,
And swift perdition catch me;—join with them!

*Gar.* I would not have you—Hie you to the city,
And join with those that love our ancient faith.

Gather your friends about you, and be ready
T' assert our zealous Mary's royal title,
And doubt not but her grateful hand shall give you
To see your soul's desire upon your enemies.
The church shall pour her ample treasures forth too,
And pay you with ten thousand years of pardon.
*Pem.* No; give me vengeance:
Give me to tell that soft deceiver, Guilford,
Thus, traitor, hast thou done, thus hast thou wrong'd me,
And thus thy treason finds a just reward.
*Gar.* But soft! no more! the lords o'the council come.
Ha! by the mass, the bride and bridegroom *too*!
Retire with me, my lord; we must not meet them.
*Pem.* 'Tis they themselves!
Haste, Winchester, haste! let us fly for ever,
And drive her from my very thoughts, if possible.
Oh! Jove, what have I lost! Oh, reverend lord!
Pity this fond, this foolish weakness in me!
Methinks, I go like our first wretched father,
When from his blissful garden he was driven:
Like me he went despairing, and like me,
Thus at the gate stopp'd short for one last view!
Then with the cheerless partner of his wo,
He turn'd him to the world that lay below:
There, for his Eden's happy plains, beheld
A barren, wild, uncomfortable field;
He saw 'twas vain his ruin to deplore,
He try'd to give the sad remembrance o'er;
The sad remembrance still return'd again,
And his lost paradise renew'd his pain.

[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE *and* GARDINER.

*Enter* LORD GUILFORD *and* LADY JANE.

*Guil.* What shall I say to thee? What power divine
Will teach my tongue to tell thee what I feel?
To pour the transports of my bosom forth

And make thee partner of the joy dwells there?
For thou art comfortless, full of affliction,
Heavy of heart as the forsaken widow,
And desolate as orphans. Oh! my fair one!
Thy Edward shines amongst the brightest stars,
And yet thy sorrows seek him in the grave.

*Lady J. G.* Alas! my dearest lord! a thousand griefs
Beset my anxious heart: and yet, as if
The burden were too little, I have added
The weight of all thy cares; and, like the miser,
Increase of wealth has made me but more wretched.
The morning light seems not to rise as usual,
It draws not to me, like my virgin days,
But brings new thoughts and other fears upon me;
I tremble, and my anxious heart is pain'd,
Lest aught but good should happen to my Guilford.

*Guil.* Nothing but good can happen to thy Guilford,
While thou art by his side, his better angel,
His blessing and his guard.

*Lady J. G.* Why came we hither?
Why was I drawn to this unlucky place,
This Tower, so often stain'd with royal blood?
Here the fourth Edward's helpless sons were murder'd,
And pious Henry fell by ruthless Glo'ster:
Is this the place allotted for rejoicing?
The bower adorn'd to keep our nuptial feast in?
Methinks suspicion and distrust dwell here,
Staring with meagre forms thro' grated windows
Death lurks within, and unrelenting punishment:
Without grim danger, fear, and fiercest power
Sit on the rude old towers, and Gothic battlements;
While horror overlooks the dreadful wall,
And frowns on all around.

*Guil.* In safety here,
The lords o' th' council have this morn decreed

To meet, and with united care support
The feeble tottering state. To thee, my princess,
Whose royal veins are rich in Henry's blood,
With one consent the noblest heads are bow'd:
From thee thy ask a sanction to their counsels,
And from thy healing hand expect a cure,
For England's loss in Edward.

*Lady J. G.* How! from me!
Alas! my lord—But sure thou mean'st to mock me?

*Guil.* No; by the love my faithful heart is full of!
But see, thy mother, gracious Suffolk, comes
To intercept my story: she shall tell thee;
For in her look I read the lab'ring thought,
What vast event thy fate is now disclosing.

*Enter the* DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK.

*Duchess S.* No more complain, indulge thy tears no more,
Thy pious grief has giv'n the grave its due:
Let thy heart kindle with the highest hopes;
Expand thy bosom; let thy soul enlarged,
Make room to entertain the coming glory!
For majesty and purple greatness court thee;
Homage and low subjection wait: a crown,
That makes the princes of the earth like gods;
A crown, my daughter, England's crown attends,
To bind thy brows with its imperial wreath.

*Lady J. G.* Amazement chills my veins! What says my mother?

*Duchess S.* 'Tis heaven's decree; for our expiring Edward,
When now, just struggling to his native skies,
Ev'n on the verge of heav'n, in sight of angels,
That hover'd round to waft him to the stars,
Even then declar'd my Jane for his successor.

*Lady J. G.* Could Edward do this? could the dying saint
Bequeath his crown to me? Oh! fatal bounty!

To me! but 'tis impossible! We dream.
A thousand and a thousand bars oppose me,
Rise in my way, and intercept my passage.
Ev'n you, my gracious mother, what must you be,
Ere I can be a queen?

*Duchess S.* That, and that only,
Thy mother; fonder of that tender name,
Than all the proud additions pow'r can give.
Yes, I will give up all my share of greatness,
And live in low obscurity for ever,
To see thee rais'd, thou darling of my heart,
And fix'd upon a throne. But see: thy father,
Northumberland, with all the council, come
To pay their vow'd allegiance at thy feet,
To kneel, and call thee queen.

*Lady J. G.* Support me, Guilford;
Give me thy aid; stay thou my fainting soul,
And help me to repress this growing danger.

*Enter* SUFFOLK, NORTHUMBERLAND, LORDS, *and others of the* PRIVY COUNCIL.

*North.* Hail, sacred princess, sprung from ancient kings,
Our England's dearest hope, undoubted offspring
Of York and Lancaster's united line;
By whose bright zeal, by whose victorious faith,
Guarded and fenc'd around our pure religion,
That lamp of truth which shines upon our altars,
Shall lift its golden head, and flourish long;
Beneath whose awful rule, and righteous sceptre,
The plenteous years shall roll in long succession;
Law shall prevail, and ancient right take place,
Fair liberty shall lift her cheerful head,
Fearless of tyranny and proud oppression;
No sad complaining in our streets shall cry,
But justice shall be exercised in mercy.
Hail, royal Jane! behold, we bend our knees,

[*They kneel.*

The pledge of homage, and thy land's obedience;
With humblest duty thus we kneel, and own thee
Our liege, our sovereign lady, and our queen.

*Lady J. G.* Oh, rise,
My father, rise! [*To* SUFF.
And you, my father, too! [*To* NORTH.
Rise, all, nor cover me with this confusion. [*They rise.*
What means this mock, this masquing show of greatness?
Why do you hang these pageant glories on me,
And dress me up in honours not my own?

*North.* The daughters of our late great master, Henry,
Stand both by law excluded from succession.
To make all firm,
And fix a power unquestion'd in your hand,
Edward, by will, bequeath'd his crown to you:
And the concurring lords in council met,
Have ratify'd the gift.

*Lady J. G.* Are crowns and empire,
The government and safety of mankind,
Trifles of such light moment, to be left
Like some rich toy, a ring, or fancy'd gem,
The pledge of parting friends? Can kings do thus,
And give away a people for a legacy?

*North.* Forgive me, princely lady, if my wonder
Seizes each sense, each faculty of mind,
To see the utmost wish the great can form,
A crown, thus coldly met: A crown, which slighted,
And left in scorn by you, shall soon be sought,
And find a joyful wearer; one, perhaps,
Of blood unkindred to your royal house,
And fix its glories in another line.

*Lady J. G.* Where art thou now, thou partner of my cares? [*Turning to* GUILFORD.
Come to my aid, and help to bear this burden:
Oh! save me from this sorrow, this misfortune,
Which in the shape of gorgeous greatness comes
To crown, and make a wretch of me for ever.

*Guil.* Thou weep'st, my queen, and hang'st thy drooping head,
Like nodding poppies, heavy with the rain,
That bow their weary necks, and bend to earth.
See, by thy side, thy faithful Guilford stands,
Prepar'd to keep distress and danger from thee,
To wear thy sacred cause upon his sword,
And war against the world in thy defence.

*North.* Oh! stay this inauspicious stream of tears,
And cheer your people with one gracious smile.
Nor comes your fate in such a dreadful form
To bid you shun it. Turn those sacred eyes
On the bright prospect empire spreads before you.
Methinks I see you seated on the throne;
Beneath your feet, the kingdom's great degrees
In bright confusion shine, mitres and coronets,
The various ermine, and the glowing purple;
Assembled senates wait with awful dread,
To 'firm your high commands, and make them fate.

*Lady J. G.* You turn to view the painted side of royalty,
And cover all the cares that lurk beneath.
Is it, to be a queen, to sit aloft,
In solemn, dull, uncomfortable state,
The flatter'd idol of a servile court?
Is it to draw a pompous train along,
A pageant, for the wond'ring crowd to gaze at?
Is it, in wantonness of power to reign,
And make the world subservient to my pleasure?
Is it not rather, to be greatly wretched,
To watch, to toil, to take a sacred charge,
To bend each day before high heav'n, and own,
This people hast thou trusted to my hand,
And at my hand, I know, thou shalt require them?
Alas, Northumberland!—My father!—Is it not
To live a life of care, and when I die,
Have more to answer for before my Judge,
Than any of my subjects?

*Duchess S.* Ev'ry state,
Allotted to the race of man below,
Is, in proportion, doom'd to taste some sorrow,
Nor is the golden wreath on a king's brow
Exempt from care; and yet, who would not bear it?
Think on the monarchs of our royal race,
They liv'd not for themselves: how many blessings,
How many lifted hands shall pay thy toil,
If for thy people's good thou happ'ly borrow
Some portions from the hours of rest, and wake
To give the world repose!

*Suff.* Behold, we stand upon the brink of ruin,
And only thou canst save us. Persecution,
That fiend of Rome and hell, prepares her tortures;
See where she comes in Mary's priestly train!
Still wilt thou doubt; till thou behold her stalk,
Red with the blood of martyrs, and wide wasting
O'er England's bosom? All the mourning year
Our towns shall glow with unextinguish'd fires;
Our youth on racks shall stretch their crackling bones;
Our babes shall sprawl on consecrated spears;
Matrons and husbands, with their new-born infants,
Shall burn promiscuous; a continu'd peal
Of lamentations, groans, and shrieks, shall sound,
Through all our purple ways.

*Guil.* Amidst that ruin,
Think thou behold'st thy Guilford's head laid low
Bloody and pale ———

*Lady J. G.* Oh! spare the dreadful image!

*Guil.* Oh! would the misery be bounded there,
My life were little; but the rage of Rome
Demands whole hecatombs, a land of victims.
With Superstition comes that other fiend,
That bane of peace, of arts and virtue, Tyranny;
That foe of justice, scorner of all law;
That beast, which thinks mankind were born for one,
And made by heav'n to be a monster's prey;

That heaviest curse of groaning nations' tyranny.
Mary shall, by her kindred Spain, be taught
To bend our necks beneath a brazen yoke,
And rule o'er wretches with an iron sceptre.
*Lady J. G.* Avert that judgment, heav'n!
Whate'er thy providence allots for me,
In mercy spare my country.
*Guil.* Oh, my queen!
Does not thy great, thy generous heart relent,
To think this land, for liberty so fam'd,
Shall have her towery front at once laid low,
And robb'd of all its glory? Oh! my country!
Oh! fairest Albion! empress of the deep,
How have thy noblest sons, with stubborn valour,
Stood to the last, dy'd many a field in blood,
In dear defence of birth-right and their laws!
And shall those hands which fought the cause of freedom,
Be manacled in base unworthy bonds:
Be tamely yielded up, the spoil, the slaves
Of hair-brain'd zeal, and cruel coward priests!
*Lady J. G.* Yes, my lov'd lord, my soul is mov'd like thine,
At ev'ry danger which invades our England;
My cold heart kindles at the great occasion,
And could be more than man in her defence.
But where is my commission to redress?
Or whence my pow'r to save? Can Edward's will,
Or twenty met in council, make a queen?
Can you, my lords, give me the power to canvas
A doubtful title with king Henry's daughters?
Where are the rev'rend sages of the law,
To guide me with their wisdoms, and point out
The paths which right and justice bid me tread?
*North.* The judges all attend, and will at leisure
Resolve you ev'ry scruple.
*Lady J. G.* They expound;
But where are those, my lord, that make the law?

Where are the ancient honours of the realm,
The nobles, with the mitred fathers join'd?
The wealthy commons solemnly assembled?
Where is that voice of a consenting people,
To pledge the universal faith with mine,
And call me justly queen?

*North.* Nor shall that long
Be wanting to your wish. The lords and commons
Shall, at your royal bidding, soon assemble,
And with united homage own your title.
Delay not then to meet the general wish,
But be our queen, be England's better angel.
Nor let mistaken piety betray you
To join with cruel Mary in our ruin:
Her bloody faith commands her to destroy,
And yours forbids to save.

*Guil.* Our foes, already
High in their hopes, devote us all to death:
The dronish monks, the scorn and shame of manhood,
Rouse and prepare once more to take possession,
To nestle in their ancient hives again:
Again they furbish up their holy trumpery,
Relicks and wooden wonder-working saints
Whole loads of lumber and religious rubbish,
In high procession mean to bring them back,
And place the puppets in their shrines again:
While those of keener malice, savage Bonner,
And deep designing Gard'ner, dream of vengeance;
Devour the blood of innocents, in hope;
Like vultures, snuff the slaughter in the wind,
And speed their flight to havoc and the prey.
Haste then, and save us, while 'tis given to save
Your country, your religion.

*North.* Save your friends!

*Suff.* Your father!

*Duchess S.* Mother!

*Guil.* Husband!

*Lady J. G.* Take me, crown me.

Invest me with this royal wretchedness;
Let me not know one happy minute more;
Let all my sleepless nights be spent in care,
My days be fix'd in tumults and alarms!
If only I can save you, if my fate
Has mark'd me out to be the public victim,
I take the lot with joy. Yes, I will die
For that eternal truth my faith is fix'd on,'
And that dear native land which gave me birth.

*Guil.* Wake ev'ry tuneful instrument to tell it,
And let the trumpet's sprightly note proclaim
My Jane is England's queen! Let the loud cannon
In peals of thunder speak it to Augusta;
Imperial Thames, catch thou the sacred sound,
And roll it to the subject ocean down:
Tell the old deep, and all thy brother floods,
My Jane is empress of the wat'ry world!

*Lady J. G.* Oh, Guilford! what do we give up for glory!
For glory! that's a toy I would not purchase;
An idle, empty bubble. But for England!
What must we lose for that? Since then my fate
Has forc'd this hard exchange upon my will,
Let gracious heav'n allow me one request:
For that blest peace in which I once did dwell,
For books, retirement, and my studious cell,
For all those joys my happier days did prove,
For Plato, and his academic grove;
All that I ask, is, tho' my fortune frown,
And bury me beneath this fatal crown;
Let that one good be added to my doom,
To save this land from tyranny and Rome. [*Exeunt.*

# ACT THE FOURTH.

## SCENE I.

*The Tower.*

*Enter* PEMBROKE *and* GARDINER.

*Gar.* In an unlucky and accursed hour
Set forth that traitor duke, that proud Northumberland,
To draw his sword upon the side of heresy,
And war against our Mary's holy right:
Ill fortune fly before, and pave his way
With disappointments, mischief, and defeat;
Do thou, O holy Becket, the protector,
The champion, and the martyr of our church,
Appear, and once more own the cause of Rome:
Beat down his lance, break thou his sword in battle,
And cover foul rebellion with confusion.

*Pem.* I saw him marching at his army's head;
I mark'd him issuing thro' the city gate
In harness, all appointed, as he pass'd;
And (for he wore his beaver up) could read
Upon his visage, horror and dismay.
No voice of cheerful salutation cheer'd him;
None wish'd his arms might thrive, or bade God speed him;
But through a staring ghastly looking crowd,
Unhail'd, unbless'd, with heavy heart he went:
As if his traitor father's haggard ghost,
And Somerset, fresh bleeding from the axe,
On either hand had usher'd him to ruin.

*Gar.* Nor shall the holy vengeance loiter long.
At Farmingham, in Suffolk, lies the queen,
Mary, our pious mistress: where each day
The nobles of the land, and swarming populace,
Gather, and 'list beneath her royal ensigns.
The fleet, commanded by Sir Thomas Jerningham,
Set out in warlike manner to oppose her,
With one consent have join'd to own her cause:
The valiant Sussex, and Sir Edward Hastings,
With many more of note, are up in arms,
And all declare for her.

*Pem.* The citizens,
Who held the noble Somerset right dear,
Hate this aspiring Dudley and his race,
And would upon the instant join t'oppose him;
Could we but draw some of the lords o'th' council
T' appear among them.
For that purpose,
To thee, as to an oracle, I come.

*Gar.* Since the proud duke set out, I have had conference,
As fit occasion serv'd with divers of them,
The Earl of Arundel, Mason, and Cheyney,
And find them all dispos'd as we could ask.
By holy Mary, if I count aright,
To-day the better part shall leave this place,
And meet at Baynard's castle in the city;
There own our sovereign's title, and defy
Jane and her gospel crew. But hie you hence!
This place is still within our foes' command,
Their puppet-queen reigns here.

*Enter an* OFFICER *with a* GUARD.

*Offi.* Seize on them both.

[GUARDS *seize* PEMBROKE *and* GARDINER.

My lord, you are a pris'ner to the state.

*Pem.* Ha! by whose order?

*Offi.* By the queen's command,
Sign'd and deliver'd by Lord Guilford Dudley.
*Pem.* Curse on his traitor's heart!
*Gar.* Rest you contented:
You have loiter'd here too long; but use your patience,
These bonds shall not be lasting.
*Offi.* As for you, sir, [*To* GARDINER.
'Tis the queen's pleasure you be close confin'd:
You've us'd that fair permission was allow'd you,
To walk at large within the tower, unworthily.
You're noted for an over-busy meddler,
A secret practiser against the state;
For which, henceforth, your limits shall be straiter.
Hence, to your chamber!
*Gar.* Farewell, gentle Pembroke;
I trust that we shall meet on blither terms:
Till then, amongst my beads I will remember you,
And give you to the keeping of the saints.
[*Exeunt part of the* GUARDS *with* GARDINER.
*Pem.* Now, whither must I go?
*Offi.* This way, my lord. [*Going off.*

*Enter* GUILFORD.

*Guil.* Hold, captain! ere you go, I have a word or two
For this your noble pris'ner.
*Offi.* At your pleasure:
I know my duty, and attend your lordship.
[*The* OFFICER *and* GUARDS *retire to the farthest part of the stage.*
*Guil.* Is all the gentleness that was betwixt us
So lost, so swept away from thy remembrance,
Thou canst not look upon me?
*Pem.* Ha! not look!
What terrors are there in the Dudley's race,
That Pembroke dares not look upon and scorn?

And yet, 'tis true, I would not look upon thee:
Our eyes avoid to look on what we hate,
As well as what we fear.

*Guil.* You hate me, then!

*Pem.* I do.

*Guil.* And yet; as sure as rage disturbs thy reason,
And masters all the noble nature in thee,
As sure as thou hast wrong'd me, I am come
In tenderness of friendship to preserve thee;
To plant ev'n all the power I have before thee,
And fence thee from destruction with my life.

*Pem.* Friendship from thee! But my just soul disdains thee.
Hence! take the prostituted bauble back,
For none but fools will praise the tinsel toy.
But thou art come perhaps to vaunt thy greatness;
To let me know that Guilford is a king,
That he can speak the word, and give me freedom.
Oh, short-liv'd pageant! hadst thou all the pow'r
Which thy vain soul would grasp at, I would die,
Rot in a dungeon, ere receive a grace,
The least, the meanest courtesy, from thee.

*Guil.* Oh, Pembroke! but I have not time to talk,
For danger presses, danger unforeseen,
And secret as the shaft that flies by night,
Is aiming at thy life. Captain, a word!
[*To the* OFFICER.
I take your pris'ner to my proper charge;
Draw off your guard, and leave his sword with me.
[*The* OFFICER *delivers the sword to* LORD GUILFORD, *and goes out with his* GUARD—LORD GUILFORD *offering the sword to* PEMBROKE.
Receive this gift, ev'en from a rival's hand;
Oh, take thy sword; and let thy valiant hand
Be ready arm'd to guard thy noble life:
The time, the danger, and thy wild impatience,

Forbid me all to enter into speech with thee,
Or I could tell thee——
*Pem.* No, it needs not, traitor!
For all thy poor, thy little arts are known.
Thou fear'st my vengeance, and art come to fawn,
To make a merit of that proffer'd freedom,
Which, in despite of thee, a day shall give me.
Nor can my fate depend on thee, false Guilford;
For know, to thy confusion, ere the sun
Twice gild the east, our royal Mary comes
To end thy pageant reign, and set me free.
*Guil.* Ungrateful and unjust! Hast thou then known me
So little, to accuse my heart of fear?
Hast thou forgotten Musselborough's field?
Did I then fear, when by thy side I fought,
And dy'd my maiden sword in Scottish blood?
But this is madness all.
*Pem.* Give me my sword. [*Taking his sword.*
Perhaps, indeed, I wrong thee. Thou hast thought;
And, conscious of the injury thou hast done me,
Art come to proffer me a soldier's justice,
And meet my arm in single opposition.
Lead then, and let me follow to the field.
*Guil.* Yes, Pembroke, thou shalt satisfy thy vengeance,
And write thy bloody purpose on my bosom.
But let death wait to-day. By our past friendship,
In honour's name, by ev'ry sacred tie,
I beg thee ask no more, but haste from hence.
*Pem.* What mystic meaning lurks beneath thy words?
What fear is this, which thou wouldst awe my soul with?
Is there a danger Pembroke dares not meet?
*Guil.* Oh, spare my tongue a tale of guilt and horror:
Trust me this once: believe me when I tell thee,

Thy safety and thy life is all I seek.
Away.

*Pem.* Curse on this shuffling, dark, ambiguous phrase!
If thou wouldst have me think thou mean'st me fairly,
Speak with that plainness honesty delights in,
And let thy double tongue for once be true.

*Guil.* Forgive me filial piety and nature,
If thus compell'd, I break your sacred laws,
Reveal my father's crime, and blot with infamy
The hoary head of him who gave me being,
To save the man, whom my soul loves, from death,
[*Giving a paper.*
Read there the fatal purpose of thy foe,
A thought which wounds my soul with shame and horror!
Somewhat that darkness should have hid for ever,
But that thy life—Say, hast thou seen that character?

*Pem.* I know it well; the hand of proud Northumberland,
Directed to his minions, Gates and Palmer.
What's this?

[Reads.] *Remember, with your closest care, to observe those whom I named to you at parting; especially keep your eye upon the Earl of Pembroke; as his power and interest are most considerable, so his opposition will be most fatal to us. Remember the resolution was taken, if you should find him inclined to our enemies. The forms of justice are tedious, and delays are dangerous. If he falters, lose not the sight of him till your daggers have reached his heart.*

My heart! Oh, murd'rous villain!

*Guil.* Since he parted,
Thy ways have all been watch'd, thy steps been mark'd;
Thy secret treaties with the malcontents
That harbour in the city; thy conferring
With Gard'ner here in the Tower; all is known;

And, in pursuance of that bloody mandate,
A set of chosen ruffians wait to end thee:
There was but one way left me to preserve thee;
I took it; and this morning sent my warrant
To seize upon thy person——But begone!

*Pem.* 'Tis so—'tis truth—I see his honest heart—

*Guil.* I have a friend of well try'd faith and courage,
Who, with a fit disguise, and arms conceal'd,
Attends without to guide thee hence with safety.

*Pem.* What is Northumberland? And what art thou?

*Guil.* Waste not the time. Away!

*Pem.* And can I leave thee,
Ere I have clasp'd thee in my eager arms,
And giv'n thee back my sad repenting heart?
Believe me, Guilford, like the patriarch's dove,
[*Embracing.*
It wander'd forth, but found no resting place,
Till it came home again to lodge with thee.

*Guil.* What is there that my soul can more desire,
Than these dear marks of thy returning friendship;
The danger comes——If you stay longer here,
You die, my Pembroke.

*Pem.* Let me stay and die:
For if I go, I go to work thy ruin.
Thou know'st not what a foe thou send'st me forth,
That I have sworn destruction to the queen,
And pledg'd my faith to Mary and her cause:
My honour is at stake.

*Guil.* I know 'tis given.
But go—the stronger thy engagements there,
The more's thy danger here. There is a Power
Who sits above the stars; in him I trust;
All, that I have, his bounteous hand bestow'd;
And he, that gave it, can preserve it to me.
But fly! begone!

*Pem.* Yes, I will go—for, see! behold who comes!
Oh, Guilford! hide me, shield me from her sight;

Every mad passion kindles up again,
Love, rage, despair—and yet I will be master—
I will remember thee——Oh, my torn heart!
I have a thousand thousand things to say,
But cannot, dare not, stay to look on her.
[*Exeunt* GUILFORD *and* PEMBROKE.

*Enter* LADY JANE, *reading.*

*Lady J. G.* 'Tis false! The thinking soul is somewhat more
Than symmetry of atoms well dispos'd,
The harmony of matter. Farewell else
The hope of all hereafter, that new life,
That separate intellect, which must survive,
When this fine frame is moulder'd into dust.

*Enter* GUILFORD.

*Guil.* What read'st thou there, my queen?
*Lady J. G.* 'Tis Plato's Phædon;
Where dying Socrates takes leave of life,
With such an easy, careless, calm indifference,
As if the trifle were of no account,
Mean in itself, and only to be worn
In honour of the giver.
*Guil.* Shall thy soul
Still scorn the world, still fly the joys that court
Thy blooming beauty, and thy tender youth?
Still shall she soar on contemplation's wing,
And mix with nothing meaner than the stars;
As heaven and immortality alone
Were objects worthy to employ her faculties?
*Lady J. G.* Bate but thy truth, what is there here below
Deserves the least regard? Is it not time
To bid our souls look out, explore hereafter,
And seek some better sure abiding place;
When all around our gathering foes come on,
To drive, to sweep us from this world at once?

*Guil.* Does any danger new——
*Lady J. G.* The faithless counsellors
Are fled from hence to join the Princess Mary.
The servile herd of courtiers, who so late
In low obedience bent the knee before me;
They, who with zealous tongues, and hands uplifted,
Besought me to defend their laws and faith;
Vent their lewd execrations on my name,
Proclaim me trait'ress now, and to the scaffold
Doom my devoted head.
*Guil.* The changeling villains!
That pray for slavery, fight for their bonds,
And shun the blessing, liberty, like ruin.
But wherefore do I loiter tamely here?
Give me my arms: I will preserve my country,
Ev'n in her own despite. Some friends I have,
Who will, or die, or conquer in thy cause,
Thine and religion's, thine and England's cause.
*Lady J. G.* Art thou not all my treasure, all my guard?
And wilt thou take from me the only joy,
The last defence is left me here below?
Think not thy arm can stem the driving torrent,
Or save a people, who with blinded rage
Urge their own fate, and strive to be undone.
Northumberland, thy father, is in arms;
And if it be in valour to defend us,
His sword, that long has known the way to conquest,
Shall be our surest safety.

*Enter the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

*Suff.* Oh, my children!
*Lady J. G.* Alas! what means my father?
*Suff.* Oh, my son,
Thy father, great Northumberland, on whom
Our dearest hopes were built——
*Guil.* Ha! What of him?
*Suff.* Is lost! betray'd!

His army, onward as he march'd, shrunk from him,
Moulder'd away, and melted by his side;
Like falling hail thick strewn upon the ground,
Which, ere we can essay to count, is vanish'd,
With some few followers he arriv'd at Cambridge;
But there ev'n they forsook him, and himself
Was forc'd, with heavy heart and wat'ry eye,
To cast his cap up, with dissembled cheer,
And cry, God save queen Mary. But, alas!
Little avail'd the semblance of that loyalty:
For soon thereafter, by the Earl of Arundel,
With treason he was charg'd, and there arrested;
And now he brings him pris'ner up to London.

*Lady J. G.* Then there's an end of greatness: the vain dream
Of empire, and a crown that danc'd before me,
With all those unsubstantial empty forms:
Waiting in idle mockery around us;
The gaudy masque, tedious, and nothing meaning,
Is vanish'd all at once——Why, fare it well.

*Guil.* And canst thou bear this sudden turn of fate,
With such unshaken temper?

*Lady J. G.* For myself,
If I could form a wish for heav'n to grant,
It should have been, to rid me of this crown.
And thou, o'erruling, great, all knowing Power!
Thou, who discern'st our thoughts, who see'st them rising
. . . .
And forming in the soul! Oh, judge me, thou,
If e'er ambition's guilty fires have warm'd me,
If e'er my heart inclin'd to pride, to power,
Or join'd in being a queen. I took the sceptre
To save this land, thy people, and thy altars:
And now, behold, I bend my grateful knee,
[*Kneeling.*
In humble adoration of that mercy,
Which quits me of the vast unequal task.

*Enter the* DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK.

*Duchess S.* Nay, keep that posture still and let us join,
Fix all our knees by thine, lift up our hands,
And seek for help and pity from above,
For earth and faithless man will give us none.

*Lady J. G.* What is the worst our cruel fate ordains us?

*Duchess S.* Curs'd be my fatal counsels, curs'd my tongue,
That pleaded for thy ruin, and persuaded
Thy guiltless feet to tread the paths of greatness!
My child——I have undone thee!

*Lady J. G.* Oh, my mother!
Should I not bear a portion in your sorrows?

*Duchess S.* Alas, thou hast thy own, a double portion.
Mary is come, and the revolting Londoners,
Who beat the heavens with thy applauded name,
Now crowd to meet, and hail her as their queen.
Sussex is enter'd here, commands the Tower,
Has plac'd his guards around, and this sad place,
So late thy palace, is become our prison.
I saw him bend his knee to cruel Gardiner,
Who, freed from his confinement, ran to meet him,
Embrac'd and bless'd him with a hand of blood;
Each hast'ning moment I expect them here,
To seize, and pass the doom of death upon us.

*Guil.* Ha! seiz'd! Shalt thou be seiz'd? and shall I stand,
And tamely see thee borne away to death?
Then blasted be my coward name for ever.
No, I will set myself to guard this spot,
To which our narrow empire now is shrunk:
Here I will grow the bulwark of my queen,
Nor shall the hand of violence profane thee,
Until my breast have borne a thousand wounds,

Till this torn mangled body sink at once
A heap of purple ruin at thy feet.

*Lady J. G.* And could thy rash distracted rage do thus?
Draw thy vain sword against an armed multitude,
Only to have my poor heart split with horror,
To see thee stabb'd and butcher'd here before me?
Oh, call thy better nobler courage to thee,
And let us meet this adverse fate with patience?
Greet our insulting foes with equal tempers,
With even brows, and souls secure of death:
Here stand unmov'd; as once the Roman senate
Receiv'd fierce Brennus, and the conquering Gauls,
Till e'en the rude barbarians stood amaz'd
At such superior virtue. Be thyself,
For see the trial comes!

*Enter* SUSSEX, GARDINER, OFFICERS, *and* SOLDIERS.

*Suss.* Guards, execute your orders; seize the traitors:
Here my commission ends. To you, my lord,
[*To* GARDINER.
So our great mistress, royal Mary, bids,
I leave the full disposal of the pris'ners!
To your wise care the pious queen commends
Her sacred self, her crown, and what's yet more,
The holy Roman church; for whose dear safety,
She wills your utmost diligence be shown,
To bring rebellion to the bar of justice.
Yet farther, to proclaim how much she trusts
In Winchester's deep thought, and well try'd faith,
The seal attends to grace those rev'rend hands;
And when I next salute you, I must call you
Chief minister and chancellor of England.

*Gar.* Unnumber'd blessings fall upon her head,
My ever-gracious lady! to remember
With such full bounty her old humble beadsman!
For these, her foes, leave me to deal with them.

*Suss.* The queen is on her entrance, and expects me:
My lord, farewell.
*Gar.* Farewell, right noble Sussex;
Commend me to the queen's grace; say her bidding
Shall be observ'd by her most lowly creature.
[*Exit* SUSSEX.
Lieutenant of the Tower, take hence your pris'ners:
Be it your care to see them kept apart,
That they may hold no commerce with each other.
*Lady J. G.* That stroke was unexpected.
*Guil.* Wilt thou part us?
*Gar.* I hold no speech with heretics and traitors.
Lieutenant, see my orders are obey'd. [*Exit* GAR.
*Guil.* Inhuman, monstrous, unexampled cruelty!
Oh, tyrant! but the task becomes thee well;
Thy savage temper joys to do death's office;
To tear the sacred bands of love asunder,
And part those hands which heav'n itself hath join'd.
*Duchess S.* To let us waste the little rest of life
Together, had been merciful.
*Suff.* Then it had not
Been done like Winchester.
*Guil.* Thou stand'st unmov'd;
Calm temper sits upon thy beauteous brow;
Thy eyes, that flow'd so fast for Edward's loss,
Gaze unconcern'd upon the ruin round thee;
As if thou hadst resolv'd to brave thy fate,
And triumph in the midst of desolation.
Ha! see, it swells; the liquid crystal rises,
It starts, in spite of thee,—but I will catch it;
Nor let the earth be wet with dew so rich.
*Lady J. G.* And dost thou think, my Guilford, I can see
My father, mother, and ev'n thee my husband,
Torn from my side without a pang of sorrow?
How art thou thus unknowing in my heart!
Words cannot tell thee what I feel. There is
An agonizing softness busy here,

That tugs the strings, that struggles to get loose;
And pour my soul in wailings out before thee.

*Guil.* Give way, and let the gushing torrent come;
Behold the tears we bring to swell the deluge,
Till the flood rise upon the guilty world,
And make the ruin common.

*Lady J. G.* Guilford, no:
The time for tender thoughts and soft endearments
Is fled away and gone: joy has forsaken us;
Our hearts have now another part to play;
They must be steel'd with some uncommon fortitude,
That, fearless, we may tread the path of honour;
And, in despite of fortune and our foes,
Ev'n in the hour of death, be more than conq'rors.

*Guil.* Oh, teach me! say, what energy divine
Inspires thy softer sex, and tender years,
With such unshaken courage?

*Lady J. G.* Truth and innocence;
A conscious knowledge rooted in my heart,
That to have sav'd my country was my duty.
Yes, England, yes, my country, I would save thee;
But heav'n forbids, heav'n disallows my weakness,
And to some dear selected hero's hand
Reserves the glory of thy great deliverance.

*Lieut.* My lords, my orders———

*Guil.* See! we must—must part.

*Lady J. G.* Yet surely we shall meet again.

*Guil.* Oh! Where?

*Lady J. G.* If not on earth, among yon golden stars,
Where other suns arise on other earths,
And happier beings rest on happier seats:
Where with a reach enlarg'd, our souls shall view
The great Creator's never-ceasing hand
Pour forth new worlds to all eternity,
And people the infinity of space.

*Guil.* Fain would I cheer my heart with hopes like these;

But my sad thoughts turn ever to the grave;
To that last dwelling, whither now we haste;
Where the black shade shall interpose betwixt us,
And veil thee from these longing eyes for ever.
*Lady J. G.* 'Tis true, by those dark paths our journey leads,
And through the veil of death we pass to life:
But what is there in death to blast our hopes?
Behold the universal works of nature,
Where life still springs from death. To us the sun
Dies ev'ry night, and ev'ry morn revives:
The flow'rs, which winter's icy hand destroy'd,
Lift their fair heads, and live again in spring.
Mark, with what hopes upon the furrow'd plain,
The careful plowman casts the pregnant grain;
There hid, as in a grave, a while it lies,
Till the revolving season bids it rise;
Till nature's genial pow'rs command a birth;
And potent call it from the teeming earth:
Then large increase the bury'd treasures yield,
And with full harvest crown the plenteous field.
[*Exeunt severally with* GUARDS.

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## ACT THE FIFTH.

### SCENE I.

*The Tower.*

*Enter* GARDINER, *as Lord Chancellor, and the* LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER. SERVANTS *with lights before them.*

*Lieut.* Good morning to your lordship; you rise early.

*Gar.* Nay, by the rood, there are too many sleepers;
Some must stir early, or the state shall suffer.
Did you, as yesterday our mandate bade,
Inform your pris'ners, Lady Jane and Guilford,
They were to die this day?

*Lieut.* My lord, I did.

*Gar.* 'Tis well. But say, how did your message like them?

*Lieut.* My lord, they met the summons with a temper
That show'd a solemn, serious sense of death,
Mix'd with a noble scorn of all its terrors.
In short, they heard me with the self-same patience
With which they still have borne them in their prison.
In one request they both concurr'd: each begg'd
To die before the other.

*Gar.* That dispose
As thou think fitting.

*Lieut.* The lord Guilford only
Implor'd another boon and urg'd it warmly:
That ere he suffer'd he might see his wife,
And take a last farewell.

*Gar.* That's not much;
That grace may be allow'd him. See you to it.
How goes the morning?

*Lieut.* Not yet four, my lord.

*Gar.* By ten they meet their fate. Yet one thing more.
You know 'twas order'd that the Lady Jane
Should suffer here within the Tow'r. Take care
No crowds may be let in, no maudlin gazers
To wet their handkerchiefs, and make report
How like a saint she ended. Some fit number,
And those too of our friends, were most convenient:
But, above all, see that good guard be kept:
You know the queen is lodg'd at present here,
Take care that no disturbance reach her highness.

And so good morning, good master Lieutenant.
[*Exit* LIEUTENANT.
How now! What light comes here?
*Ser.* So please your lordship,
If I mistake not, 'tis the Earl of Pembroke.
*Gar.* Pembroke!—'Tis he: What calls him forth thus early?
Somewhat he seems to bring of high import;
Some flame uncommon kindles up his soul,
And flashes forth impetuous at his eyes.

*Enter* PEMBROKE; *a* PAGE *with a light before him.*

Good-morrow, noble Pembroke! What importunate
And strong necessity breaks on your slumbers,
And rears your youthful head from off your pillow,
At this unwholesome hour?
*Pem.* Oh, rev'rend Winchester! my beating heart
Exults and labours with the joy it bears:
The news I bring shall bless the breaking morn.
*Gar.* What happiness is this?
*Pem.* 'Tis mercy, mercy,
Mary, our royal, ever-gracious mistress,
Has to my services and humblest prayers
Granted the lives of Guilford and his wife;
Full and free pardon!
*Gar.* Ha! What said you? Pardon!
But sure you cannot mean it; could not urge
The queen to such a rash and ill-tim'd grace?
What, save the lives of those who wore her crown
My lord, 'tis most unweigh'd, pernicious counsel,
And must not be comply'd with.
*Pem.* Not comply'd with!
And who shall dare to bar her sacred pleasure,
And stop the stream of mercy?
*Gar.* That will I;
Who will not see her gracious disposition
Drawn to destroy herself.
*Pem.* Thy narrow soul

Knows not the godlike glory of forgiving:
Nor can thy cold, thy ruthless heart conceive,
How large the power, how fix'd the empire is,
Which benefits confer on generous minds.

*Gar.* These are romantic, light, vain-glorious dreams,
Have you consider'd well upon the danger? How dear to the fond many, and how popular
These are whom you would spare? Have you forgot,
When at the bar, before the seat of judgment,
This Lady Jane, this beauteous trait'ress, stood,
With what command she charm'd the whole assembly?
With silent grief the mournful audience sat,
Fix'd on her face, and list'ning to her pleading.
Her very judges wrung their hands for pity;
Their old hearts melted in them as she spoke,
And tears ran down upon their silver beards.
Ev'n I myself was mov'd, and, for a moment
Felt wrath suspended in my doubtful breast,
And question'd if the voice I heard was mortal.
But when her tale was done, what loud applause,
Like bursts of thunder, shook the spacious hall!
At last, when sore constrain'd, th' unwilling lords
Pronounc'd the fatal sentence on her life;
A peal of groans ran through the crowded court,
As ev'ry heart was broken, and the doom,
Like that which waits the world, were universal.

*Pem.* And can that sacred form, that angel's voice,
Which mov'd the hearts of a rude ruthless crowd,
Nay, mov'd ev'n thine, now sue in vain for pity?

*Gar.* Alas, you look on her with lover's eyes:
I hear and see through reasonable organs,
Where passion has no part. Come, come, my lord,
You have too little of the statesman in you.

*Pem.* And you, my lord, too little of the churchman.
Is not the sacred purpose of our faith
Peace and good-will to man? The hallow'd hand,

Ordain'd to bless, should know no stain of blood.
'Tis true, I am not practis'd in your politics;
'Twas your pernicious counsel led the queen
To break her promise with the men of Suffolk,
To violate, what in a prince should be
Sacred above the rest, her royal word.

*Gar.* Yes, and I dare avow it: I advis'd her
To break through all engagements made with heretics,
And keep no faith with such a miscreant crew.

*Pem.* Where shall we seek for truth, when ev'n religion,
The priestly robe and mitred head, disclaim it?
But thus bad men dishonour the best cause.
I tell thee, Winchester, doctrines like thine
Have stain'd our holy church with greater infamy
Than all your eloquence can wipe away.

*Gar.* Nay, if you rail, farewell. The queen must be
Better advis'd, than thus to cherish vipers,
Whose mortal stings are arm'd against her life.
But while I hold the seal, no pardon passes
For heretics and traitors. [*Exit* GARDINER.

*Pem.* 'Twas unlucky
To meet and cross upon this froward priest:
But let me lose the thought on't; let me haste,
Pour my glad tidings forth in Guilford's bosom,
And pay him back the life his friendship sav'd. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*The* LADY JANE *kneeling, as at her devotion; a light and a book placed on a table before her. Enter* LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER, LORD GUILFORD, *and two female* ATTENDANTS.

*Lieut.* Let me not press upon your lordship farther,
But wait your leisure in the antichamber.

*Guil.* I will not hold you long. [*Exit* LIEUTENANT.

*Wom.* Softly, my lord!
For yet, behold she kneels. Before the night
Had reach'd her middle space, she left her bed,
And with a pleasing, sober cheerfulness,
As for her funeral, array'd herself
In those sad solemn weeds. Since then her knee
Has known that posture only, and her eye,
Or fix'd upon the sacred page before her,
Or lifted, with her rising hopes, to heav'n.

*Guil.* See, with what zeal those holy hands are rear'd!
Mark her vermilion lip, with fervour trembling;
Her spotless bosom swells with sacred ardour,
And burns with ecstacy and strong devotion;
Her supplication sweet, her faithful vows
Fragrant and pure, and grateful to high heaven,
Like incense from the golden censer rise;
Or blessed angels minister unseen,
Catch the soft sounds, and with alternate office,
Spread their ambrosial wings, then mount with joy
And waft them upwards to the throne of grace.
But she has ended, and comes forward.

[LADY JANE *rises, and comes towards the front of the Stage.*]

*Lady J. G.* Ha!
Art thou my Guilford? Wherefore dost thou come
To break the settled quiet of my soul?
I meant to part without another pang,
And lay my weary head down full of peace.

*Guil.* Forgive the fondness of my longing soul,
That melts with tenderness, and leans towards thee:
Though the imperious, dreadful, voice of fate
Summon her hence, and warn her from the world.
But if to see thy Guilford give thee pain,
'Would I had died, and never more beheld thee:
Though my lamenting discontented ghost
Had wander'd forth unblest by those dear eyes,
And wail'd thy loss in death's eternal shades.

*Lady J. G.* My heart had ended ev'ry earthly care,
And offer'd up its pray'rs for thee and England,
And fix'd its hopes upon a rock unfailing;
While all the little bus'ness, that remain'd,
Was but to pass the forms of death and constancy,
And leave a life become indifferent to me.
But thou hast waken'd other thoughts within me;
Thy sight, my dearest husband and my lord,
Strikes on the tender strings of love and nature:
My vanquish'd passions rise again, and tell me,
'Tis more, far more than death to part from thee.

*Enter* PEMBROKE.

*Pem.* Oh, let me fly, bear me, thou swift impatience,
And lodge me in my faithful Guilford's arms!
[*Embracing.*
That I may warm his gentle heart with joy,
And talk to him of life, of life and pardon.
*Guil.* What means my dearest Pembroke?
*Pem.* Oh, my speech
Is chok'd with words that crowd to tell my tidings!
But I have sav'd thee—and—Oh, joy unutterable!
The queen, my gracious, my forgiving mistress,
Has given not only thee to my request,
But she, she too, in whom alone thou liv'st,
The partner of thy heart, thy love is safe.
*Guil.* Millions of blessings wait her!—Has she—
tell me,
Oh, has she spar'd my wife?
*Pem.* Both, both are pardon'd.
But haste, and do thou lead me to thy saint,
That I may cast myself beneath her feet,
And beg her to accept this poor amends
For all I've done against her—Thou fair excellence,
[*Kneeling.*
Canst thou forgive the hostile hand that arm'd
Against thy cause, and robb'd thee of a crown?
*Lady J. G.* Oh, rise my lord, and let me take
your posture.

Life and the world are hardly worth my care,
But you have reconcil'd me to them both;
Then let me pay my gratitude, and for
This free, this noble, unexpected mercy,
Thus low I bow to heav'n, the queen, and you.

*Pem.* To me! forbid it goodness!
All discord and remembrance of offence
Shall be clean blotted out; and for your freedom,
Myself have underta'en to be your surety,

*Enter* LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER.

*Lieut.* The lord chancellor
Is come with orders from the queen.

*Enter* GARDINER *and* ATTENDANTS.

*Pem.* Ha! Winchester!

*Gar.* The queen, whose days be many,
By me confirms her first accorded grace;
But, as the pious princess means her mercy
Should reach e'en to the soul as well as body,
By me she signifies her royal pleasure,
That thou, Lord Guilford, and the Lady Jane,
Do instantly renounce, abjure your heresy,
And yield obedience to the see of Rome.

*Lady J. G.* What! turn apostate?

*Guil.* Ha! forego my faith!

*Gar.* This one condition only seals your pardon:
But if, through pride of heart, and stubborn obstinacy
With wilful hands you push the blessing from you,
And shut your eyes against such manifest light,
Know ye, your former sentence stands confirm'd,
And you must die to-day.

*Pem.* 'Tis false as hell:
The mercy of the queen was free and full.
Think'st thou, that princes merchandize their grace,
As Roman priests their pardons? Do they barter,
Screw up, like you, the buyer to a price,
And doubly sell what was design'd a gift?

*Gar.* My lord, this language ill beseems your nobleness;
Nor come I here to bandy words with madmen.
Behold the royal signet of the queen,
Which amply speaks her meaning. You, the pris'ners,
Have heard, at large its purport, and must instantly
Resolve upon the choice of life or death.

*Pem.* Oh! inhuman—But wherefore do I loiter here?
I'll to the queen this moment, and there know
What 'tis this mischief-making priest intends. [*Exit.*

*Gar.* Your wisdom points you out a proper course!
A word with you, Lieutenant.

[*Talks with the* LIEUTENANT *aside.*

*Guil.* Must we part then?
What are those hopes that flatter'd us but now;
Those joys that, like the spring, with all its flow'rs,
Pour'd out their pleasures ev'ry where around us?
In one poor minute gone; at once they wither'd,
And left their place all desolate behind them!

*Lady J. G.* Such is this foolish world, and such the uncertainty
Of all the boasted blessings it bestows:
Then, Guilford, let us have no more to do with it;
Think only how to leave it as we ought;
But trust no more, and be deceiv'd no more.

*Guil.* Yes, I will copy thy divine example,
And tread the paths are pointed out by thee:
By thee instructed; to the fatal block
I bend my head with joy, and think it happiness
To give my life a ransom for my faith.
From thee, thou angel of my heart, I learn
That greatest, hardest task, to part with thee.

*Lady J. G.* Oh, gloriously resolv'd! heaven is my witness,
My heart rejoices in thee more ev'n now,
Thus constant as thou art, in death thus faithful,

Than when the holy priest first join'd our hands,
And knit the sacred knot of bridal love.
*Gar.* The day wears fast; Lord Guilford, have you thought?
Will you lay hold on life?
*Guil.* What are the terms?
*Gar.* Death, or the mass, attend you.
*Guil.* 'Tis determin'd:
Lead to the scaffold.
*Gar.* Bear him to his fate.
*Guil.* Oh, let me fold thee once more in my arms,
Thou dearest treasure of my heart, and print
A dying husband's kiss upon thy lip!
Shall we not live again, ev'n in those forms?
Shall I not gaze upon thee with these eyes?
*Lady J. G.* Oh, wherefore dost thou sooth me with thy softness!
Why dost thou wind thyself about my heart,
And make this separation painful to us?
Here break we off at once; and let us now,
Forgetting ceremony, like two friends
That have a little business to be done,
Take a short leave, and haste to meet again.
*Guil.* Rest on that hope, my soul—my wife——
*Lady J. G.* No more.
*Guil.* My sight hangs on thee—Oh, support me, heav'n,
In this last pang—and let us meet in bliss!
[GUILFORD *is led off by the* GUARD.
*Lady J. G.* Can nature bear this stroke!
1 *Wom.* Alas, she faints! [*Supporting.*
*Lady J. G.* Wilt thou fail now!——The killing stroke is past,
And all the bitterness of death is o'er.
*Gar.* Here let the dreadful hand of vengeance stay;
Have pity on your youth, and blooming beauty;
Cast not away the good which heav'n bestows;

Time may have many years in store for you,
All crown'd with fair prosperity. Your husband
Has perish'd in perverseness.
*Lady J. G.* Cease, thou raven,
Nor violate, with thy profaner malice,
My bleeding Guilford's ghost—'Tis gone, 'tis flown:
But lingers on the wing, and waits for me.
[*The Scene draws, and discovers a scaffold hung with black,* EXECUTIONER *and* GUARDS.
And see my journey's end.
1 *Wom.* My dearest lady! [*Weeping.*
2 *Wom.* Oh, misery!
*Lady J. G.* Forbear, my gentle maids,
Nor wound my peace with fruitless lamentations;
The good and gracious hand of Providence
Shall raise you better friends than I have been.
1 *Wom.* Oh, never, never!——
*Lady J. G.* Help to disarray,
And fit me for the block: do this last service,
And do it cheerfully. Now you will see
Your poor unhappy mistress sleep in peace,
And cease from all her sorrows. These few trifles,
The pledges of a dying mistress' love,
Receive and share among you. Thou, Maria,
[*To* 1 WOMAN.
Hast been my old, my very faithful servant:
In dear remembrance of thy love, I leave thee
This book, the law of everlasting truth:
Make it thy treasure still; 'twas my support,
When all help else forsook me.
*Gar.* Will you yet,
Repent, be wise, and save your precious life?
*Lady J. G.* Oh, Winchester! has learning taught thee that?
To barter truth for life?
*Gar.* Mistaken folly!
You toil and travel for your own perdition,
And die for damned errors.

*Lady J. G.* Who judge rightly,
And who persist in error, will be known,
Then, when we meet again. Once more farewel,
[*To her* WOMEN
Goodness be ever with you. When I'm dead,
Entreat they do no rude, dishonest wrong
To my cold, headless corpse; but see it shrouded,
And decent laid in earth.

*Gar.* Wilt thou then die?
Thy blood be on thy head.

*Lady J. G.* My blood be where it falls; let the earth hide it;
And may it never rise, or call for vengeance.
Oh, that it were the last shall fall a victim
To zeal's inhuman wrath! Thou, gracious heaven,
Hear and defend at length thy suffering people;
Raise up a monarch of the royal blood,
Brave, pious, equitable, wise and good,
In thy due season let the hero come,
To save thy altars from the rage of Rome:
Long let him reign, to bless the rescu'd land,
And deal out justice with a righteous hand.
And when he fails, oh, may he leave a son,
With equal virtues to adorn his throne;
To latest times the blessing to convey,
And guard that faith for which I die to-day.

[LADY JANE *goes up to the scaffold.* *The Scene closes.*

*Enter* PEMBROKE.

*Pem.* Horror on horror! Blasted be the hand
That struck my Guilford! Oh, his bleeding trunk
Shall live in these distracted eyes for ever!
Curse on thy fatal arts, thy cruel counsels!
[*To* GARDINER.
The queen is deaf, and pitiless as thou art.

*Gar.* The just reward of heresy and treason
Is fallen upon them both, for their vain obstinacy;

Untimely death, with infamy on earth,
And everlasting punishment hereafter.
*Pem.* And canst thou tell? Who gave thee to explore
The secret purposes of heaven, or taught thee
To set a bound to mercy unconfin'd?
But know, thou proud, perversely-judging Winchester!
Howe'er your hard, imperious censures doom,
And portion out our lot in worlds to come,
Those, who, with honest hearts, pursue the right,
And follow faithfully truth's sacred light,
Tho' suff'ring here, shall from their sorrows cease,
Rest with the saints, and dwell in endless peace.
[*Exeunt.*

THE END.

Printed by Augustus Applegath and Edward Cowper,
24, Nelson-Square, Great Surrey-Street.

# SIEGE OF DAMASCUS

PHOCYAS.—VILLAIN, THOU LIEST! TAKE THAT TO LOOSE THY HOLD.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Drawn by C.Heath. Published by Longman & Co. March 1816. Engraved by C.Heath.

THE

# SIEGE OF DAMASCUS;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY JOHN HUGHES, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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LONDON:

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# REMARKS.

John Hughes, the author of this tragedy, is described by his biographers as a man who possessed high talents, and a most amiable character. He was beloved, admired, and trusted, by the great Addison; and Steele has written on him the following panegyric:

"He may be the emulation of more persons of different talents than any one I have ever known. His head, hands, or heart, were always employed in something worthy imitation. His pencil, his bow, or his pen, each of which he used in a masterly manner, were always directed to raise and entertain his own mind, or that of others, to a more cheerful prosecution of what is noble and virtuous."

This respected author was the son of a citizen of London, and born at Marlborough, in Wiltshire, in 1677. From his earliest youth, he gave testimony of an inclination for the three sister arts, painting, music, and poetry; in each of which he made a considerable progress by close application, and the enjoyment of a fine taste.

This play is dedicated to Earl Cowper, who, whilst he was Lord Chancellor of England, nominated Mr. Hughes, and without any previous solicitation, to many offices of considerable importance; and otherwise bestowed upon him marks of his affection and favour.

" The Siege of Damascus" was written in the neighbourhood of Lord Cowper's country seat, and received, progressively, as the author wrote, his lordship's attention and approbation.

The action of the play commences about two years after the death of the first caliph, the great Mahomet. —Abubeker, his successor, was, like himself, supreme, both in spiritual and temporal concerns. Following the steps of Mahomet, in propagating his new system of superstition by the sword, he sent a numerous army into Syria, under the command of the Arabian general, Caled; who, having subdued part of that devoted country, now besieged Damascus, its capital.

This event took place about the year 634—a most important era in Grecian history.

The christian emperor, Heraclius, found, at this period, his own subjects divided by controversies respecting the articles of faith and the forms of worship, by which christianity should be professed and adorned. He found, at the same time, the followers of Mahomet so firmly united in one belief, that Paradise would be the reward of extirpating the christians from the earth; and so enthusiastically bent upon this holy labour, that the Greek and Roman empire was shaken by their extensive conquests.

The basis of this tragedy being now described, it would be anticipating, and abating much of the reader's entertainment, to give any further delineation of its structure.

The following circumstances may, however, be stated, without forestalling the pleasure of curiosity.—The play was well received on its first appearance, and is still in high esteem, though seldom performed. The characters are varied, and distinguished by noble sentiments; the events highly interesting, and at times affecting. The scene itself gives a kind of pious dignity to the whole work; for the very sound of Damascus, to a christian ear, has somewhat of sacred influence.

On presenting this play to the managers of the theatre, Mr. Hughes was prevailed upon, before they would accept the piece, to make an alteration in the character of one of his principal christian warriors in the drama, whom he had originally caused to change his religion, from some powerful temptation which assailed him.

The managers, no doubt, were right in supposing, that an audience would never behold, with a favourable eye, the man who could change his faith from any motive except clear conviction;—but if, as it is said, they urged for their argument, that no hero was ever an apostate, they surely had forgotten Henry the Fourth of France, who had an undoubted right to both these epithets.

"The Siege of Damascus" was brought before the public, at Drury Lane Theatre, on the 17th of Fe-

bruary, 1719—and, on that first evening of its being represented, the author died.

Mr. Hughes's constitution is said to have been weakly, and that a decline put a period to his existence at this remarkable juncture;—but, if his mind was delicate as his body, anxiety for the fate of this production might agitate him, even on the verge of the grave, and hasten his approach to it.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### CHRISTIANS.

| | |
|---|---|
| EUMENES | *Mr. Hull.* |
| HERBIS | *Mr. Fearon.* |
| PHOCYAS | *Mr. Pope.* |
| ARTAMON | *Mr. Davies.* |
| SERGIUS | *Mr. Cubitt.* |
| EUDOCIA | *Mrs. Pope.* |

OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, *and* ATTENDANTS.

### SARACENS.

| | |
|---|---|
| CALED | *Mr. Henderson.* |
| ABUDAH | *Mr. Farren.* |
| DARAN | *Mr. Thompson.* |
| SERJABIL | *Mr. Helme.* |
| RAPHAN | *Mr. Ledger.* |

OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, *and* ATTENDANTS.

*SCENE—The City of Damascus, in Syria, and the Saracen Camp before it; and, in the last Act, a Valley adjacent.*

THE

# SIEGE OF DAMASCUS,

## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.

*The City.*

*Enter* EUMENES, *followed by a Crowd of* PEOPLE.

*Eum.* I'll hear no more. Begone!
Or stop your clamorous mouths, that still are open
To bawl sedition, and consume our corn.
If you will follow me, send home your women,
And follow to the walls; there earn your safety,
As brave men should.—Pity your wives and children!
Yes, I do pity them, Heaven knows I do,
E'en more than you; nor will I yield them up,
Though at your own request, a prey to ruffians—
Herbis, what news?

*Enter* HERBIS.

*Herb.* News!—we're betray'd, deserted;
The works are but half mann'd; the Saracens
Perceive it, and pour on such crowds, they blunt
Our weapons, and have drain'd our stores of death.
What will you next?

*Eum.* I've sent a fresh recruit;
The valiant Phocyas leads them on—whose deeds,
In early youth assert his noble race;
A more than common ardour seems to warm
His breast, as if he lov'd and courted danger.

*Herb.* I fear 'twill be too late.

*Eum.* [*Aside.*] I fear it too:
And though I brav'd it to the trembling crowd,
I've caught th' infection, and I dread th' event.
'Would I had treated!—but 'tis now too late—
Come, Herbis. [*Exeunt.—A great Shout*

*Enter* HERBIS.

*Herb.* So—the tide turns; Phocyas has driven it back.
The gate once more is ours. [*Flourish.*

*Enter* EUMENES, PHOCYAS, ARTAMON, &c.

*Eum.* Brave Phocyas, thanks! mine and the people's thanks.
Yet, that we may not lose this breathing space,
Hang out the flag of truce. You, Artamon,
Haste with a trumpet to th' Arabian chiefs,
And let them know, that, hostages exchang'd,
I'd meet them now upon the eastern plain.
[*Exit* ARTAMON.

*Pho.* What means Eumenes?

*Eum.* Phocyas, I would try,
By friendly treaty, if, on terms of peace,
They'll yet withdraw their powers.

*Pho.* On terms of peace!
What peace can you expect from bands of robbers?
What terms from slaves, but slavery?—You know
These wretches fight not at the call of honour,
That sets the princes of the world in arms.
Base-born, and starv'd amidst their stony deserts,
Long have they view'd from far, with wishing eyes,

Our fruitful vales, and all the verdant wealth
That crowns fair Lebanon's aspiring brows,
Here have the locusts pitch'd, nor will they leave
These tasted sweets, these blooming fields of plenty,
For barren sands and native poverty,
Till driven away by force.
*Eum.* What can we do?
Our people in despair, our soldiers harrass'd
With daily toil, and constant nightly watch:
Our hopes of succour from the emperor
Uncertain; Eutyches not yet return'd,
That went to ask them; one brave army beaten;
Th' Arabians numerous, cruel, flush'd with conquest.
*Herb.* Besides, you know what phrenzy fires their minds,
Of their new faith, and drives them on to danger.
*Eum.* True;—they pretend the gates of Paradise,
Stand ever open to receive the souls
Of all, that die in fighting for their cause.
*Pho.* Then would I send their souls to Paradise,
And give their bodies to our Syrian eagles.
Our ebb of fortune is not yet so low,
To leave us desperate. Aids may soon arrive;
Mean time, in spite of their late bold attack,
The city still is ours; their force repell'd,
And therefore weaker; proud of this success,
Our soldiers too have gain'd redoubled courage,
And long to meet them on the open plain.
What hinders, then, but we repay this outrage,
And sally on their camp?
*Eum.* No—let us first
Believe th' occasion fair, by this advantage,
To purchase their retreat on easy terms:
That failing, we tile better stand acquitted
To our own citizens. However, brave Phocyas,
Cherish this ardour in the soldiery,
And in our absence form what force thou canst,

Then if these hungry bloodhounds of the war
Should still be deaf to peace, at our return
Our widen'd gates shall pour a sudden flood
Of vengeance on them, and chastise their scorn.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*A Plain before the City. A Prospect of Tents at a Distance.*

*Enter* CALED, ABUDAH, *and* DARAN.

*Dar.* To treat, my chiefs!—What! are we merchants then,
That only come to traffic with those Syrians,
And poorly cheapen conquest on conditions?
No; we were sent to fight the caliph's battles,
Till every iron neck bend to obedience.
Another storm makes this proud city ours;
What need we treat?—I am for war and plunder.

*Cal.* Why, so am I—and but to save the lives
Of mussulmans, not christians, I would not treat.
I hate these christian dogs; and 'tis our task,
As thou observ'st, to fight; our law enjoins it:
Heaven, too, is promis'd only to the valiant.
Oft has our prophet said, the happy plains
Above, lie stretch'd beneath the blaze of swords.

*Abu.* Yet, Daran's loth to trust that heaven for pay;
This earth, it seems, has gifts that please him more.

*Cal.* Check not his zeal, Abudah.

*Abu.* No; I praise it.
Yet, I could wish that zeal had better motives.
Has victory no fruits but blood and plunder?

That we were sent to fight, 'tis true; but wherefore?
For conquest, not destruction. That obtain'd,
The more we spare, the caliph has more subjects,
And Heaven is better serv'd—But see, they come!
[*Trumpets.*

*Enter* EUMENES, HERBIS, *and* ARTAMON.

*Cal.* Well, christians, we are met—and war awhile,
At your request, has still'd his angry voice,
To hear what you will purpose.

*Eum.* We come to know,
After so many troops you've lost in vain,
If you'll draw off in peace, and save the rest.

*Herb.* Or rather to know first—for yet we know not—
Why on your heads you call our pointed arrows,
In our own just defence? What means this visit?
And why see we so many thousand tents
Rise in the air, and whiten all our fields?

*Cal.* Is that a question now? you had our summons,
When first we march'd against you, to surrender.
Two moons have wasted since, and now the third
Is in its wane. 'Tis true, drawn off a while,
At Aiznadin we met and fought the powers
Sent by your emperor to raise our siege.
Vainly you thought us gone; we gain'd a conquest.
You see we are return'd; our hearts, our cause,
Our swords the same.

*Herb.* But why those swords were drawn,
And what's the cause, inform us.

*Eum.* Speak your wrongs,
If wrongs you have receiv'd, and by what means
They may be now repair'd.

*Abu.* Then, christians, hear!
And Heaven inspire you to embrace its truth!
Not wrongs t'avenge, but to establish right,

Our swords were drawn: for such is Heaven's command
Immutable. By us great Mahomet,
And his successor, holy Abubeker,
Invite you to the faith.
*Eum.* Now, in the name of Heaven, what faith is this,
That stalks gigantic forth thus arm'd with terrors,
As if it meant to ruin, not to save?
That leads embattled legions to the field,
And marks its progress out with blood and slaughter?
*Herb.* Bold, frontless men! that impudently dare
To blend religion with the worst of crimes!
And sacrilegiously usurp that name,
To cover fraud, and justify oppression!
*Eum.* Where are your priests? What doctors of your law
Have you e'er sent t'instruct us in its precepts?
To solve our doubts, and satisfy our reason,
And kindly lead us, through the wilds of error,
To these new tracts of truth—This would be friendship,
And well might claim our thanks.
*Cal.* Friendship like this
With scorn had been receiv'd: your numerous vices,
Your clashing sects, your mutual rage and strife,
Have driven religion, and her angel guards,
Like outcasts from among you. In her stead,
Usurping superstition bears the sway,
And reigns in mimic state, 'midst idol shows,
And pageantry of power. Who does not mark
Your lives, rebellious to your own great prophet,
Who mildly taught you?—Therefore Mahomet
Has brought the sword, to govern you by force.
*Eum.* O, solemn truths! though from an impious tongue! [*Aside.*
That we're unworthy of our holy faith,

To Heaven, with grief and conscious shame, we own.
But what are you, that thus arraign our vices,
And consecrate your own?
Are you not sons of rapine, foes to peace,
Base robbers, murderers——
*Cal.* Christians, no—
*Eum.* Then say,
Why have you ravag'd all our peaceful borders?
Plunder'd our towns? and by what claim e'en now,
You tread this ground?
*Herb.* What claim, but that of hunger?
The claim of ravenous wolves, that leave their dens
To prowl at midnight round some sleeping village,
Or watch the shepherd's folded flock for prey?
*Cal.* Blasphemer, know, your fields and towns are ours;
Our prophet has bestow'd them on the faithful,
And Heaven itself has ratify'd the grant.
*Eum.* Oh! now indeed you boast a noble title!
What could your prophet grant? a hireling slave!
Not e'en the mules and camels which he drove,
Were his to give; and yet the bold impostor
Has canton'd out the kingdoms of the earth,
In frantic fits of visionary power,
To sooth his pride, and bribe his fellow madmen!
*Cal.* Was it for this you sent to ask a parley,
T' affront our faith, and to traduce our prophet!
Well might we answer you with quick revenge
For such indignities—Yet hear, once more,
Hear this, our last demand; and, this accepted,
We yet withdraw our war. Be christians still,
But swear to live with us in firm alliance,
To yield us aid, and pay us annual tribute.
*Eum.* No—Should we grant you aid, we must be rebels;
And tribute is the slavish badge of conquest.
Yet since, on just and honourable terms,
We ask but for our own—Ten silken vests,

Weighty with pearls and gems, we'll send your caliph;
Two, Caled, shall be thine; two thine, Abudah.
To each inferior captain we decree
A turban, spun from our Damascus flax,
White as the snows of heaven; to every soldier
A scimitar. This, and of solid gold
Ten ingots, be the price to buy your absence.
*Cal.* This, and much more, even all your shining wealth,
Will soon be ours—Behold our march
O'er half your land, like flame through fields of harvest.
And, last, view Aiznadin, that vale of blood!
There seek the souls of forty thousand Greeks,
That, fresh from life, yet hover o'er their bodies.
Then think, and then resolve.
*Herb.* Presumptuous men!
What though you yet can boast successful guilt,
Is conquest only yours? Or dare you hope
That you shall still pour on the swelling tide,
Like some proud river, that has left its banks,
Nor ever know repulse?
*Eum.* Have you forgot!
Not twice seven years are past, since e'en your prophet,
Bold as he was, and boasting aid divine,
Was by the tribe of Corish forc'd to fly,
Poorly to fly, to save his wretched life,
From Mecca to Medina?
*Abu.* No—forgot!
We well remember how Medina screen'd
That holy head, preserv'd for better days,
And ripening years of glory!
*Dar.* Why, my chiefs,
Will you waste time, in offering terms despis'd,
To these idolaters?—Words are but air,
Blows would plead better.
*Cal.* Daran, thou say'st true.

Christians, here end our truce. Behold, once more
The sword of Heaven is drawn! nor shall be sheath'd,
But in the bowels of Damascus.
*Eum.* That,
Or speedy vengeance, and destruction, due
To the proud menacers, as Heaven sees fit! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*A Garden.*

*Enter* EUDOCIA.

*Eud.* All's hush'd around!—No more the shout of soldiers,
And clash of arms, tumultuous, fill the air.
Methinks this interval of terror seems
Like that, when the loud thunder just has roll'd
O'er our affrighted heads, and, in the heavens,
A momentary silence but prepares
A second and a louder clap to follow.

*Enter* PHOCYAS.

O no—my hero comes, with better omens,
And every gloomy thought is now no more.
*Pho.* Where is the treasure of my soul!—Eudocia,
Behold me here impatient, like the miser,
That often steals in secret to his gold,
And counts, with trembling joy, and jealous transport,
The shining heaps which he still fears to lose.
*Eud.* Welcome, thou brave, thou best deserving lover!
How do I doubly share the common safety,
Since 'tis a debt to thee!—But tell me, Phocyas,
Dost thou bring peace?—Thou dost, and I am happy!

*Pho.* Not yet, Eudocia; 'tis decreed by Heaven,
I must do more to merit thy esteem.
Peace, like a frighted dove, has wing'd her flight
To distant hills, beyond these hostile tents;
And through them we must thither force our way,
If we would call the lovely wanderer back
To her forsaken home.
*Eud.* False, flattering hope!
Vanish'd so soon!—alas, my faithful fears
Return, and tell me, we must still be wretched!
*Pho.* Not so, my fair; if thou but gently smile,
Inspiring valour, and presaging conquest,
These barbarous foes to peace and love shall soon
Be chas'd, like fiends, before the morning light,
And all be calm again.
*Eud.* Is the truce ended?
Must war, alas! renew its bloody rage,
And Phocyas ever be expos'd to danger?
*Pho.* Think for whose sake danger itself has charms.
Dismiss thy fears; the lucky hour comes on,
Full fraught with joys, when my big soul no more
Shall labour with this secret of my passion,
To hide it from thy jealous father's eyes.
Just now, by signals from the plain, I've learn'd
That the proud foe refuse us terms of honour;
A sally is resolv'd; the citizens
And soldiers, kindled into sudden fury,
Press all in crowds, and beg I'll lead them on.
Oh, my Eudocia! if I now succeed——
Did I say, if——I must, I will; the cause
Is love, 'tis liberty, it is Eudocia!——
What then shall hinder,
But I may boldly ask thee of Eumenes,
Nor fear a rival's more prevailing claim?
*Eud.* May blessings still attend thy arms!—Methinks
I've caught the flame of thy heroic ardour;
And now I see thee crown'd with palm and olive;
The soldiers bring thee back, with songs of triumph,

And loud applauding shouts; thy rescu'd country
Resounds thy praise; our emperor, Heraclius,
Decrees thee honours for a city sav'd,
And pillars rise of monumental brass,
Inscrib'd—" To Phocyas, the deliverer."

*Pho.* The honours and rewards, which thou hast nam'd,
Are bribes too little for my vast ambition.
My soul is full of thee!—Thou art my all,
Of fame, of triumph, and of future fortune.
'Twas love of thee first sent me forth in arms,
My service is all thine, to thee devoted,
And thou alone canst make e'en conquest pleasing.

*Eud.* O, do not wrong thy merit, nor restrain it
To narrow bounds; but know, I best am pleas'd
To share thee with thy country. Oh, my Phocyas!
With conscious blushes oft I've heard thy vows,
And strove to hide, yet more reveal'd my heart;
But 'tis thy virtue justifies my choice,
And what at first was weakness, now is glory.

*Pho.* Forgive me, thou fair pattern of all goodness,
If, in the transport of unbounded passion,
I still am lost to every thought but thee,
Yet sure to love thee thus is every virtue;
Nor need I more perfection.—Hark! I'm call'd.
[*Trumpet sounds.*

*Eud.* Then go—and Heaven, with all its angels, guard thee.

*Pho.* Farewell!—for thee once more I draw the sword.
Now to the field, to gain the glorious prize;
'Tis victory—the word—Eudocia's eyes! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.

*The* GOVERNOR'S *Palace.*

*Enter* EUMENES *and* HERBIS.

*Herb.* Still I must say, 'twas wrong, 'twas wrong,
Eumenes,
And mark th' event!
*Eum.* What could I less? You saw
'Twas vain t' oppose it, whilst his eager valour,
Impatient of restraint——
*Herb.* His eager valour!
His rashness, his hot youth, his valour's fever!
Must we, whose business is to keep our walls,
And manage warily our little strength,
Must we at once lavish away our blood,
Because his pulse beats high, and his mad courage
Wants to be breath'd in some new enterprize?—
You should not have consented.
*Eum.* You forget.
'Twas not my voice alone; you saw the people
(And sure such sudden instincts are from Heaven!)
Rose all at once to follow him, as if
One soul inspir'd them, and that soul was Phocyas'.
*Herb.* I had indeed forgot; and ask your pardon.
I took you for Eumenes, and I thought
That, in Damascus, you had chief command.
*Eum.* What dost thou mean?
*Herb.* Nay, who's forgetful now?
You say, the people—Yes, that very people,

That coward tribe that press'd you to surrender !
Well may they spurn at lost authority ;
Whom they like better, better they'll obey.
*Eum.* O I could curse the giddy, changeful slaves,
But that the thought of this hour's great event
Possesses all my soul.——If we are beaten!——
*Herb.* The poison works ; 'tis well—I'll give him more. [*Aside.*
True, if we're beaten, who shall answer that ?
Shall you, or I ?——Are you the governor ?
Or say we conquer, whose is then the praise ?
*Eum.* I know thy friendly fears ; that thou and I
Must stoop beneath a beardless, rising hero !
And in Heraclius' court it shall be said,
Damascus, nay, perhaps the empire too,
Ow'd its deliverance to a boy,——Why be it,
So that he now return with victory ;
'Tis honour greatly won, and let him wear it.
Yet I could wish I needed less his service.
Were Eutyches returned——
*Herb.* [*Aside.*] That, that's my torture.
I sent my son to the emperor's court, in hopes
His merit at this time might raise his fortunes ;
But Phocyas—curse upon his froward virtues !——
Is reaping all this field of fame alone,
Or leaves him scarce the gleanings of a harvest.
*Eum.* See Artamon, with hasty strides returning.
He comes alone ! Oh ! friend, thy fears were just.
What are we now, and what is lost Damascus ?

*Enter* ARTAMON.

*Art.* Joy to Eumeness !
*Eum.* Joy !——is't possible ?
Dost thou bring news of victory ?
*Art.* The sun
Is set in blood, and from the western skies

Has seen three thousand slaughter'd Arabs fall.

*Herb.* Is Phocyas safe?

*Art.* He is, and crown'd with triumph.

*Herb.* [*Aside.*] My fears indeed were just.

[*Shout, Flourish.*

*Eum.* What noise is that?

*Herb.* The people worshiping their new divinity;
Shortly they'll build him temples.

*Eum.* Tell us, soldier,
Since thou hast shar'd the glory of this action,
Tell us how it began.

*Art.* At first the foe
Seem'd much surpris'd; but taking soon the alarm,
Gather'd some hasty troops, and march'd to meet us.
The captain of these bands look'd wild and fierce,
His head unarm'd, as if in scorn of danger,
And naked to the waist; as he drew near,
He rais'd his arm, and shook a pond'rous lance:
When all at once, as at a signal given,
We heard the Tecbir, so these Arabs call
Their shouts of onset, when with loud appeal
They challenge Heaven, as if demanding conquest.
The battle join'd, and thro' the barbarous host
'Fight, fight, and Paradise,' was all the cry.
At last our leaders met; and gallant Phocyas——
But what are words, to tell the mighty wonders
We saw him then perform!—Their chief unhors'd,
The Saracens soon broke their ranks, and fled;
And had not a thick evening fog arose,
The slaughter had been double——But, behold,
The hero comes!

*Enter* PHOCYAS, EUMENES *meeting him.*

*Eum.* Joy to brave Phocyas!
Eumenes gives him back the joy he sent.
The welcome news has reach'd this place before thee.
How shall thy country pay the debt she owes thee?

*Pho.* By taking this as earnest of a debt
Which I owe her, and fain would better pay.
*Herb.* In spite of envy, I must praise him too.
[*Aside.*
Phocyas, thou hast done bravely, and 'tis fit
Successful virtue take a time to rest.
Fortune is fickle, and may change: besides,
What shall we gain, if from a mighty ocean
By sluices we draw off some little streams?
If thousands fall, ten thousands more remain.
Nor ought we hazard worth so great as thine,
Against such odds. Suffice what's done already:
And let us now, in hopes of better days,
Keep wary watch, and wait th' expected succours.
*Pho.* What!——to be coop'd whole months within our walls?
To rust at home, and sicken with inaction?
The courage of our men will droop and die,
If not kept up by daily exercise.
Again the beaten foe may force our gates;
And victory, if slighted thus, take wing,
And fly where she may find a better welcome.
*Eum.* [*To* HERBIS, *aside.*] Urge him no more;——
I'll think of thy late warning;
And thou shalt see, I'll yet be governor.

*Enter* MESSENGER, *with a Letter.*

*Pho.* [*Looking on it.*] 'Tis to Eumenes.
*Eum.* Ha! from Eutyches.

[Reads.] *The emperor, awaken'd with the danger*
*That threatens his dominions, and the loss*
*At Aiznadin, has drain'd his garrisons,*
*To raise a second army. In a few hours*
*We will begin our march. Sergius brings this,*
*And will inform you further.*——

*Herb.* [*Aside.*] Heaven, I thank thee!
'Twas even beyond my hopes.
*Eum.* But where is Sergius?
*Mess.* The letter, fasten'd to an arrow's head,
Was shot into the town.
*Eum.* I fear, he's taken——
O Phocyas, Herbis, Artamon! my friends!
You all are sharers in this news; the storm
Is blowing o'er, that hung like night upon us,
And threaten'd deadly ruin——Haste, proclaim
The welcome tidings loud through all the city.
Let sparkling lights be seen from every turret,
To tell our joy, and spread their blaze to heaven.
Prepare for feasts; danger shall wait at distance,
And fear be now no more. The jolly soldier
And citizen shall meet o'er their full bowls,
Forget their toils, and laugh their cares away,
And mirth and triumphs close this happy day.
[*Exeunt* HERBIS *and* ARTAMON.
*Pho.* And may succeeding days prove yet more happy!
Well dost thou bid the voice of triumph sound
Thro' all our streets; our city calls thee father:
And say, Eumenes, dost thou not perceive
A father's transport rise within thy breast,
Whilst in this act thou art the hand of Heaven,
To deal forth blessings, and distribute joy?
*Eum.* The blessings, Heaven bestows, are freely sent,
And should be freely shar'd.
*Pho.* True——Generous minds
Redoubled feel the pleasure they impart.
For me, if I've deserv'd by arms or counsels,
By hazards gladly sought, and greatly prosper'd,
Whate'er I've added to the public stock,
With joy I see it in Eumenes' hands,
And wish but to receive my share from thee.
*Eum.* I cannot, if I would, withhold thy share,

What thou hast done is thine, the fame thy own;
And virtuous actions will reward themselves.
*Pho.* Fame—What is that, if courted for herself?
Less than a vision; a mere sound, an echo,
That calls with mimic voice, thro' woods and labyrinths,
Her cheated lovers; lost and heard by fits,
But never fix'd: a seeming nymph, yet nothing.
Virtue indeed is a substantial good,
A real beauty; yet with weary steps,
Thro' rugged ways, by long, laborious service,
When we have trac'd, and woo'd, and won the dame,
May we not then expect the dower she brings?
*Eum.* Well——ask that dowry; say, can Damascus pay it?
Her riches shall be tax'd, name but the sum,
Her merchants with some costly gems shall grace thee;
Nor can Heraclius fail to grant thee honours,
Proportion'd to thy birth and thy desert.
*Pho.* And can Eumenes think I would be brib'd
By trash, by sordid gold, to venal virtue!
What! serve my country for the same mean hire,
That can corrupt each villain to betray her?
Why is she sav'd from these Arabian spoilers,
If to be stripp'd by her own sons?——Forgive me
If the thought glows on my cheeks! I know
Twas mention'd but to prove how much I scorn it.
Yes, Eumenes,
I have ambition—yet the vast reward
That swells my hopes, and equals all my wishes,
Is in thy gift alone——it is Eudocia.
*Eum.* Eudocia! Phocyas, I am yet thy friend,
And therefore will not hold thee long in doubt.
Thou must not think of her.
*Pho.* Not think of her!
Impossible.—She's ever present to me,
My life, my soul! She animates my being,

And kindles up my thoughts to worthy actions.
And why, Eumenes, why not think of her?
Is not my rank——
*Eum.* Forbear——What need a herald,
To tell me who thou art?—Yet once again——
Since thou wilt force me to a repetition,
I say, thou must not think of her.
My choice has destin'd her to Eutyches?
*Pho.* And has she then consented to that choice?
*Eum.* Has she consented!—What is her consent?
Is she not mine?
*Pho.* She is—and, in that title,
Even kings with envy may behold thy wealth,
And think their kingdoms poor!——and yet, Eumenes,
Shall she, by being thine, be barr'd a privilege
Which even the meanest of her sex may claim?
Thou wilt not force her?
*Eum.* Who has told thee so?
I'd force her to be happy.
*Pho.* That thou canst not.
What happiness subsists in loss of freedom?
*Eum.* 'Tis well, young man—Why then, I'll learn from thee
To be a very tame, obedient father.
Thou hast already taught my child her duty.
I find the source of all her disobedience,
Her hate of me, her scorn of Eutyches;
Was this the spring of thy romantic bravery,
Thy boastful merit, thy officious service?
*Pho.* It was—with pride I own it—'twas Eudocia.
I have serv'd thee in serving her, thou know'st it;
Why wilt thou force me thus to be a braggart,
And tell thee that which thou shouldst tell thyself?
It grates my soul—I am not wont to talk thus.
But I recall my words——I have done nothing,
And would disclaim all merit, but my love.
*Eum.* O no—say on, that thou hast sav'd Damascus;

Is it not so?——Look o'er her battlements,
See if the flying foe have left their camp!
Why are our gates yet clos'd, if thou hast freed us?
'Tis true, thou'st fought a skirmish——What of that?
Had Eutyches been present——

*Pho.* Eutyches!

Why wilt thou urge my temper with that trifler?
O let him come! that in yon spacious plain
We may together charge the thickest ranks,
Rush on to battle, wounds, and glorious death,
And prove who 'twas that best deserv'd Eudocia.

*Eum.* That will be seen ere long—But, since I find
Thou arrogantly wouldst usurp dominion,
Believ'st thyself the guardian genius here,
And that our fortunes hang upon thy sword;
Be that first try'd—for know, that from this moment,
Thou here hast no command—Farewell!—So stay,
Or hence, and join the foe—thou hast thy choice.

[*Exit* EUMENES.

*Pho.* Spurn'd and degraded!—Proud, ungrateful man!
Am I a bubble then, blown up by thee,
And toss'd into the air, to make thee sport?
Hence to the foe! 'Tis well——Eudocia,
Oh, I will see thee, thou wrong'd excellence!
But how to speak thy wrongs, or my disgrace—
Impossible! Oh rather let me walk,
Like a dumb ghost, and burst my heart in silence.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

*The Garden.*

*Enter* EUDOCIA.

*Eud.* Why must we meet by stealth, like guilty lovers ?
But 'twill not long be so——What joy 'twill be
To own my hero in his ripen'd honours,
And hear applauding crowds pronounce me blest!
Sure he'll be here—See the fair rising moon,
Ere day's remaining twilight scarce is spent,
Hangs up her ready lamp, and with mild lustre
Drives back the hovering shade ! Come, Phocyas, come ;
This gentle season is a friend to love ;
And now methinks I could with equal passion,
Meet thine, ar I tell thee all my secret soul.

*Enter* PHOCYAS.

He hears me—O my Phocyas !—What—not answer !
Art thou not he ; or art some shadow——Speak.
*Pho.* I am indeed a shadow—I am nothing——
*Eud.* What dost thou mean ? For now I know thee Phocyas.
*Pho.* And never can be thine !
It will have vent—O barbarous, curst—but hold—
I had forgot——It was Eudocia's father !
O, could I too forget how he has us'd me !
*Eud.* I fear to ask thee——
*Pho.* Dost thou fear ?—Alas,

Then thou wilt pity me—O generous maid!
Thou hast charm'd down the rage that swell'd my heart,
And chok'd my voice——now I can speak to thee.
And yet 'tis worse than death, what I have suffer'd;
It is the death of honour!—Yet that's little;
'Tis more, Eudocia, 'tis the loss of thee!
*Eud.* Hast thou not conquer'd—What are all these shouts,
This voice of general joy, heard far around
What are these fires, that cast their glimmering light
Against the sky? Are not all these thy triumphs!
*Pho.* O name not triumph! Talk no more of conquest!
It is indeed a night of general joy;
But not to me? Eudocia, I am come
To take a last farewell of thee for ever.
*Eud.* A last farewell!
*Pho.* Yes;——How wilt thou hereafter
Look on a wretch despis'd, revil'd, cashier'd,
Stript of command, like a base, beaten coward?
Thy cruel father——I have told too much;
I should not but for this have felt the wounds
I got in fight for him—now, now they bleed!
But I have done—and now thou hast my story,
Is there a creature so accurst as Phocyas?
*Eud.* And can it be?—Is this then thy reward?
O Phocyas! never wouldst thou tell me yet,
That thou hadst wounds; now I must feel them too.
For is it not for me thou hast borne this?
What else could be thy crime? Wert thou a traitor,
Hadst thou betray'd us, sold us to the foe——
*Pho.* Would I be yet a traitor, I have leave;
Nay, I am dar'd to it, with mocking scorn.
My crime indeed was asking thee; that only
Has cancell'd all, if I had any merit!
The city now is safe, my service slighted,

And I discarded, like an useless thing,
Nay, bid begone—And if I like that better,
Seek out new friends, and join yon barbarous host!
*Eud.* Hold—let me think a while——
[*Walks aside.*
Tho' my heart bleed,
I would not have him see these dropping tears—
And wilt thou go, then, Phocyas?
*Pho.* To my grave;
Where can I bury else this foul disgrace?
*Eud.* Art thou sure
Thou hast been us'd thus? art thou quite undone?
*Pho.* Yes, very sure——What dost thou mean?
*Eud.* That then, it is a time for me—O, Heaven! that I
Alone am grateful to this wondrous man!
To own thee, Phocyas, thus—[*Giving her Hand.*] nay, glory in thee,
And show, without a blush, how much I love.
We must not part——
*Pho.* Then I am rich again! [*Embracing her.*
O, no, we will not part! Confirm it, Heaven!
Now thou shalt see how I will bend my spirit,
With what soft patience I will bear my wrongs,
Till I have weary'd out thy father's scorn:
Yet I have worse to tell thee—Eutyches——
*Eud.* Why wilt thou name him?
*Pho.* Now, even now, he's coming!
Just hovering o'er thee, like a bird of prey:
Thy father vows—for I must tell thee all——
'Twas this that wrung my heart, and rack'd my brain,
Even to distraction!—vows thee to his bed;
Nay, threaten'd force, if thou refuse obedience.
*Eud.* Force! threaten'd force!—my father—— where is nature!
Is that, too, banish'd from his heart!—O then

I have no father—How have I deserv'd this?—
[*Weeping.*
No home, but am henceforth an outcast orphan;
For I will wander to earth's utmost bounds,
Ere give my hand to that detested contract.
O, save me, Phocyas! thou hast sav'd my father—
Must I yet call him so, this cruel father——
How wilt thou now deliver poor Eudocia?

*Pho.* See, how we're join'd in exile! How our fate
Conspires to warn us both to leave this city!
Thou know'st the emperor is now at Antioch;
I have an uncle there, who when the Persian,
As now the Saracen, had nigh o'errun
The ravag'd empire, did him signal service,
And nobly was rewarded. There, Eudocia,
Thou mightst be safe, and I may meet with justice.

*Eud.* There—any where, so we may fly this place.
See, Phocyas, what thy wrongs and mine have wrought,
In a weak woman's frame! for I have courage
To share thy exile now, thro' ev'ry danger.
Danger is only here, and dwells with guilt,
With base ingratitude, and hard oppression.

*Pho.* Then let us lose no time, but hence, this night.
The gates I can command, and will provide
The means of our escape. Some five hours hence,
'Twill then be turn'd of midnight, we may meet
In the piazza of Honoria's convent.

*Eud.* I know it well; the place is most secure,
And near adjoining to this garden wall.
There thou shalt find me—Oh, protect us, Heaven!

*Pho.* Fear not; thy innocence will be our guard;
Some pitying angel will attend thy steps,
Guide thee unseen, and charm the sleeping foe,
Till thou art safe! Oh, I have suffer'd nothing,
Thus gaining thee, and this great generous proof

How blest I am in my Eudocia's love !
My only joy, farewell !
*Eud.* Farewell, my Phocyas !
I have no friend but thee—yet thee I'll call
Friend, father, lover, guardian !—Thou art all :
[*Exeunt*

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## ACT THE THIRD.

### SCENE I.

CALED's *Tent.*

*Enter* CALED *and* ATTENDANTS. SERGIUS *held by Two* GUARDS, *bound with Cords.*

*Ser.* Oh, mercy, mercy !
*Cal.* Mercy ! what's that ?—Look, yonder on the field
Of our late fight ! Go, talk of mercy there.
Will the dead hear thy voice ?
*Ser.* O spare me yet.
*Cal.* Thou wretch !—Spare thee ; to what ? To live in torture !
Are not thy limbs all bruis'd, thy bones disjointed,
To force thee to confess ? and wouldst thou drag,
Like a crush'd serpent, a vile, mangled being ?
My eyes abhor a coward—Hence, and die!
*Ser.* Oh ! I have told thee all—When first pursu'd,
I fix'd my letters on an arrow's point,
And shot them o'er the walls—
*Cal.* Hast thou told all ?
Well, then thou shalt have mercy to requite thee ;
Behold I'll send thee forward on thy errand.
Strike off his head ; then cast it o'er the gates !
There let thy tongue tell o'er its tale again !

*Ser.* O, bloody Saracens!
[*Exit* SERGIUS, *dragged away by the* GUARDS.

*Enter* ABUDAH.

*Cal.* Abudah, welcome!
*Abu.* O Caled, what an evening was the last!
*Cal.* Name it no more; remembrance sickens with it,
And therefore sleep is banish'd from this night;
Nor shall to-morrow's sun open his eye
Upon our shame, ere doubly we've redeem'd it.
Have all the captains notice?
*Abu.* I have walk'd
The rounds to-night, ere the last hour of prayer,
From tent to tent, and warn'd them to be ready.
What must be done!
*Cal.* Thou know'st th' important news,
Which we have intercepted by this slave,
Of a new army's march. The time now calls,
While these soft Syrians are dissolv'd in riot,
Fool'd with success, and not suspecting danger,
To form a new attack ere break of day;
So, like the wounded leopard, shall we rush
From out our covers on these drowsy hunters,
And seize them, unprepar'd to 'scape our vengeance.
*Abu.* Great captain of the armies of the faithful!
I know thy mighty and unconquer'd spirit;
Yet hear me, Caled, hear and weigh my doubts,
Our angry prophet frowns upon our vices,
And visits us in blood. Why else did terror,
Unknown before, seize all our stoutest bands?
The angel of destruction was abroad;
The archers of the tribe of Thoal fled,
So long renown'd, or spent their shafts in vain;
The feather'd flights err'd thro' the boundless air,
Or the death turn'd on him that drew the bow!
What can this bode?—Let me speak plainer yet;

Is it to propagate th' unspotted law
We fight? 'Tis well; it is a noble cause;
But much I fear infection is among us;
A boundless lust of rapine guides our troops.
We learn the christian vices we chastise,
And, tempted with the pleasures of the soil,
More than with distant hopes of Paradise,
I fear, may soon—but oh, avert it Heaven!
Fall even a prey to our own spoils and conquests.

*Cal.* No—thou mistak'st; thy pious zeal deceives thee.
Our prophet only chides our sluggard valour.
Thou saw'st how in the vale of Honan once
The troops, as now defeated, fled confus'd
Even to the gates of Mecca's holy city?
Till Mahomet himself there stopp'd their entrance.
A javelin in his hand, and turn'd them back
Upon the foe; they fought again, and conquer'd.
Behold how we may best appease his wrath!
His own example points us out the way.

*Abu.* Well——be it then resolv'd. Th' indulgent hour
Of better fortune is, I hope, at hand.
And yet, since Phocyas has appear'd its champion,
How has this city rais'd its drooping head!
As if some charm prevail'd where'er he fought;
Our strength seems wither'd, and our feeble weapons
Forget their wonted triumph—were he absent——

*Cal.* I would have sought him out in the last action
To single fight, and put that charm to proof,
Had not a foul and sudden mist arose
Ere I arriv'd, to have restor'd the combat.
But let it be—'tis past. We yet may meet,
And 'twill be known whose arm is then the stronger.

*Enter* DARAN.

*Dar.* Health to the race of Ismael! and days
More prosperous than the last—a christian captive

Is fall'n within my watch, and waits his doom.
*Cal.* Bring forth the slave !—O thou keen vulture, death !
Do we then feed thee only thus by morsels !
Whole armies never can suffice thy anger.
[DARAN *goes out, and re-enters with* PHOCYAS.
Whence, and what art thou !—Of Damascus? —Daran,
Where didst thou find this dumb and sullen thing,
That seems to lour defiance on our anger?
*Dar.* Marching in circuit, with the horse thou gav'st me,
T' observe the city gates, I saw from far
Two persons issue forth; the one advanc'd,
And ere he could retreat, my horsemen seiz'd him;
The other was a woman, and had fled,
Upon a signal given at our approach,
And got within the gates. Wouldst thou know more,
Himself, if he will speak, can best inform thee.
*Cal.* Have I not seen thy face?
*Abu.* [*To* CALED.] He hears thee not;
His eyes are fix'd on earth; some deep distress
Is at his heart. This is no common captive.
*Cal.* A lion in the toils! We soon shall tame him.
Still art thou dumb?——Nay, 'tis in vain to cast
Thy gloomy looks so oft around this place,
Or frown upon thy bonds—thou canst not 'scape.
*Pho.* Then be it so—the worst is past already,
And life is now not worth a moment's pause.
Do you not know me yet—think of the man
You have most cause to curse, and I am he.
*Cal.* Ha! Phocyas?
*Abu.* Phocyas?—Mahomet, we thank thee!
Now dost thou smile again.
*Cal.* [*Aside.*] This is indeed a prize!
Is it because thou know'st what slaughter'd heaps
There yet unbury'd lie without the camp,

Whose ghosts have all this night, passing the Zorat,
Call'd from the bridge of death to thee to follow,
That now thou'rt here to answer to their cry?
Howe'er it be, thou know'st thy welcome——
*Pho.* Yes,
Thou proud, blood-thirsty Arab!—Well I know
What to expect from thee: I know ye all.
How should the author of distress and ruin
Be mov'd to pity? That's a human passion.
No—in your hungry eyes, that look revenge,
I read my doom. Where are your racks, your tortures?
I'm ready——lead me to them; I can bear
The worst of ills from you. You're not my friends,
My countrymen.—Yet were you men, I could
Unfold a story—But no more—Eumenes,
Thou hast thy wish, and I am now—a worm!
*Abu.* [*To* CALED, *aside.*] Leader of armies, hear him! for my mind
Presages good accruing to our cause
By this event.
*Cal.* I tell thee then, thou wrong'st us,
To think our hearts thus steel'd, or our ears deaf
To all that thou may'st utter. Speak, disclose
The secret woes that throb within thy breast.
Now, by the silent hours of night, we'll hear thee,
And mute attention shall await thy words.
*Pho.* This is not then the palace in Damascus!
If you will hear, then I indeed have wrong'd you.
How can this be?—When he, for whom I've fought,
Fought against you, has yet refus'd to hear me!
You seem surpris'd.—It was ingratitude
That drove me out, an exile, not a foe.
*Abu.* Is it possible?
Are these thy christian friends?
*Cal.* 'Tis well—we thank them:
They help us to subdue themselves—But who

Was the companion of thy flight?—A woman,
So Daran said——
*Pho.* 'Tis there I am most wretched——
Oh, I am torn from all my soul held dear,
And my life's blood flows out upon the wound!
That woman—'twas for her—How shall I speak it?
Eudocia, Oh, farewell!—I'll tell you, then,
As fast as these heart-rending sighs will let me;
I lov'd the daughter of the proud Eumenes,
And long in secret woo'd her; not unwelcome
To her my visits; but I fear'd her father,
Who oft had press'd her to detested nuptials,
And therefore durst not, till this night of joy,
Avow to him my courtship. Now I thought her
Mine, by a double claim, of mutual vows,
And service yielded at his greatest need:
When, as I mov'd my suit, with sour disdain,
He mock'd my service, and forbade my love;
Degraded me from the command I bore,
And with defiance bade me seek the foe.
How has his curse prevail'd!—The generous maid
Was won by my distress to leave the city;
And cruel fortune made me thus your prey.
*Abu.* [*Aside.*] My soul is mov'd—Thou wert a man, O, prophet!
Forgive, if 'tis a crime, a human sorrow,
For injur'd worth, though in an enemy!
*Pho.* Now—since you've heard my story, set me free,
That I may save her yet, dearer than life,
From a tyrannic father's threaten'd force;
Gold, gems, and purple vests, shall pay my ransom;
Nor shall my peaceful sword henceforth be drawn
In fight, nor break its truce with you for ever.
*Cal.* No—there's one way, a better, and but one,
To save thyself, and make some reparation
For all the numbers thy bold hand has slain.

*Pho.* O, name it quickly, and my soul will bless thee!

*Cal.* Embrace our faith, and share with us our fortunes.

*Pho.* Then I am lost again!

*Cal.* What? when we offer,
Not freedom only, but to raise thee high,
To greatness, conquest, glory, heavenly bliss!

*Pho.* To sink me down to infamy, perdition,
Here and hereafter! Make my name a curse
To present times, to every future age
A proverb and a scorn!—take back thy mercy,
And know I now disdain it.

*Cal.* As thou wilt.
The time's too precious to be wasted longer,
In words with thee. Thou know'st thy doom—farewell.

*Abu.* Hear me, Caled; grant him some short space; [*Aside to* CALED.
Perhaps he will at length accept thy bounty.
Try him, at least——

*Cal.* Well—be it so, then. Daran,
Guard well thy charge—Thou hast an hour to live;
If thou art wise, thou may'st prolong that term;
If not—why—Fare thee well, and think of death.
[*Exeunt* CALED *and* ABUDAH.

*Pho.* [DARAN *waiting at a Distance.*] Farewell, and think of death! Was it not so?
Do murderers then preach morality?——
But how to think of what the living know not,
And the dead cannot, or else may not, tell?—
What art thou, O thou great mysterious terror!
The way to thee we know! disease, famine,
Sword, fire, and all thy ever open gates,
That day and night stand ready to receive us.
But what's beyond them?—Who will draw that veil?
Yet death's not there—No; 'tis a point of time,

The verge 'twixt mortal and immortal beings.
It mocks our thoughts! On this side all is life;
And when we have reach'd it, in that very instant,
'Tis past the thinking of! Oh! if it be
The pangs, the throes, the agonizing struggles
When soul and body part, sure I have felt it,
And there's no more to fear.

*Dar.* [*Aside.*] Suppose I now
Despatch him!—Right—What need to stay for orders?
I wish I durst!—Yet what I dare I'll do.
Your jewels, christian—You'll not need these trifles—
[*Searching him.*

*Pho.* I pray thee, slave, stand off—My soul's too busy
To lose a thought on thee.

*Enter* ABUDAH.

*Abu.* What's this?—forbear!
Who gave thee leave to use this violence?
[*Takes the Jewels from him, and lays them on a Table.*

*Dar.* [*Aside.*] Deny'd my booty! curses on his head!
Was not the founder of our law a robber?
Why, 'twas for that I left my country's gods,
Menaph and Uzza. Better still be pagan,
Than starve with a new faith.

*Abu.* What, dost thou mutter?
Daran, withdraw, and better learn thy duty.
[*Exit* DARAN.
Phocyas, perhaps thou know'st me not——

*Pho.* I know
Thy name Abudah, and thy office here,
The second in command. What more thou art,
Indeed I cannot tell.

*Abu.* True, for thou yet
Know'st not I am thy friend.
*Pho.* Is't possible?——
Thou speak'st me fair.
*Abu.* What dost thou think of life?
*Pho.* I think not of it; death was in my thoughts.
On hard conditions, life were but a load,
And I will lay it down.
*Abu.* Art thou resolv'd?
*Pho.* I am, unless thou bring'st me better terms
Than those I have rejected.
*Abu.* Think again.
Caled by me once more renews that offer.
*Pho.* Thou say'st thou art my friend: Why dost thou try
To shake the settled temper of my breast?
My soul has just discharg'd her cumb'rous train
Of hopes and fears, prepar'd to take her voyage
To other seats, where she may rest in peace;
And now thou call'st me back, to beat again
The painful road of life—Tempt me no more.
To be a wretch, for I despise the offer.
*Abu.* The general knows thee brave, and 'tis for that
He seeks alliance with thy noble virtues.
*Pho.* He knows me brave!—Why does he then thus treat me?
No; he believes I am so poor of soul,
That, barely for the privilege to live,
I would be bought his slave. But, go, tell him,
The little space of life, his scorn bequeath'd me,
Was lent in vain, and he may take the forfeit.
*Abu.* Why wilt thou wed thyself to misery,
When our faith courts thee to eternal blessings!
When truth itself is, like a seraph, come
To loose thy bands?—The light divine, whose beams
Pierc'd through the gloom of Hera's sacred cave,

And there illumin'd the great Mahomet,
Arabia's morning star, now shines on thee.
Arise, salute with joy the guest from heaven,
Follow her steps, and be no more a captive.
*Pho.* But whither must I follow?—answer that.
Is she a guest from heaven? What marks divine,
What signs, what wonders, vouch her boasted mission?
*Abu.* What wonders!—turn thy eye to Mecca! mark
How far from Caaba first, that hallow'd temple,
Her glory dawn'd!—then look how swift its course,
As when the sun beams, shooting through a cloud,
Drive o'er the meadow's face the flying shades!
Have not the nations bent before our swords,
Like ripen'd corn before the reaper's steel?
Why is all this? Why does success still wait
Upon our laws, if not to show, that Heaven
First sent it forth, and owns it still by conquest.
*Pho.* Dost thou ask why is this!—O, why indeed?
Where is the man, can read Heaven's secret counsels?—
Why did I conquer in another cause,
Yet now am here——
*Abu.* I'll tell thee—thy good angel
Has seiz'd thy hand unseen, and snatch'd thee out
From swift destruction; know, ere day shall dawn,
Damascus will in blood lament its fall!
We've heard what army is design'd to march
Too late to save her. Now, e'en now, our force
Is just preparing for a fresh assault.
Now too thou might'st revenge thy wrongs—so Caled
Charg'd me to say, and more—that he invites thee;
Thou know'st the terms—to share with him the conquest.
*Pho.* Conquest?—Revenge!—Hold, let me think—
O, horror!
Revenge! O, what revenge? Bleed on, my wounds,
For thus to be reveng'd, were it not worse

Than all that I can suffer?—But, Eudocia—
Where will she then—Shield her, ye pitying powers,
And let me die in peace!
*Abu.* Hear me once more,
'Tis all I have to offer; mark me now!
Caled has sworn Eudocia shall be safe.
*Pho.* Ha! safe—but how! A wretched captive too!
*Abu.* He swears she shall be free, she shall be thine.
*Pho.* Then I am lost indeed——
*Abu.* The time draws near, and I must quickly leave thee;
But first reflect, that, in this fatal night,
Slaughter and rapine may be loos'd abroad,
And, while they roam with unextinguish'd rage,
Should she thou lov'st—(well may'st thou start)—be made,
Perhaps unknown, some barb'rous soldier's prey;
Should she then fall a sacrifice to lust—
Or brutal fury——
*Pho.* Oh—this pulls my heart strings! [*Falls.*
Earth open—save me, save me from that thought.
*Abu.* Nay, do not plunge thyself in black despair;
Look up, poor wretch, thou art not shipwreck'd yet,
Behold an anchor; am not I thy friend?
*Pho.* [*Rising.*] Ha! Who, what art thou? [*Raving.*
My friend? that's well; but, hold—are all friends honest?
What's to be done?—Hush, hark! what voice is that?
*Abu.* There is no voice; 'tis yet the dead of night,
The guards, without, keep silent watch around us.
*Pho.* Again—it calls—'tis she—O, lead me to her—
*Abu.* Thy passion mocks thee with imagin'd sounds.
*Pho.* Sure 'twas Eudocia's voice, cry'd out—Forbear,
What shall I do?—O, Heaven!
*Abu.* Heaven shows thee what.
Nay, now it is too late; see, Caled comes

With anger on his brow. Quickly withdraw
To the next tent, and there——
*Pho.* [*Rising.*] What do I see?
Damascus! conquest! ruin! rapes and murder!
Villains!—Is there no more—O, save her, save her!
[*Exeunt* PHOCYAS *and* ABUDAH.

*Enter* CALED *and* DARAN.

*Dar.* Behold, on thy approach, they shift their ground.
*Cal.* 'Tis as thou say'st; he trifles with my mercy.
*Dar.* Speak, shall I fetch his head?
*Cal.* No, stay you here,
I cannot spare thee yet. Raphan, go thou.
[*To an* OFFICER.
But, hold—I've thought again—he shall not die.
Go, tell him he shall live, till he has seen
Damascus sink in flames; till he behold
That slave, that woman idol he adores,
Or given a prize to some brave mussulman,
Or slain before his face; then if he sue
For death as for a boon—perhaps we'll grant it.
[*Exit* RAPHAN.
*Dar.* The captains wait thy orders.
*Cal.* Are the troops
Ready to march?
*Dar.* They are.
*Cal.* Mourn, thou haughty city!
The bow is bent, nor canst thou 'scape thy doom.
Who turns his back henceforth, our prophet curse him!
*Dar.* But who commands the trusty bands of Mecca?
Thou know'st their leader fell in the last fight.
*Cal.* 'Tis true; thou, Daran, well deserv's't that charge;
I've mark'd what a keen hatred, like my own,
Dwells in thy breast against these christian dogs.
*Dar.* Thou dost me right.

*Cal.* And therefore I'll reward it.
Be that command now thine. And here—this sabre,
Bless'd in the field by Mahomet himself,
At Caabar's prosp'rous fight, shall aid thy arm.
*Dar.* Thanks, my good chief; with this I'll better thank thee. [*Taking the Scimitar.*
*Cal.* Myself will lead the troops of the black standard,
And at the eastern gate begin the storm.
*Dar.* But why do we not move? 'twill soon be day.
Methinks I'm cold, and would grow warm with action.
*Cal.* Then haste, and tell Abudah—O, thou'rt welcome!

*Enter* ABUDAH.

Thy charge awaits thee. Where's the stubborn captive?
*Abu.* Indeed he's brave. I left him for a moment
In the next tent. He's scarcely yet himself.
*Cal.* But is he ours?
*Abu.* The threats of death are nothing;
Though thy last message shook his soul, as winds
On the bleak hills bend down some lofty pine;
Yet still he held his root, till I found means,
Abating somewhat of thy first demand,
If not to make him wholly ours, at least
To gain sufficient to our end.
*Cal.* Say how?
*Abu.* Oft he inclin'd, oft started back; at last,
When just consenting, for a while he paus'd,
Stood fix'd in thought, and lift his eyes to heaven;
Then, as with fresh recover'd force, cry'd out,
Renounce my faith! Never——I answer'd, No,
That now he should not do it.
*Cal.* How!
*Abu.* Yet hear,
For since I saw him now so lost in passion,
That must be left to his more temperate thoughts.

Mean time I urg'd, conjur'd, at last constrain'd him,
By all he held most dear, nay, by the voice
Of Providence, that call'd him now to save,
With her he lov'd, perhaps the lives of thousands,
No longer to resist his better fate,
But join his arms in present action with us,
And swear he would be faithful.
*Cal.* What, no more?
Then he's a christian still!
*Abu.* Have patience yet:
For if by him we can surprise the city——
*Cal.* Say'st thou?
*Abu.* Hear what's agreed; but on the terms
That ev'ry unresisting life be spar'd.
I shall command some chosen faithful bands,
Phocyas will guide us to the gate, from whence
He late escap'd, nor do we doubt but there
With ease to gain admittance.
*Cal.* This is something.
And yet I do not like this half ally——
Is he not still a christian?—But no matter——
Mean time I will attack the eastern gate;
Who first succeeds gives entrance to the rest.
Hear all!—Prepare ye now for boldest deeds,
And know, the prophet will reward your valour.
Think that we all to certain triumph move;
Who falls in fight yet meets the prize above.
There, in the gardens of eternal spring,
While birds of Paradise around you sing,
Each, with his blooming beauty by his side,
Shall drink rich wines, that in full rivers glide,
Breathe fragrant gales o'er fields of spice that blow,
And gather fruits immortal as they grow;
Ecstatic bliss shall your whole powers employ,
And ev'ry sense be lost in ev'ry joy. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT THE FOURTH.

### SCENE I.

*A great Square in the City, before the* GOVERNOR'S *Palace.*

*Enter* ABUDAH, *Saracen* CAPTAINS *and* SOLDIERS; *with* EUMENES, HERBIS, *and other* CHRISTIANS, *unarmed.*

*Eum.* It must be so—farewell, devoted walls!
To be surprised thus!—Hell, and all ye fiends,
How did ye watch this minute for destruction!
*Herb.* We've been betray'd by riot and debauch;
Curse on the traitor guard.
*Eum.* The guard above,
Did that sleep too?
*Abu.* Christians, complain no more,
What you have ask'd is granted. Are ye men,
And dare ye question thus, with bold impatience,
Eternal justice!—Know, the doom from heaven
Falls on your towers, resistless as the bolt
That fires the cedars on your mountain tops.
Be meek, and learn with humble awe to bear
The mitigated ruin. Worse had follow'd,
Had ye oppos'd our numbers. Now you're safe;
Quarter and liberty are giv'n to all;
And little do ye think how much ye owe
To one brave enemy, whom yet ye know not.

*Enter* ARTAMON, *hastily.*

*Art.* All's lost!—Ha!—Who are these?
*Eum.* All's lost, indeed.

Yield up thy sword, if thou wouldst share our safety.
Thou com'st too late to bring us news.
*Art.* Oh!——no
The news, I bring, is from the eastern guard.
Caled has forc'd the gate, and—but he's here.
[*A Cry without.*] Fly, fly, they follow——Quarter, mercy, quarter!
*Caled.* [*Without.*] No quarter! Kill, I say. Are they not christians?
More blood! our prophet asks it.

*Enter* CALED, *with* DARAN.

What, Abudah!
Well met!——But wherefore are the looks of peace?
Why sleeps thy sword!
*Abu.* Caled, our task is over.
Behold the chiefs! they have resign'd the palace.
*Cal.* And sworn t'obey our law!
*Abu.* No.
*Cal.* Then fall on.
*Abu.* Hold yet, and hear me—Heaven by me has spar'd
The sword its cruel task. On easy terms
We've gain'd a bloodless conquest.
*Cal.* I renounce it.
Curse on those terms! The city's mine by storm.
Fall on, I say——
*Abu.* Nay, then, I swear ye shall not.
*Cal.* Ha!——Who am I!
*Abu.* The general—and I know
What reverence is your due.
[CALED *gives signs to his Men to fall on.*
Nay, he who stirs,
First makes his way thro' me. My honour's pledg'd;
Rob me of that, who dares. [*They stop.*] I know thee, Caled,
Chief in command; bold, valiant, wise, and faithful;

But yet, remember, I'm a mussulman ;
Nay, more, thou know'st, companion of the prophet,
And what we vow is sacred.
*Cal.* Thou'rt a christian,
I swear thou art, and hast betray'd the faith,
Curse on thy new allies !
*Abu.* No more—this strife
But ill beseems the servants of the Caliph,
And casts reproach——Christians, withdraw while :
I pledge my life to answer the conditions——
[*Exeunt* EUMENES, HERBIS, *&c.*
Why, Caled, do we thus expose ourselves
A scorn to nations that despise our law ?
Thou call'st me christian——What ! Is it because
I prize my plighted faith, that I'm a christian ?
Come, 'tis not well, and if——
*Cal.* What terms are yielded ?
*Abu.* Leave to depart, to all that will ; an oath
First given no more to aid the war against us,
An unmolested march. Each citizen
To take his goods, not more than a mule's burden ;
The chiefs six mules, and ten the governor ;
Beside some few slight arms for their defence
Against the mountain robbers.
*Cal.* Now, by Mahomet,
Thou hast equipp'd an army !
*Abu.* Canst thou doubt
The greatest part by far will chuse to stay,
Receive our law, or pay th' accustomed tribute ?
What fear we then from a few wretched bands
Of scatter'd fugitives ?——Besides, thou know'st
What towns of strength remain yet unsubdu'd.
Let us appear this once like generous victors,
So future conquests shall repay this bounty,
And willing provinces even court subjection.
*Cal.* Well—be it on thy head, if worse befall !
This once I yield——but see it thus proclaim'd

Thro' all Damascus, that who will depart,
Must leave the place this instant——Pass, move on.
[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*The outside of a Nunnery.*

*Enter* EUDOCIA.

*Eud.* Darkness is fled; and yet the morning light
Gives me more fears than did night's deadly gloom.
Within, without, all, all are foes——Oh, Phocyas,
Thou art perhaps at rest! would I were too!
[*After a Pause.*
This place has holy charms; rapine and murder
Dare not approach it, but are aw'd to distance.
I've heard that even these infidels have spar'd
Walls sacred to devotion—— World, farewell!
Here will I hide me, till the friendly grave
Opens its arms, and shelters me for ever! [*Exit.*

*Enter* PHOCYAS.

*Pho.* Did not I hear the murmurs of a voice
This way?——a woman's too!——and seem'd complaining?
Hark!—No—O torture! Whither shall I turn me?
'Twas here last night we met. Dear, dear Eudocia!
Might I once more—— [*Going out, he meets her.*
*Eud.* Who calls the lost Eudocia;
Sure 'tis a friendly voice!
*Pho.* 'Tis she——O rapture!
*Eud.* Is't possible—my Phocyas!

*Pho.* My Eudocia!
Do I yet call thee mine?
*Eud.* Do I yet see thee?
Yet hear thee speak? O how hast thou escap'd
From barbarous swords, and men that know not mercy?
*Pho.* I've borne a thousand deaths since our last parting.
But wherefore do I talk of death?—for now,
Methinks, I'm rais'd to life immortal,
And feel I'm blest beyond the power of change;
For thee have triumph'd o'er the fiercest foes,
And turn'd them friends.
*Eud.* Amazement! Friends!
O all ye guardian powers!—Say on—O lead me,
Lead me thro' this dark maze of Providence,
Which thou hast trod, that I may trace thy steps
With silent awe, and worship as I pass.
*Pho.* Inquire no more—thou shalt know all hereafter——
Let me conduct thee hence—
*Eud.* O whither next?
To what far distant home?—But 'tis enough,
That, favour'd thus of Heaven, thou art my guide.
And as we journey on the painful way,
Say, wilt thou then beguile the passing hours,
And open all the wonders of the story?
Where is my father?
*Pho.* Thou heavenly maid!
Know, I've once more, wrong'd as I am, even sav'd
Thy father's threaten'd life: nay, sav'd Damascus
From blood and slaughter, and from total ruin.
O didst thou know to what deadly gulfs
Of horror and despair I have been driven
This night, ere my perplex'd, bewilder'd, soul
Could find its way!—thou saidst that thou wouldst chide?

I fear thou wilt: indeed I have done that,
I could have wish'd t' avoid——but for a cause
So lovely, so belov'd——
*Eud.* What dost thou mean?
I'll not indulge a thought that thou couldst do,
One act unworthy of thyself, thy honour,
And that firm zeal against these foes of Heaven:
Thou couldst not save thy life, by means inglorious.
*Pho.* Alas, thou know'st me not—I'm man, frail man,
To error born; and who, that's man, is perfect.
To save my life! O no, well was it risk'd
For thee! had it been lost, 'twere not too much,
And thou art safe:—O what, wouldst thou have said,
If I had risk'd my soul to save Eudocia!
*Eud.* Ha! speak—Oh no, be dumb—it cannot be!
And yet thy looks are chang'd, thy lips grow pale.
Why dost thou shake?——Alas! I tremble too!
Thou couldst not, hast not sworn to Mahomet?
*Pho.* No—I should first have dy'd—nay, given up thee.
*Eud.* O Phocyas! was it well to try me thus?
And yet another deadly fear succeeds!
How came these wretches hither? Who reviv'd
Their fainting arms to unexpected triumph?
For while thou fought'st, and fought'st the christian cause,
These batter'd walls were rocks impregnable,
Their towers of adamant. But, O, I fear
Some act of thine——
*Pho.* No more—I'll tell thee all;
I found the wakeful foe in midnight council,
Resolv'd ere day to make a fresh attack,
Keen for revenge, and hungry after slaughter—
Could my rack'd soul bear that, and think of thee?

Nay, think of thee expos'd a helpless prey
To some fierce ruffian's violating arms!
O, had the world been mine in that extreme,
I should have given whole provinces away,
Nay, all—and thought it little for my ransome!

*Eud.* For this then—Oh, thou hast betray'd the city!

Distrustful of the righteous powers above,
That still protect the chaste and innocent:
And to avert a feign'd, uncertain danger,
Thou hast brought certain ruin on thy country!

*Pho.* No, the sword,
Which threaten'd to have fill'd the streets with blood,
I sheath'd in peace; thy father, thou, and all
The citizens are safe, uncaptiv'd, free.

*Eud.* Safe! free! O no——life, freedom, every good,
Turns to a curse, if sought by wicked means!
Yet sure it cannot be! are these the terms
On which we meet?—No, we can never meet
On terms like these; the hand of death itself
Could not have torn us from each other's arms,
Like this dire act!
But, alas!
'Tis thou hast blasted all my joys for ever,
And cut down hope, like a poor, short-lived flower,
Never to grow again!

*Pho.* Cruel Eudocia!
If in my heart's dear anguish I've been forc'd
A while from what I was——dost thou reject me?
Think of the cause——

*Eud.* The cause! there is no cause—
Not universal nature could afford
A cause for this. What were dominion, pomp,
The wealth of nations, nay, of all the world,
If weigh'd with faith unspotted, heavenly truth,
Thoughts free from guilt, the empire of the mind,
And all the triumpth of a godlike breast,
Firm and unmov'd in the great cause of virtue?

*Pho.* No more——thou waken'st in my tortur'd heart
The cruel, conscious, worm, that stings to madness!
Oh, I'm undone! I know it, and can bear
To be undone for thee, but not to lose thee.
*Eud.* Poor wretch!—I pity thee!—but art thou Phocyas,
The man I lov'd?——I could have dy'd with thee
Ere thou didst this; then we had gone together,
A glorious pair, and soar'd above the stars,
But never, never
Will I be made the curst reward of treason,
To seal thy doom, to bind a hellish league,
And to ensure thy everlasting woe.
*Pho.* What league?—'tis ended—I renounce it—thus—— [*Kneels.*
I bend to Heaven and thee——O thou divine,
Thou matchless image of all perfect goodness!
Do thou but pity yet the wretched Phocyas,
Heaven will relent, and all may yet be well.
*Eud.* No——we must part.
Then do not think
Thy loss in me is worth one drooping tear:
But if thou wouldst be reconcil'd to Heaven,
First sacrifice to Heaven that fatal passion,
Which caus'd thy fall; forget the lost Eudocia.
Canst thou forget her?—Oh! the killing torture,
To think 'twas love, excess of love, divorc'd us!
Farewell for——still I cannot speak that word,
These tears speak for me—O farewell—— [*Exit.*
*Pho.* [*Raving.*] For ever!
Return, return and speak it; say, for ever!
She's gone—and now she joins the fugitives.
O hear, all gracious Heaven! wilt thou at once
Forgive, and, O, inspire me to some act
This day, that may in part redeem what's past!
Prosper this day, or let it be my last. [*Exit.*

## ACT THE FIFTH.

### SCENE I.

*An open place in the City.*

*Enter* CALED *and* DARAN *meeting.*

*Caled.* Soldier, what news? thou look'st as thou wert angry.

*Dar.* And, durst I say it, so, my chief, I am;
I've spoke——If it offends, my head is thine,
Take it, and I am silent.

*Cal.* No, say on.
I know thee honest, and perhaps I guess
What knits thy brows in frowns——

*Dar.* Is this, my leader,
A conquer'd city?—View yon vale of palms:
Behold the vanquish'd christian triumph still,
Rich in his flight, and mocks thy barren war.

*Cal.* The vale of palms!

*Dar.* Beyond those hills, the place
Where they agreed this day to meet and halt,
To gather all their forces; there disguis'd,
Just now I've view'd their camp—O, I could curse
My eyes for what they've seen.

*Cal.* What hast thou seen?

*Dar.* Why, all Damascus:—All its souls, its life,
Its heart blood, all its treasure, piles of
Crosses enrich'd with gems, arras and

And vests of gold, unfolded to the sun,
That rival all his lustre!
*Cal.* How!
*Dar.* 'Tis true.
The bees are wisely bearing off their honey,
And soon the empty hive will be our own.
*Cal.* So forward too! Curse on this foolish treaty!
*Dar.* Forward——it looks as if they had been fore-warn'd.
By Mahomet, the land wears not the face
Of war, but trade! and thou wouldst swear its merchants
Were sending forth their loaded caravans
To all the neighb'ring countries.
*Cal.* Dogs! infidels! 'tis more than was allow'd!
*Dar.* And shall we not pursue them—Robbers! thieves!
That steal away themselves, and all they're worth,
And wrong the valiant soldier of his due?
*Cal.* [*Aside.*] The caliph shall know this—he shall. Abudah,
This is thy coward bargain—I renounce it,
Daran, we'll stop their march, and search.
*Dar.* And strip—
*Cal.* And kill.
*Dar.* That's well. And yet I fear
Abudah's christian friend——
*Cal.* If possible,
He should not know of this. No, nor Abudah:
By the seven heavens, his soul's a christian too!
And 'tis by kindred instinct he thus saves
Their cursed lives, and taints our cause with mercy.
*Dar.* I knew my general would not suffer this,
Therefore I've troops prepar'd without the gate;
Just mounted for pursuit. Our Arab horse
Will in few minutes reach the place; yet still
I must repeat my doubts—that devil Phocyas

Will know it soon—I met him near the gate:
My nature sickens at him, and forbodes
I know not what of ill.
*Cal.* No more, away
With thy cold fears—we'll march this very instant,
And quickly make this thriftless conquest good:
The sword too has been wrong'd, and thirsts for blood. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*A Valley full of Tents; Baggage and Harness lying up and down amongst them. The Prospect terminating with Palm Trees and Hills at a Distance.*

*Enter* EUMENES, *with* OFFICERS *and* ATTENDANTS.

*Eum.* [*Entering.*] Sleep on—and angels be thy guard!—soft slumber
Has gently stole her from her griefs awhile,
Let none approach the tent—Are out guards plac'd
On yonder hills? [*To an* OFFICER.
*Offi.* They are.
*Eum.* [*Striking his Breast.*] Damascus, O--
Still art thou here!—Let me intreat you, friends,
To keep strict order; I have no command,
And can but now advise you.
*Offi.* You are still
Our head and leader.
We're all prepar'd to follow you.
*Eum.* I thank you.
The sun will soon go down upon our sorr
And, till to-morrow's dawn, this is our ho

Meanwhile, each, as he can, forget his loss,
And bear the present lot——
3 *Offi.* Sir, I have mark'd
The camp's extent: 'tis stretch'd quite through the valley.
I think that more than half the city's here.
*Eum.* The prospect gives me much relief. I'm pleas'd,
My honest countrymen, t'observe your numbers;
And yet it fills my eyes with tears—'Tis said,
The mighty Persian wept, when he survey'd
His numerous army, but to think them mortal;
Yet he then flourish'd in prosperity.
Alas! what's that?—Prosperity!—a harlot,
That smiles but to betray!
Hear me, all gracious Heaven,
Let me wear out my small remains of life
Obscure, content with humble poverty,
Or, in affliction's hard but wholesome school,
If it must be—I'll learn to know myself,
And that's more worth than empire. But, O Heaven,
Curse me no more with proud prosperity!
It has undone me!—Herbis! where, my friend,
Hast thou been this long hour?

*Enter* HERBIS.

*Herb.* On yonder summit,
To take a farewell prospect of Damascus.
*Eum.* And it is worth a look?
*Herb.* No—I've forgot it.
All our possessions are a grasp of air:
We're cheated, whilst we think we hold them fast:
And when they're gone, we know that they were nothing.—
But I've a deeper wound.
*Eum.* Poor, good old man!
'Tis true—thy son—there thou'rt indeed unhappy.

*Enter* ARTAMON.

What, Artamon! art thou here, too?
*Art.* Yes, sir.
I never boasted much,
Yet I've some honour, and a soldier's pride;
I like not these new lords.
*Eum.* Thou'rt brave and honest.
Nay, we'll not yet despair. A time may come,
When from these brute barbarians we may wrest
Once more our pleasant seats.—Alas! how soon
The flatterer hope is ready with his song,
To charm us to forgetfulness!—No more—
Let that be left to Heaven.—See, Herbis, see,
Methinks we've here a goodly city yet.
Was it not thus our great forefathers liv'd,
In better times—in humble fields and tents,
With all their flocks and herds, their moving wealth!
See, too, where our own Pharphar winds his stream
Through the long vale, as if to follow us,
And kindly offers his cool, wholesome draughts,
To ease us in our march!—Why, this is plenty.

*Enter* EUDOCIA.

My daughter!—wherefore hast thou left thy tent?
What breaks so soon thy rest?
*Eud.* Rest is not there,
Or I have sought in vain, and cannot find it.
Oh, no!—we're wanderers, it is our doom;
There is no rest for us.
*Eum.* Thou art not well.
*Eud.* I would, if possible, avoid myself.
I'm better now, near you.
*Eum.* Near me! alas,
The tender vine so wreathes its folded arms
Around some falling elm—It wounds my heart
To think thou follow'st but to share my ruin.
I have lost all but thee.

*Eud.* O, say not so!
You have lost nothing; no—you have preserv'd,
Immortal wealth, your faith inviolate
To Heaven and to your country.
Ruin is yonder, in Damascus, now
The seat abhorr'd of cursed infidels.
Infernal error, like a plague, has spread
Contagion through its guilty palaces,
And we are fled from death.
*Eum.* Heroic maid!
Thy words are balsam to my griefs. Eudocia,
I never knew thee till this day; I knew not
How many virtues I had wrong'd in thee!
*Eud.* If you talk thus, you have not yet forgiven me.
*Eum.* Forgiven thee!—Why, for thee it is, thee only,
I think, Heaven yet may look with pity on us;
Yes, we must all forgive each other now.
Poor Herbis, too—we both have been to blame.
O, Phocyas!—but it cannot be recall'd.
Yet, were he here, we'd ask him pardon too.
My child!—I meant not to provoke thy tears.
*Eud.* [*Aside.*] O, why is he not here? Why do I see
Thousands of happy wretches, that but seem
Undone, yet still are bless'd in innocence,
And why was he not one?

*Enter an* OFFICER.

*Offi.* Where is Eumenes?
*Eum.* What means thy breathless haste?
*Offi.* I fear there's danger:
For, as I kept my watch, I spy'd afar
Thick clouds of dust, and, on a nearer view,
Perceiv'd a body of Arabian horse
Moving this way. I saw them wind the hill,
And then lost sight of them.
*Herb.* I saw them too,

Where the roads meet on t'other side these hills,
But took them for some band of christian Arabs,
Crossing the country.—This way did they move?
*Offi.* With utmost speed.
*Eum.* If they are christian Arabs,
They come as friends; if other, we're secure
By the late terms. Retire a while, Eudocia,
Till I return. [*Exit* EUDOCIA.
I'll to the guard myself.
Soldier, lead on the way.

*Enter another* OFFICER.

2 *Offi.* Arm! arm! we're ruin'd!
The foe is in the camp.
*Eum.* So soon!
2 *Offi.* They've quitted
Their horses, and with sword in hand have forc'd
Our guard; they say they come for plunder.
*Eum.* Villains!
Sure Caled knows not of this treachery!
Come on—we can fight still. We'll make them know
What 'tis to urge the wretched to despair. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* DARAN.

*Dar.* Let the fools fight at distance—Here's the harvest.
Reap, reap, my countrymen!—Ay, there—first clear
Those further tents—— [*Looking between the Tents.*
What's here? a woman!—fair
She seems, and well attir'd!—It shall be so.
I'll strip her first, and then——
[*Exit, and returns with* EUDOCIA.
*Eud.* [*Struggling.*] Mercy! O, spare me! spare me!
Heaven, hear my cries!
*Dar.* Woman, thy cries are vain:
No help is near.

*Enter* PHOCYAS.

*Pho.* Villain, thou liest! take that
To loose thy hold——
[*Pushing at him with his Spear.—He falls.*
Eudocia!
*Eud.* Phocyas!—O, astonishment!
Then is it thus that Heaven has heard my prayers!
I tremble still—and scarce have power to ask thee
How thou art here, or whence this sudden outrage?
*Pho.* Sure every angel watches o'er thy safety!
Thou seest 'tis death t'approach thee without awe,
And barbarism itself cannot profane thee.
*Eud.* Whence are these alarms?
*Pho.* Some stores remov'd, and not allow'd by treaty,
Have drawn the Saracens to make a search.
Perhaps 'twill quickly be agreed—But, Oh!
Thou know'st, Eudocia, I'm a banish'd man,
And 'tis a crime I'm here once more before thee;
Else, might I speak, 'twere better for the present,
If thou wouldst leave this place.
*Eud.* No—I have a father,
(And shall I leave him?) whom we both have wrong'd,
And yet, alas!
For this last act how would I thank thee, Phocyas!—
I've nothing now but prayers and tears to give,
Cold, fruitless thanks!—But 'tis some comfort yet,
That fate allows this short reprieve, that thus
We may behold each other, and once more
May mourn our woes, ere yet again we part——
*Pho.* For ever!
'Tis then resolv'd—It was thy cruel sentence,
And I am here to execute that doom.
*Eud.* What dost thou mean?
*Pho.* [*Kneeling.*] Thus at thy feet——
*Eud.* O, rise!
*Pho.* Never—No, here I'll lay my burden down;
I've try'd its weight, nor can support it longer.

Take thy last look; if yet thy eyes can bear
To look upon a wretch accurst, cast off
By Heaven and thee—
*Eud.* Forbear,
O cruel man! Why wilt thou rack me thus?
Didst thou not mark—thou didst, when last we parted,
The pangs, the strugglings of my suffering soul;
That nothing but the hand of Heaven itself
Could ever drive me from thee!——Dost thou now
Reproach me thus? or canst thou have a thought
That I can e'er forget thee?
*Pho.* [*Rising.*] Have a care!
I'll not be rtur'd more with thy false pity!
No, I renounce it. See, I am prepar'd.
[*Showing a Dagger.*
Thy cruelty is mercy now—Farewell!
And death is now but a release from torment!
*Eud.* Hold—Stay thee yet!—O madness of despair!
And wouldst thou die? Think, ere thou leap'st the gulf,
When thou hast trod that dark, that unknown, way,
Canst thou return? What if the change prove worse!
O think if then—
*Pho.* No——thought's my deadliest foe;
And therefore to the grave I'd fly to shun it!
*Eud.* O fatal error ——Like a restless ghost,
It will pursue and haunt thee still; even there,
Perhaps, in forms more frightful.
How wilt thou curse thy rashness then! How start,
And shudder, and shrink back! yet how avoid
To put on thy new being?
*Pho.* I thank thee!
For now I'm quite undone——I gave up all
For thee before, but this; this bosom friend,
My last reserve—There——
[*Throws away*
Tell me now, Eudocia,
Cut off from hope, deny'd the food of life,

And yet forbid to die, what am I now ?
Or what will fate do with me ?
*Eud.* Oh—— [*Turns away, weeping.*
*Pho.* Thou weep'st !
Canst thou shed tears, and yet not melt to mercy ?
O say, ere yet returning madness seize me,
Is there in all futurity no prospect,
No distant comfort ?
[*Here they both continue silent for some time.*
Still thou art silent !
Hear then this last,
This only prayer !—Heaven will consent to this.
Let me but follow thee, where'er thou go'st,
But see thee, hear thy voice ; be thou my angel,
To guide and govern my returning steps,
Till long contrition, and unweary'd duty,
Shall expiate my guilt.
*Eud.* No more——This shakes
My firmest thoughts, and if—— [*A Cry is heard.*
What shrieks of death !
I fear a treacherous foe—have now
Begun a fatal harvest !——Haste,
Prevent—O wouldst thou see me more with comfort,
Fly, save them, save the threaten'd lives of christians,
My father and his friends !—I dare not stay—
Heaven be my guide, to shun this gathering ruin !
[*Exit* EUDOCIA.

*Enter* CALED.

*Cal.* [*Entering.*] So—Slaughter, do thy work !
These hands look well. [*Looking on his Hands.*
Phocyas ! Thou'rt met—But whether thou art here
[*Comes forward.*
*Pho.* A foe I know not ; if a friend,
*Eu.* Eumenes' tent ?
*P.* Hold, pass no further.
st thou, not pass ?

*Pho.* No—on thy life no further.
*Cal.* What, dost thou frown too!—sure thou know'st me not!
*Pho.* Not know thee!——Yes, too well I know thee now,
O murd'rous fiend! Why all this waste of blood?
Didst thou not promise—
*Cal.* Promise!—Insolence!
'Tis well, 'tis well——for now I know thee too.
Perfidious, mongrel slave! Thou double traitor!
False to thy first and to thy latter vows!
Villain!
*Pho.* That's well—go on—I swear I thank thee.
Speak it again, and strike it thro' my ear!
A villain; Yes, thou mad'st me so, thou devil!
And mind'st me now what to demand from thee.
Give, give me back my former self, my honour,
My country's fair esteem, my friends, my all—
Thou canst not—O thou robber!——Give me then
Revenge or death! The last I well deserve,
That yielded up my soul's best wealth to thee,
For which accurst be thou, and curst thy prophet!
*Cal.* Hear'st thou this, Mahomet?——Blaspheming mouth;
For this thou soon shalt chew the bitter fruit
Of Zacon's tree, the food of fiends below.
Go——speed thee thither——

*Pushing at him with his Lance, which* PHOCYAS *puts by, and kills him.*

*Pho.* Go thou first thyself.
*Cal.* [*Falling.*] O dog! thou gnaw'st my heart!——False Mahomet!
Is this then my reward——O—— [*Dies.*
*Pho.* Thanks to the gods, I have reveng'd my country! [*Exit* PHOCYAS.

*Several Parties of* CHRISTIANS *and* SARACENS *pass over the further end of the Stage, fighting. The former are beaten. At last* EUMENES *rallies them, and makes a stand, then,*

*Enter* ABUDAH, *attended.*

*Abu.* Forbear, forbear, and sheath the bloody sword,
*Eum.* Abudah! is this well?
*Abu.* No——I must own
You've cause.——O mussulmans, look here! Behold,
Where like a broken spear, your arm of war
Is thrown to earth!
*Eum.* Ha! Caled?
*Abu.* Dumb and breathless.
Then thus has Heaven chastis'd us in thy fall,
And thee for violated faith! Farewell,
Thou great, but cruel man!
*Eum.* This thirst of blood
In his own blood is quench'd.
*Abu.* Bear hence his clay
Back to Damascus. Cast a mantle first
O'er this sad sight: so should we hide his faults—
Now hear, ye servants of the prophet, hear!
A greater death than this demands your tears,
For know, your lord the caliph is no more!
Good Abubeker has breath'd out his spirit
To him that gave it. Yet your Caliph lives,
Lives now in Omar. See, behold his signet,
Appointing me, such is his will, to lead
His faithful armies warring here in Syria.
Alas!—foreknowledge sure of this event
Guided his choice! Obey me, then, your chief.
For you, O christians! know, with speed I came,
On the first notice of this foul design,
Or to prevent it, or repair your wrongs.

Your goods shall be untouch'd, your persons safe,
Nor shall our troops, henceforth, on pain of death,
Molest your march.—If more you ask, 'tis granted.
*Eum.* Still just and brave! thy virtues would adorn
A purer faith! Thou, better than thy sect,
That dar'st decline from that to acts of mercy!
Pardon, Abudah, if thy honest heart
Makes us even wish thee ours.
*Abu.* [*Aside.*] O Power Supreme!
That mad'st my heart, and know'st its inmost frame,
If yet I err, O lead me into truth,
Or pardon unknown error!——Now, Eumenes,
Friends as we may be, let us part in peace.
*Exeunt severally.*

*Enter* ARTAMON *and* EUDOCIA.

*Eud.* Alas! but is my father safe?
*Art.* Heaven knows.
I left him just preparing to engage:
When, doubtful of th' event, he bade me haste
To warn his dearest daughter of the danger,
And aid your speedy flight.
*Eud.* My flight! but whither?
O no—if he is lost——
*Art.* I hope not so.
The noise is ceas'd. Perhaps they're beaten off.
We soon shall know;——here's one, that can inform us.

*Enter first* OFFICER.

Soldier, thy looks speak well. What says thy tongue?
1 *Offi.* The foe's withdrawn; Abudah has been here,
And has renew'd the terms. Caled is kill'
*Art.* Hold——first [illegible] aven for th

*Eud.* Where is Eumenes?
1 *Offi.* I left him well; by his command I came
To search you out: and let you know this news.
I've more; but that——
*Art.* Is bad, perhaps, so says
This sudden pause. Well, be it so; let's know it,
'Tis but life's checquer'd lot.
1 *Offi.* Eumenes mourns
A friend's unhappy fall; Herbis is slain;
A settled gloom seem'd to hang heavy on him,
Th' effect of grief, 'tis thought, for his lost son.
When on the first attack, like one that sought
The welcome means of death, with desperate valour
He press'd the foe, and met the fate he wish'd.
*Art.* See, where Eumenes comes! What's this? He seems
To lead some wounded friend——Alas! 'tis——
[*They withdraw to one Side of the Stage.*

*Enter* EUMENES, *leading in* PHOCYAS, *with an Arrow in his Breast.*

*Eum.* Give me thy wound! O I could bear it for thee!
This goodness melts my heart. What, in a moment
Forgetting all thy wrongs, in kind embraces
T'exchange forgiveness thus!
*Pho.* Moments are few,
And must not now be wasted. O Eumenes,
Lend me thy helping hand a little farther;
O where, where is she? [*They advance.*
*Eum.* Look, look here, Eudocia!
Behold a sight, that calls for all our tears!
*Eud.* Phocyas, and wounded!——O what cruel hand——
*Pho.* No 'twas a kind one—Spare thy tears, Eudocia!
For mine are tears of joy——

*Eud.* Is't possible ?
*Pho.* 'Tis done——the powers supreme have heard my prayer,
And prosper'd me with some fair deed this day.
I've fought once more, and for my friends, my country.
By me the treacherous chiefs are slain ; a while
I stopp'd the foe, till, warn'd by me before,
Of this their sudden march, Abudah came ;
But first this random shaft had reach'd my breast.
Life's mingled scene is o'er——'tis thus that Heaven
At once chastises, and, I hope, accepts me.
*Eud.* What shall I say to thee, to give thee comfort ?
*Pho.* Say only thou forgiv'st me——O, Eudocia!
No longer now my dazzled eyes behold thee
Thro' passion's mists : my soul now gazes on thee,
And sees thee lovelier in unfading charms !
Bright as the shining angel host that stood——
Whilst I—but there it smarts——
*Eud.* Look down, look down,
Ye pitying powers ! and help this pious sorrow !
*Eum.* 'Tis not too late, we hope, to give thee help.
See ! yonder is my tent : we'll lead thee thither ;
Come, enter there, and let thy wound be dress'd.
Perhaps it is not mortal.
*Pho.* No, not mortal ?
No flattery now. By all my hopes hereafter,
For the world's empire I'd not lose this death !
Alas ! I but keep in my fleeting breath
A few short moments, till I have conjur'd you,
That to the world you witness my remorse
For my past errors, and defend my fame.
For know——soon as this pointed steel's drawn out,
Life follows thro' the wound.
*Eud.* What dost thou say ?
O touch [illegible] springs of life
A thou[illegible] rise in my soul

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